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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

THE MODERN STUDENT'S LIBRARY

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY
ESSAYS

FROM BACON TO CLARENDON

SELECTED AND EDITED
WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

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INTRODUCTION.

I

No definition of the essay has met with any degree of general assent for the very simple reason that the essay has assumed radically different forms in different periods. The word itself is in its primary meaning so elastic that it can be affixed to a volume of lyric poetry and to a metaphysical treatise with equal propriety. It is a tempting label for any piece of writing which does not easily come within any of the better defined categories. Montaigne gave the word its great currency, but it is a mistake to suppose that he provided the starting point or the original inspiration for all the volumes of general reflection which in the seventeenth century and later were published under the title of "Essays". The assumption used to be current, and it is still enjoying considerable vitality, that Bacon wrote his essays in imitation of Montaigne's. This view was maintained and reiterated in spite of the fact that there is very little similarity either in the ideas or the structure of their writings and regardless of Bacon's own indication, which should be given full weight, of his obligation to the Epistles of Seneca for a pattern. The essays of Montaigne and Bacon have no more in common than that they treat of a similar subject matter: They are both concerned with conduct. But they are poles apart in their moral attitudes and, what is more important, in the literary treatment of their ideas. The element of introspection, which is

the great distinguishing feature of Montaigne as a moralist, is wholly absent in Bacon. The arbitrary and whimsical procedure of the Frenchman in unfolding, or rather in playing with his thoughts, was utterly unsympathetic to the scientific austerity of the Englishman's mind. From the point of view of structure and style, it is exceedingly difficult to find a common denominator for them.

In Addison's time the essay vastly expanded the range of its material. While continuing its traditional function as popular arbiter of morals, it considered no topic as foreign to its interest. It encroached on the representative art of the novelist and dramatist and created an animated picture of contemporary social life. It is noteworthy that Addison himself did not look upon his periodical performances as following strictly in a line from Montaigne. In *Spectator* 476 he calls the attention of his readers to a distinction between those of his daily papers which are written with "regularity and method" and others that "run out into the wildness of those compositions which go by the name of essays," and it is clear that he favors the former sort. Some later students of the essay have felt so forcibly the departure made by the eighteenth century periodical writers as to date the origin of the English essay from them. In their anxiety to fit literature into a formula, they ignore everything from Bacon to Dryden. But were we to apply the Addisonian pattern with any consistency, we should be at a loss what to do with the most distinguished essay-writing of the following century. For with Lamb and Hazlitt and De Quincey the essay suddenly becomes deeply subjective, and poetic to the point of rhapsody. The work of these men gives rise to a conception of the essay as a prose lyric. Most writers who have

speculated on the requirements of a familiar essay since Lamb's time have insisted strongly on its subjectivity in a sense which would never have been sanctioned by theorists of Bacon's or Addison's generation. The problem of defining the essay is even further complicated when we are asked to make room within its boundaries for writers like Shaftesbury and Hume in the eighteenth century or Jeffrey and Macaulay in the nineteenth.

The safest course for one who should attempt to write a history of this form would be to eschew definition altogether and to content himself with tracing the varying shapes in which writers who have used neither novel nor drama have clothed their reflections on human character and human behavior and given expression to their dreams and fancies. It would bring out the intimate relationship which the essay has with the dialogue, the literary epistle, and the Character. Such a history might find grounds for excluding a good deal that is commonly designated as essay, but it would have to include certain things that are usually left out of account. From the chronological point of view, it would notice that there were essayists before Montaigne as truly as there were heroes before Agamemnon—essayists as authentic as any of later times. One has but to read Montaigne himself to realize how close are the bonds which unite him in purpose and in style to Horace and Plutarch.

II

The Greeks and the Romans knew how to clothe their analysis of human nature and their moral reflections with the grace of intimate sympathy. Their adherence to literary convention generally dictated the

choice of a regular form like that of the dialogue or letter, but these forms were not of a kind to hinder the free utterance of personal sentiments or opinions. Even when they spoke through assumed characters, as did Cicero in the essays of "Friendship" and "Old Age", the identity of the original voice could not be mistaken; it is the favorite pursuits and pastimes of the cultivated Marcus Tullius and not of censorious old Cato that are recounted in "De Senectute". The epistolary mode preferred by Seneca and Plutarch attained the utmost degree of directness, since ostensibly it addressed itself to an individual friend instead of to the general reader. The minds of the austere Roman statesman and of the genial Greek historian are transparent through their counsels, and not seldom their habits and private affections are brought in to illuminate and alleviate the tenor of their instruction. To be sure, the parading of his idiosyncracies and the exposure of the recesses of his heart is far from being an object with the writer of antiquity. Neither does he, like the modern essayist, regard his theme as indifferent, finding a motive for his originality in anything and nothing. If there is any feature that distinguishes him, it is the objectivity of his purpose and his concentration on the themes directly related to human conduct. His affectations, if he has any, are limited to the exercise of the literary technique and the devices of superficial ornamentation elaborately taught in the academies of Rhetoric. This very tendency, kept within the bounds of taste, insures a preciseness of outline and a degree of literary finish in the writing of the classical moralists contrasting with the almost studied negligence by which later essayists strive to give the grace of informality to their work. The only informality which ancient writers thought legitimate was that which came

from the easy and natural communication of a writer's thought through an appropriate but not artless medium.

The Greek and Roman moralists received more than their due of imitation during the Renaissance. Petrarch, in some of his Latin treatises, not only captured something of the polished urbanity of Cicero, but under the encouragement of his master, St. Augustine, opened the confidential vein in modern prose. In his imaginary conversation with St. Augustine (*Secretum Meum*) and in his treatise on the retired life (*De Vita Solitaria*) there is an emphasis on the expression of individuality which is even more significant than the biographical secrets which those compositions reveal. In the main, however, the writers of the Renaissance did not follow the introspective trend. The cultivated *littérateur* composed dialogues and discourses in the Platonic or Ciceronian style, in which the speculative or theoretic element predominated; this type flourished with especial richness in sixteenth century Italy. Others, having in mind a public of less intellectual refinement, blended the familiar didactic ingredients of the classics with the unction of Christian homiletics, draping the whole in a specious rhetoric which passed for a time as the height of elegance. The books of this kind by the Spanish Bishop Guevara enjoyed a European vogue during the best part of a century. They claim a relation to the essay by virtue of their direct concernment with reflections on human conduct, but they are separated from it either by abstractness of theme or by the complete absence of originality both in observation and expression. There was no inherent reason why the traditional form should not have developed directly into the modern type of essay writing. When an original thinker, like Machiavelli, for example, discourses in prose on a suitable theme, the result is

what we should now call an informal essay. Such essays, but not so called, appear as occasional chapters in the *Memoirs* of Commynes, to whom the literature of antiquity was a closed book, and elsewhere in French prose of the sixteenth century. In an important sense it is a mistake, therefore, to speak of Montaigne as the discoverer of the essay. It is a species of writing which does not seem to call for a literary Columbus.

III

Yet in other senses, equally important, Montaigne is undeniably an originator. For in the beginning he did not build on the lines familiarized by tradition, but worked out his design afresh from the loose materials of the ancient edifice. What his age valued more than the form of classical literature was its concentrated wisdom. Notable sentences were extracted and studied more diligently than the composition as a whole. Not only the moralists, but the philosophers, the historians, and the poets were treated in this manner; Aristotle, Tacitus, and Sophocles were culled with the same zeal as Plutarch and Seneca. The practice of the schools contributed greatly to this procedure; for their benefit compilations of sentences were made, to be used for their instructive power and as subjects for themes. The "Adages" of Erasmus was the most widely used school-book of the sixteenth century, and it was valued by adult readers for its original matter. From the schools also the practice of keeping commonplace books was carried into the years of maturity, and to this practice Montaigne's essays owe their beginning. In the solitude of his tower-library Montaigne was fond of ransacking his favorite authors for precepts and

examples of noble living, copying them into his paper-books and even adorning the walls of his library with them. This method of loose accumulation has left its traces in quite a number of the essays in the first volume. The selection was determined at the outset by a consistent adherence to the Stoical maxims of Seneca, whose influence also contributed to the detached sententiousness of the form. The spell of the Roman moralist was broken, however, when Montaigne read Plutarch in the translation of Amyot. The rigid ethical standard melted before the benign humanity of the sage of Chaeronea. Montaigne's eyes were opened to the prospect of a subtler psychology, an ampler and more flexible view of human character, and to the possibilities of a more sinuous and refined method of treating moral themes. He never wearies of speaking of his debt to Plutarch. But once emancipated, he goes even beyond Plutarch. When his essays appeared before the public, they contained elements which were altogether novel in literature, features which affected his contemporaries as merely bizarre. The loose, digressive, apparently artless structure, sometimes carried to a point of wanton extravagance, naturally resulted in the bewilderment of readers accustomed to classical standards of propriety. Too much admiration has been lavished in later generations upon a virtue in which Montaigne has been surpassed by inferior writers.

A really important aspect of his originality was the extent and manner of his reference to his personal habits and characteristics. Never had an author been so garrulously confidential with his public and so fully turned his art into a confessional. Yet it is a mistake of emphasis which fails to penetrate further into the essence of this originality than to see in it a challenging assertion of the writer's egotism. Montaigne's

significance is best appreciated through a perception of the meaning which he attached to the word *essai*, a meaning completely lost from sight by later writers. His imitators universally took the title of his book as applying to the form of his composition, as a term of modesty to describe the tentative and irregular mode of treatment. But it was to the substance itself and not to the form that Montaigne was alluding. His *essais* were experiments, *assays*, upon his character. He was testing himself by the standards which his admired teachers provided. It was an exercise, to begin with, in self-cultivation, such as was favored by both humanistic and religious counsels in the Renaissance. His preoccupation with himself was of the same sort as that of the diarist, or of the mystic laboring daily for the salvation of his soul. But at some stage in the unfolding of his purpose, Montaigne was illuminated by an idea which transformed altogether the bearing of his work. This idea was to make his self-examination serve the interest of humanity in general. The habit of self-centred contemplation became a process of detached psychological analysis. His own moral constitution became merely the anatomy, to be treated with the scientific impartiality of a surgeon toward the *corpus vile*. If he wrote about himself, it was because that was the subject with which he was best acquainted. If he described domestic actions that were commonplace or trivial, it was because a man's real character is more faithfully mirrored in his ordinary every-day behavior, in the privacy of his family, than on occasions of ceremony, when the eyes of strangers and of the larger world are on him. The object which in the end Montaigne proposed to himself was the representation of "a life ordinary and without lustre." Instead of drawing a portrait of himself for

posterity to admire or gape at, he painted the features of a man whom others might recognize as a human being like themselves, actuated by their own motives and responding to temptation with the same mixture of weakness and resolution as themselves. The change from Stoicism to an indulgent Epicureanism which is sometimes looked upon as the moral deterioration of Montaigne's old age, is in reality but the index of a changed attitude toward his writing, the proof of an increasing literary honesty. In his earlier work, with the moral consciousness vivid, he thinks of human nature as it ought to be, or as it is found in its ideal manifestations. Later he descends to the level of human nature as it works in the average, and, describing it faithfully, he leaves the moral at the mercy of the individual reader. In the end he comes to view himself as an epitome of human kind; the egoist has completely transcended himself. It is therefore not in the fact of self-portraiture, but in the motive, and in the almost impartial attitude toward his subject that Montaigne's real singularity appears.

This attitude had certain important consequences for his literary art. As an experimenter Montaigne was descriptive rather than philosophic, occupied with facts rather than with principles and dogmas, with particular and individual occurrences rather than with generalizations. He professed to understand only what he observed at a given moment; he recorded only what he felt and thought under given circumstances. This, however, was only the delicate artifice by which he dispelled the suspicion of doctrinal tendency. He was no common author, no sober wiseacre who wrote books to impress others with his superior wisdom. He wrote as a gentleman might to his friends. He would indeed have adopted the epistolary mode if the death of Étienne

de la Boétie had not deprived him of the only friend to whom he could frankly unbosom himself. The idea of a fictitious correspondent was abhorrent to his straightforward instincts. If he prided himself on anything it was on his freedom from literary vanity. His design was only to set down the individual observations and unconstrained reflections as they presented themselves to his mind; the form might be left to take care of itself. This may have been a pose which Montaigne, tongue in cheek, was pleased to assume. But this explains the concreteness, the abundance of familiar and homely illustration, the candid self-exposure verging on self-abandonment, the freedom of speculation and boldness of opinion, the fanciful transition from thought to thought, the frankness and even rudeness of the idiom. All these qualities make the animation and charm of Montaigne and, as he desired, they win his readers to him as a man, not as the author of a book.

The happy art by which Montaigne, holding up the mirror to himself, produced a portrait of nature, was of a subtlety and difficulty to elude imitation. Generally it might be said even to have failed of appreciation. What his contemporaries chiefly saw in the essays was a trend of thought, an open-eyed skepticism shrewdly examining the commonly received notions of human nature, disturbing a secure mental repose, and directly or indirectly provoking a revision of standards and values. So far did the philosopher in Montaigne overshadow the man of letters that it was deemed a pious task by one of his intellectual followers to give his thought a systematic arrangement. Pierre Charon's treatise "*De la Sagesse*", honest book that it is, is but Montaigne methodized. The influence which he exerted immediately on English writers was through

the impact of his fresh thoughts, traceable in Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, as well as in Bacon and Burton and Sir Thomas Browne. The elaborate imitation of his method is, before the Restoration, confined to less notable writers like Sir William Cornwallis, in whom, however, the process of self-analysis is carried on with such complacency and edifying tendency as to produce a result quite different from that of his model.

IV.

More than by Montaigne the course of English essay-writing during the seventeenth century was determined by Sir Francis Bacon, and though most pedigrees trace his genesis also to Montaigne, there is no strong ground for such an association. Bacon was an originator of the essay almost as much as the other, borrowing the name but giving it the meaning more commonly attached to it, to signify "dispersed meditations" or, as he puts it in the edition of 1612, "brief notes set down rather significantly than curiously." The similarity between their essays is what might be expected from the employment of a common groundwork or starting point, but they proceed in their development by independent and totally different literary routes and arrive at remotely separated goals.

Bacon's essays, like Montaigne's have their source in the aphoristic fashions of that time. The Englishman set an even higher value than his predecessor on the disciplinary virtue of a pointed sentence, especially when it proceeded from one who had acquired weight in the counsels of the world. One of his latest literary occupations was to compile a book of apothegms or notable sayings of great men, a work which, as he thought, had never been performed with sufficient judg-

ment. He was in the habit of preserving in his commonplace books the fruits of his reading and original reflection, and of reducing his ideas to terse and compact phrase. The "Essays" of 1597 are but little clusters of disconnected sentences with no other organic bond than is supplied by the common topic.

The complete absence of literary artifice gave the sharpest possible emphasis to the substance of these essays and to their unequivocal intent. Their subject matter was practical, the tone dogmatic, magisterial. Their undisguised purpose was to instruct and guide, to impart to the younger heads the valuable experience of those who had already rubbed shoulders with the world. Bacon was doing in the essays what he and other men in his position had been doing by private communication. Statesmen who had under their tutelage young men destined for political trust were accustomed to put down in writing for their benefit not only the useful mysteries of state, *ragioni di stato* was the technical phrase adopted from the Italians, but even general advice on the conduct of life. The "Counsels Civil and Moral" of the experienced historian Guicciardini, composed for his family and circulated widely after his death, though in abbreviated and mutilated form, have a close sympathy with the essays of Bacon. In the correspondence of Englishmen like Burghley and Essex, and Bacon himself, there exist letters to young noblemen which in substance are not to be distinguished from the essays. These letters were sometimes published for their general utility, with or without the writer's sanction, the motive which stimulated such publication being doubtless responsible also for the first appearance of Bacon's little volume; and Bacon's volume in its turn placed the seal of literary authority on this species of writing.

When, therefore, students of the essay like Mr. Hugh Walker disparage Bacon by comparison with Montaigne, they assume a rivalry between the two writers of which the former was not conscious. The lower plane of literary interest on which he for the most part moves, and the comparative dryness and bareness of the style, are but witnesses to his frankly utilitarian outlook. When he speaks of the matter of his essays as coming home to the business and bosoms of men he has in mind its bearing on practical affairs. Whereas Montaigne's analysis of human nature, even in its pretended indifference, looks to a philosophic adjustment of the individual with the larger scheme of things for his greater happiness, Bacon exposes the springs and pulleys in order that his disciple may learn to manipulate men for his private advantage, or that of the state.

Aphorism and precept are the chief ingredients of his essays, from the initial paper in the first edition to the concluding one in the last. Many of the titles infallibly arouse didactic anticipations, such as *Expense*, *Ambition*, *Riches*, *Negotiating*. In an essay of *Anger*, however, we would ordinarily be inclined to look for a description of the manner in which that familiar passion operates, together with some stories to heighten the impression. But after a couple of introductory sentences Bacon thus characteristically outlines the scope of his paper: "We will first speak how the natural inclination and habit to be angry may be attempred and calmed. Secondly, how the particular motions of anger may be repressed, or at least restrained from doing mischief. Thirdly, how to raise anger or appease anger in another." How to raise anger in another! One could not wish for a clearer confession of the scientific attitude toward behavior. Advantage or disadvantage, in a narrow and immediate sense, is

the measure of his interest in a subject Not only are *Simulation and Dissimulation*, *Marriage and Single Life* viewed externally in their pros and contras, but *Beauty, Love, and Friendship* are coldly analyzed and sealed with censure or approval according to the "fruits" which they yield. And yet the discourse *Of Friendship* in its final form was written as a tribute of affection at the special request of his warm admirer, Sir Toby Matthew. Some readers perceive a poetic sentiment in the essay *Of Gardens*, but it would not be difficult for such persons to extract an aroma from a spring catalogue of seeds. No doubt Bacon took a deep pleasure in trees and flowers, as he did also in grand buildings and in elaborate pageantry. His papers on all these subjects reveal his generous tastes, but they are made up of barren specifications and written with a deliberate suppression of the emotions. In no more than half a dozen essays does he raise himself to a disinterested observation of human qualities or give scope to his contemplative powers. Rare indeed are the occasions on which he indulges his satiric humor, as in *Of Boldness* and *Of Seeming Wise*, and even in these he cannot wholly escape the urgency of the moral application. Equally rare is the solemn feeling and the stately eloquence of the essay *Of Truth* and the tender poetic gravity in the reflections of *Death*. In these the essays reach their highest point of imaginative utterance. Though among the last written, they stand at the beginning of the final edition, impressive portals which may well blind the reader by their beauty to the contents of the chamber on which they open. Not that the rest is lacking in dignity, for the sagacity and luminousness of his mind gives distinction to all that Bacon says, but it is composed for more worldly uses and speaks a less exalted language.

Apart from the exceptions noticed, the essays in their latest form do not differ in spirit from the earliest. Very commonly the additions are in the nature of further aphorisms, or of percepts which drive the lesson more literally home. In 1612 the paper *Of Seeming Wise* refrained from direct moralizing; in 1625 it was rounded out with this useful sentence: "Seeming Wise-men may make shift to get Opinion: But let no man choose them for employment. For certainly, you were better take for business a man somewhat absurd, than over formal." The expansion is practically always for a more and more specific application of the counsels. Even the essay *Of Truth* does not fail in the last paragraph to pass from "theological and philosophical truth, to the truth of civil business." The use of illustrations from history and literature in the later essays is nearly always explained as a result of Montaigne's influence. But this is one of the least characteristic features in the practice of either Bacon or Montaigne, the device which is perhaps the most widespread among the writers of the time.

The larger changes which Bacon made in his successive revisions serve to accentuate the fundamental difference between his method and Montaigne's. Whereas the latter tended to progressive and studied relaxation of formal technique, the other developed a constantly more mechanical structure in proportion to the extent of his revision. While the first essays are made up wholly of unconnected sentences, the later ones are often outlined with precise and transparent regularity, with a summary introduction, an enumerated division of the main points, and transitions definitely announced. What this leads to is in effect a methodical treatise which, unless brevity is a reason, can be called an essay only by courtesy. In the Dedication of 1612

he apologizes for looseness of form on the ground that his continued service does not allow him leisure to write "just treatises", and in the eighth book of the *De Augmentis* he illustrates one of his desiderata or "deficients" by an "example of a summary treatise touching the extension of empire," which is nothing else than a translation of the essay *Of the Greatness of Kingdoms*. Such summary treatises also are the papers *Of Empire, Of Seditions and Troubles, Of Religion, Of Usury*, to mention only the most methodical. These represent the extreme development of Bacon's own manner and are evidence that Montaigne was not the literary model whom he kept before his eyes.

V.

Bacon's compositions show how naturally the moralist's material, in passing through the brain of an original observer and being applied to the every-day interests of men, takes on a familiar tone even in its didacticism. Still more instructive from this point of view, because less conscious of its drift, is Ben Jonson's "Timber". To a reader who should take it up in entire innocence of its history, this book would appear as an unmistakable collection of essays ranging from the concentrated aphorism to the scope of an extended critical treatise. He would find in it striking observations on men, on manners, and on literature, philosophic reflection, social satire, literary analysis seasoned with familiar illustration from contemporary figures, informed with more personal feeling and suffused with more generous sentiment than the essays of Bacon. He would be struck not only by the purity and elevation of the moral tone, maintained with a conviction which springs from char-

acter, but by the chastity and precision of the language, the architectural neatness of the structure, the naturalness and transparency of style, more modern than any prose before the Restoration. It was in this spirit that Swinburne read "Timber", interpreting it as a spontaneous expression of Ben Jonson's thoughts and feelings and exalting it rhapsodically over the essays of Bacon; and he was more than half right. What though investigation has shown that the whole book is a compilation from writers of classical antiquity and the Renaissance? What though the characterization of Bacon's eloquence and the criticism of Shakespeare are taken bodily from the elder Seneca's description of several Roman rhetoricians? The truth is in them none the less. Even passages which look like self-portraiture turn out to be reminiscences from literature. And yet, for all that, the impression remains that Ben Johnson is writing out of the fullness of his own thought, permitting others to suggest the language, applying his daily reading, as he says in the subtitle, "to his familiar notion of the times," and assimilating it completely to the form of his own mind. He did not think of himself as composing essays, and he speaks disparagingly of the whole tribe of essayists, even of their father Montaigne. But "Timber" corresponds exactly to an early stage in the development of Montaigne's work, which also began as an adaptation of literary materials to the personal tastes and opinions of the compiler. It is an evidence of a similar result flowing from similar causes, an independent proof that the essay in the seventeenth century was striving to be born.

Conscious essay writing in this century is predominantly in the magisterial, aphoristic vein made familiar by the example of Bacon, but it is frequently and

appreciably modified by other elements. The satire of social vices, the introspective analysis of conscience, the exploitation of personal humors are non-Baconian features of the essay drawn in from a variety of literary types, sometimes appearing dominantly or even exclusively, sometimes combining in more or less harmonious fusion with the didactic. This variety of elements may be studied in Sir William Cornwallis, who deserves to be regarded as the first English essayist, since his two volumes of 1600 and 1601 could have owed nothing to Bacon's sentences of 1597. Fundamental in these essays is the adjustment of personal aims to moral principles, which involves a knowledge of one's self as well as an effort of will to make the adjustment. Both classical example and Christian practice instructed the essayist in the process. Seneca, who counted for a great deal with all moralists stimulated in them the inspection of private motives and the study of individual perfection, and his example was reinforced by the delicate probings of conscience which religion recommended. The writing of meditations was not confined to mystics like Traherne, soaring into regions of celestial beatitude. It was practiced also by pious spirits of homelier mould who labored to bring their daily actions into accord with the precepts of their faith, and incidentally to show others the way to Christian living. The devotional works of Richard Greeneham, a pure and modest Elizabethan divine, are symptomatic of a widely-diffused preoccupation with cases of conscience. They are the result of the difficulties laid before Greeneham by his troubled parishioners, and though they make no pretence to literary art, the frequent editions indicate the prevailing interest in such things. The Meditations of Bishop Hall, the "Resolves" of Robert Warwick, and the centuries of

Thoughts of Thomas Fuller show a mixture of art with their piety, especially in the case of Warwick. But it is Owen Felltham who best illustrates the connection between the pious resolve and the essay. The original century of his "Resolves" is made up altogether of brief meditations to confirm the writer in a religious life, while in the second century¹ the topics are dilated after the fashion of the typical essayist, the observation becoming more worldly and the *resolve* being reduced to a subordinate position, when not quite overlooked. As with the writers of Resolves, Cornwallis's purpose was to fashion for himself a pattern of conduct out of his reading and observation. He embraced theoretically the Stoic teachings as revived for scholars of the Renaissance by Lipsius, but there was nothing Stoic in his temperament. In part his Stoic notions coincide or blend with an ideal of worldly aristocracy, the ideal of *noblesse oblige*. It is a noble use of social privilege to make it promote a virtuous life. But in its purest form the ideal adopted by Cornwallis is attainable only in the retired life. In seeking to fit it to the interests of an active public life, he falls into contradictions which are eloquent of the gap between his book-lessons and his true inclinations. The prudent, but often devious, courses of the politician and the conventional code of the gentleman both clash violently with the austere abstracted wisdom of the philosopher, and the conflict is not skilfully reconciled. He praises virtue as self-sufficient, denounces ambition and emulation as human weaknesses, and calls fame an impostor, cheater, and paymaster of counterfeit coin. Yet he feels forced to make allowance for all these qualities as means whereby

¹ In all the editions Felltham after 1628, the second century is printed first.

to foster virtue. He despises popularity as unstable, dangerous, and dishonest, but for politic reasons advises that its opposite be carefully shunned. He justifies qualities and actions in rulers, which he refuses to countenance in private men. "To a low fortune belongs simply the use of virtue: in the other she must be often changed, not into vice, but to look always like virtue." The same spirit is manifest in smaller matters. Dueling is forbidden alike by church, state, and human reason, but to refuse a challenge is an ineffaceable stain upon honor—the virtue of humility cannot be carried so far as to incur it willingly. He will therefore accept the first duel that offers, and his reputation for courage being vindicated, he will thereafter disdain every provocation. Such a compromise could scarcely have succeeded outside the writer's study, but the passage shows clearly enough that Cornwallis valued a reputation for personal courage above the approval of a Christian conscience. When, under the influence of Montaigne, he utters himself most freely, it is to reveal his aristocratic prejudices, exclaiming in a burst of sincerity, "I thirst after honor and would be glad to leave my house some testimony that I have not been unprofitable that way." To Montaigne he is indebted also for a certain cavalier pose, for an assumption of negligent ease toward his writing, as if he owed his pride an apology for dressing up as an author. But even though this is only an affectation of naturalness, it is of use in toning down and familiarizing a style which otherwise is in danger of becoming monotonously didactic and hortatory. It imparts something of the true essay flavor to his exercises in self-improvement. Something of the essayist's effect results in his writing also from the tentative and contradictory quality of his thought, but this is largely accidental. For Corn-

wallis doubtless intended that his opinions and ideals should appear positive and steadfast, even though in his life he might fall short of realizing them. Had his attitude been different, he would have been unique among English moralists of his time.

In a somewhat groping and tentative style, and with an imperfectly idealizing gloss, Cornwallis expresses essentially the conventional outlook of the ruling class in morals and politics. This conventional tone is dominant in the majority of essayists. Robert Johnson, John Stephens, Owen Felltham, and the noble author of "*Horae Subsecivae*", all speak from the same point of view, but commonly with more directness and uniformity of tone than Cornwallis. These writers offer a definite view of the intellectual and social standards of the aristocracy, and they convey it on occasion with a considerable dignity and vigor. Sometimes the method is adapted by an enterprising mentor to the condition of a less exalted group. One William Scott publishes an "*Essay on Drapery*" in which with piquant effect he sets down instructions for the shopkeeper how to trade "justly, pleasingly, profitably," and does it with an elaborate stock of Latin sentences and poetic quotations. In the hands of writers who lack a definite outlook the form degenerates into a collection of empty commonplaces, as for example with Nicholas Breton and Richard Brathwaite. Breton, however, is saved from commonplaceness in the "*Fantastics*", where, instead of indulging in moral reflections, he draws pleasant pictures of English landscapes and customs, having something of the sweetness of his pastoral poems and suggesting, not remotely, the amiable sentiment of Leigh Hunt.

But other points of view than the conventional also find representation in the essay. The observations of

John Robinson, the pastor of the early Pilgrims, on points of religious conscience and religious toleration are clearly the result of personal experience and independent thought. The detached *Treatise on Play* by Sir John Harrington and the very delightful essay on travel by Fynes Moryson derive almost nothing from books, but owe their attractiveness to the first-hand character of their impressions. Barclay's "Mirror of Minds" analyzes differences of character with a psychological insight superior to that of any contemporary essayist. He deals fairly with the emotions, and in the humanity of his temper calls to mind Montaigne, resembling him especially in his quite modern views on education. His book deserves to be much better known. An originality of a still bolder sort appears in Francis Osborn, who in the "Advice to His Son" frankly sets up a narrow worldly self-interest as a guide to conduct. He feeds the dry light of his intelligence from the rational flame of Bacon and Hobbes, but lacks the generous imagination of the former. He is an earlier Chesterfield without Chesterfieldian devotion to the Graces. His disdain of sentiment is unqualified, and the cynicism of his views on love and marriage, on patriotism, and on religion would be shocking if it were not redeemed by intellectual honesty. He recognizes and admires clearness of thought whether it comes with a villainous reputation like Machiavelli's or with a virtuous one like John Selden's. He is attentive to new truth and inquisitive toward established error. Unlike Sir Thomas Browne, he is inclined to believe in the theory of Copernicus and to doubt the existence of witches. His criticism of current notions is generally with some foundation. Altogether he is an interesting forerunner of the English rationalists. But after reading him one should cleanse

his self-respect by turning to Clarendon. In spite of his long experience with unsteady monarchs, corrupt courts, and faithless politicians, that austere statesman preserved his faith in moral principles, and his splendid integrity has a bracing influence which atones abundantly for the archaism of some of his views and the heaviness of his style.

VI

The tendency of the essay toward objectiveness was reinforced by the discovery and diffusion of character writing. The impulse was given by the *Characters* of Theophrastus which, having been translated into Latin by Isaac Casaubon in 1592, were imitated in English by Joseph Hall, popularized by Sir Thomas Overbury, and perfected by John Earle. The similarity of character and essay lies in that they both treat primarily of moral qualities. Their distinction is in the manner of treatment, the essay being analytic and tending to discursiveness, the character dramatic and concentrated. As transmitted by Theophrastus, the latter consists of a definition of a quality followed by a series of typical actions described in sentences of parallel construction. The detachment of the writer is complete; there is not a phrase of comment, not even a suggestion of emphasis. The economy of means could not be carried further. Resembling the aphoristic essay in its epigrammatic movement, the character is technically superior by virtue of its perfect though simple organization. The two forms coalesced very easily, with the result either of bringing about a firmer unity in the essay or, by introducing an element of discursiveness into the character, breaking down the rigid uniformity of the latter. In proportion as this

second process took place, the character tended to approximate the form of the essay, and from a very early date the two kinds have an indistinct boundary. In Overbury's "Characters" there are already traces of a method of analysis derived from the essay, and in the title pages of sundry volumes there is also evidence of the close connection which the two forms appeared to have for writers, the most striking being Breton's "Characters upon Essays and Essays upon Characters." The fusion of the two types is most completely and patently illustrated, however, in Fuller's "Holy and Profane State." The characters in this book are composed upon a regular and uniform pattern. They consist of a series of paragraphs, each having a topic sentence corresponding to the individual sentences of the Theophrastean *character*. But every topic sentence is amplified by the kind of observations and illustrations which are the regular stock in trade of the essay. The identification by Fuller of the two forms, both in substance and technique, is further emphasized in his Third Book where, writing on the familiar essay themes, he employs the same structure as in the others, the topic sentences in this case being precepts instead of characteristic actions.

The character had an additional influence upon the essay by leading it toward the observation of contemporary manners and fostering a satiric attitude in the treatment of vices. The ridicule of eccentricities and exaggerations of character and behavior was familiar enough on the Elizabethan stage, notably in Ben Jonson's comedy of humors, which is of classical inspiration. The popular prose pamphleteers had also utilized such material as a source of entertainment, adhering in their form, however, to the tradition of mediaeval allegory and in their style to blunt Skeltonic vituperation.

tion. The diatribes of Lodge and Nash and Dekker owe nothing of their manner to classical examples, but they manifest a gradually developing independence in recording abuses and absurdities in the life of their own London. Dekker's "Gul's Hornbook" in its humorous, ironical dissection of a fantastic social excrescence points unmistakably in the direction of the "Tatler", though for its full realization this type of portraiture had to await the arrival of an age in which the standards of social decorum had found a wider diffusion and acceptance. In the meantime, however, the writers of character might gain a degree of animation and reality by extending the range of subjects and adding traits that were local and temporary to the conventional scheme of virtues and vices.

Theophrastus had described vices or defects of character with a serene, imperturbable irony; the virtues, whether deliberately or by chance, were not represented in his book. His example might have been expected to give a decidedly satiric bent to his English followers. That they did not take this bias more thoroughly is perhaps due to the ecclesiastical calling of his first imitator. Joseph Hall, later Bishop of Norwich, wrote characters of both virtues and vices, and though his treatment of the virtues is colorless to insipidity while that of the vices is vigorous and pungent, his authority established the form as a medium of moral edification, and his balanced scheme was followed by Nicholas Breton in "The Good and the Bad" and by Fuller in "The Holy and Profane State." Fuller, however, is unique in his genius for presenting the good character more attractively than the bad. A warm heart and an innate sympathy with the basic virtues of the English character in both its nobler and homelier phases, give to his ideal presentments the flavor of truth. So

genuine are the detached strokes which he borrows from familiar life that they create an impression of reality in the ideal whole. The winning sincerity of the man triumphs even over the artificiality of the witty style. Artificial or affected is what that style has to be called in most writers of Jacobean and Caroline prose; to Fuller's such epithets are inapplicable. His brain is a storehouse of metaphors in which his simple thoughts array themselves naturally and becomingly in spite of the principles of rhetoric. It is precisely this fanciful garb, fitted so happily and unexpectedly to the plain, honest figure of the underlying thought, that produces the impression of Fuller's quaintness. It would be fairer to say that the natural quaintness of Fuller's mind (as natural as Lamb's, who pleaded it in extenuation of his own stylistic subtleties) found its proper utterance in the verbal conceits and the agile antitheses which had been the traditional ornaments of character writing since the publication of Overbury's volume.

Overbury, though his book was published six years later than Hall's, exercised a greater influence on the style of character-writing, making brilliancy of wit a condition of success in that form. He calls a character, "wit's descant on any plain song." In his own case this wit served as a cover for a good deal of commonplaceness in observation, and with other writers, too, the novelty of the far-fetched phrasing was what often distinguished one set of characters from another. But an exception must be made from this general statement in favor of the "Microcosmography" of John Earle. By no means inferior in rhetorical brilliancy, Earle's real distinction lies in a greater truth and depth of analysis. His sketches are better than satires of vicious and ridiculous types, better than patterns of a bloodless ideal. They are not artificially simplified,

but drawn with some shadow and perspective. Both judgment and sympathy enter into their composition, and they come much nearer to being living creations than other examples of the type.

VII

The best exponents of familiar prose in the first half of the seventeenth century, of prose in which observation and reflection are shot through with the colors of personality, are not to be found in the ranks of the essayists so-called. A technical distinction, however, which excludes Robert Burton or Sir Thomas Browne or Jeremy Taylor from discussion in this connection sacrifices literary realities to accidents of nomenclature. It must be recognized that on the side of form the essay is but loosely, if at all, definable; what differentiates it as a literary category is a certain community of purpose, of substance, and of manner. Whenever the personality of the writer constitutes in an obvious sense the significant element in a piece of prose, when students of human nature, thinkers and dreamers with no special philosophic system, make original reflections on life, whatever their form, they belong in spirit with the essayists. The authors of the "Anatomy of Melancholy" and of the "Religio Medici" are more authentically of the family of Charles Lamb than is either Bacon or Cowley.

The "Anatomy of Melancholy" at first imposes by its appearance of method. There are not wanting students who admire its elaborate structure of divisions and subdivisions and the genuine erudition of the book. The first two parts especially are, according to the standard of the seventeenth century, scientific; in the analysis of the causes, symptoms, prognostics, and cures

of melancholy, Burton makes use of all the contemporary knowledge of medicine and psychology, though the mere curiousness of phenomena interests him more than any serious motive. Yet it cannot be but that he had some serious motive in compiling such a mass of special, professional knowledge as is here contained; for readers seeking entertainment would not even in the seventeenth century have plodded and toiled over this arid expanse for the sake of the occasional glimpses of humor and fancy with which it is relieved. Fuller's seemingly cold reference to the "Anatomy" as a "philological" work is suggestive of at least one phase of contemporary feeling toward it. A sly ironic wink every now and then, a straightforward satiric thrust, a page of flowing description and charming landscape, even a discursive chapter like the amazing *Digression of Air*, giving a complete panorama of the state of science, or the wholly delectable section of *Exercise*, redolent of "woods, groves, gardens, walks"—these, which are among the pleasantest things in the entire book, are accessible only to one who is not afraid to struggle through the jungle of dead and forgotten learning in which they lie scattered. It is fit pastime only for Dr. Johnson. But whatever Burton may have intended his work to be in the beginning, the design of entertainment or popular morality prevails in the later sections. Modern readers find more to amuse them in the discussion of Love Melancholy, where Burton's exuberant memory overflows in recollections from all the amorous poets and story-tellers who ever wrote, indifferent whether profit or pleasure be the result. It is a load of literary treasure, and under it his neat system palpably breaks down. But where Burton emerges triumphantly as an essayist is in the address of Democritus to the Reader, which stands outside the

framework. Here there is nothing to obstruct the free expression of his natural humor. Here in the attitude of the laughing philosopher, secure in his sheltered cloister, "a mere spectator of other men's fortunes and adventures, and how they act their parts," he surveys with widely-roving eye the folly and madness of mankind—the madness of individuals and of nations, the madness of rulers, of philosophers, of lovers, and of scholars, of young and old, and concludes in short that the whole world is mad and should be put in Bedlam with Rabelais for physician. His materials are as inexhaustible as the published records of civilization, his method, here as elsewhere, is to heap up the sayings of other writers and to compose from them a mosaic, bearing the stamp of his individual genius—"omne meum, nihil meum, 'tis all mine and none mine." With a mirthful irony he illustrates while he enumerates all the barbarous traits of his manner, "Doric dialect, extemporanean style, tautologies, apish imitations, a rhapsody of rags gathered from several dunghills, excrements of authors, toys and fopperies confusedly tumbled out, without art, invention, judgment, wit, learning, harsh, raw, rude, fantastical, absurd, insolent, indiscreet, ill-composed, indigested, vain, scurrile, idle, dull, and dry." There are times when he forgets his authorities and particularizes his satire out of his more direct knowledge. At any rate, he gives that impression when he draws his lively picture of England's natural blessings spoiled by the follies of its inhabitants and dismisses the wish for a reformation as vain, absurd, and ridiculous. All must be as it is, "*desinet homines tum demum stultescere quando esse desinent*, so long as they can wag their beards, they will play the knaves and fools." However, as if to give emphasis to the good-nature of his censure, he turns upon his

thought and projects a Utopia of his own, in describing which he not only shows his appreciation of remediable evils but shines in comparison with other Utopists by tempering his excellent suggestions for regulating laws, customs, and manners, with a sense of humor which is in this case equivalent to common sense. He strikes, too, a very modern note in his reference to "gouty benefactors, who, when by fraud and rapine they have extorted all their lives, oppressed whole provinces, societies, etc., give something to pious uses, build a satisfactory alms-house, school or bridge, etc., at their last end."

A writer who ranges over an extensive field of human interests touching on innumerable points in his way, must, if he comments with any freedom or candor, leave the impress of his mind upon his work. That Burton revealed his originality both in planning and writing the "Anatomy of Melancholy" does not require argument, but to say as M. Jusserand does, that he "exposes the inside of his mind in as bold and free a manner as Montaigne," is to suggest a doubtful and even misleading analogy. Burton has imparted the color of his mind to his literary labor, as every original writer does whether he be historian or novelist or essayist, but in what sense can it be said that he has exposed the inside of his mind? We have very little detail about the facts of his life, whereas Montaigne provides materials for an ample biography; we know very little that distinguishes Burton's views on intellectual and moral questions, while Montaigne presents his opinions with so much psychological circumstance that they seem distinguished even when they are conventional. The legend of Burton's personality (the obvious and superficial result of his book) was made up of melancholy, enormous learning, and eccentricity, the three features combining harmoniously in the story

that he took his own life in order to justify his horoscope. If Burton had a deeper inward experience, he has kept it carefully from view; what he exposes is the outside of his mind. An omnivorous literary taste, an indiscriminating, self-contradictory sympathy with every kind of character, unfailing good humor, irony often mocking itself, and spontaneous oddity of expression stamp upon the "Anatomy of Melancholy" a distinctiveness which is not made more intelligible by any comparison with Montaigne.

An Englishman who does provoke a parallel with the great French essayist is Sir Thomas Browne. He does so by resemblances in unusual turns of thought, ideas so fanciful and original that it seems scarcely credible that they should have arisen independently in two minds. He does so likewise by his manner of referring to himself and describing the condition of his soul. Yet it is just as well to accept his disclaimer of conscious borrowing from Montaigne and to look upon the similarities as the result of a fortuitous coincidence. For the differences of motive and of literary attitude are of a fundamental character. There is no reason for doubting Sir Thomas's declaration that the "Religio Medici" was an exercise directed to himself rather than an example or rule unto any other, having an obvious relationship to the Meditation and Resolve; and the many personal features in the treatise are alleged by him as proof that it was not intended for the public. Writing a religious apologia, he could not well help expressing himself in personal terms.

Sir Thomas Browne counts the world "a place not to live, but to die in," and thereby defines sharply the line that divides him from Montaigne and his pre-occupation with worldly conduct. Montaigne is a realistic psychologist examining with careful eye the

features that connect him with the rest of mankind; Sir Thomas is a rapt mystic, who in gazing upon the microcosm of his mind finds himself "something more than the great world," a portion of that divinity to which the whole earth is but a point. He loves the mysteries of religion which carry his reason away into an *O Altitudo*, leaving the senses to grovel in their baser element. What men call reality is to him no more real than his nightly dreams; indeed our dreams afford us a closer apprehension of our pleasures than our waking senses, though there is an equal delusion in both. If he studies the visible appearance of nature it is to regard it as the open book of God in which nothing can be written amiss, but not by human reason to prescribe a law to the operation of omnipotence, for God may arbitrarily pervert his rule to acquaint the world with his prerogative, "lest the arrogance of our reason should question his power, and conclude he could not." The same power, shaping the destinies of men and nations in a manner inscrutable to us, we call blind fortune in our ignorance. There is no such thing as blind fortune: "Because our eye is too dim to discover the mystery of her effects, we foolishly paint her blind, and hoodwink the providence of the Almighty." Neither does Sir Thomas understand how any reasonable and learned person can deny the existence of spirits, tutelary guardians, and witches. Amid these supersensuous beings, in theologic fancies, and in the contemplation of the "wingy mysteries" of eternity, he is far more at home than in viewing the ordinary affections of men.

Next to God, Sir Thomas worships himself and the beauty and purity of his sentiments. He dedicates the second part of the "*Religio Medici*", which is as entirely personal as any essay of Montaigne's, to Charity. Had

the Frenchman written this piece, he would have called it "Of the Veneration Due to Myself." He begins by telling us that he is by nature framed to the virtue of charity, having derived from his parents a humane inclination which makes him averse from nothing, unless it be the senseless multitude. To condemn the many-headed monster, however, is almost the duty of a Christian, and Solomon has authorized it by his example. There is, moreover, a providential end in the folly and viciousness of the many, for it reflects a greater lustre on the virtue and wisdom of the remnant. In speaking of his love for communicating knowledge, Sir Thomas cannot hold back the saddening reflection that his talents must perish with himself instead of being bequeathed as a legacy to his friends. Though far from claiming immunity from the sins to which all men have been doomed by Adam's fall, he can thank God that he has escaped from the most dangerous of all sins—pride. But what would be the merit of this claim if he had no just cause for pride? He therefore enumerates a store of gifts and acquirements which might have sufficed to turn a giddier head with vanity; for himself he must be content with the modesty of Socrates who knew that he knew not anything. He feels superior to the sordid temptations of his profession, and in matters of justice he "supererogates" the golden rule. But it is his hatred of Mammon that moves him to the highest pitch of self-approval: "for this only do I love and honor my own soul, and have methinks two arms too few to embrace myself."

Browne's egotism is of a gentle quality, consorting with humaneness and sweetness of temper. A Christian respect for his soul is not incompatible with generous feelings and sympathies; his thought embraces something more than his private salvation. Yet

throughout he remains the poet rather than the moralist. Sometimes he makes an observation of searching depth; more often he unfolds a paradox transcending the limits of common sense, but always he preserves the tone of purity and refinement in his reflections. Though he conceives of hell and its punishments with the literal severity of his own times, yet must he conclude that "they go the fairest way to heaven that would serve God without a hell." Though he seems to condone vice as a desirable foil to virtue, yet a sense of the inscrutableness of human motives restrains him in his judgments: "No man can justly censure or condemn another; because, indeed, no man truly knows another . . . No man can judge another, because no man knows himself; for we censure others but as they disagree from that humor which we fancy laudable in ourselves, and commend others but for that wherein they seem to quadrate and consent with us. So that in conclusion, all is but that we all condemn, self-love." His appreciation of friendship goes beyond what men have said most eloquently in its praise. "I never yet cast a true affection on a woman, but I have loved my friend as I do virtue, my soul, my God." The soul of apostolic humility speaks in his tender compassion for the poor: "I cannot behold a beggar without relieving his necessities with my purse, or his soul with my prayers. These scenical and accidental differences between us cannot make me forget that common and untouched part of us both: there is under these centoes and miserable outsides, these mutilate and semi-bodies, a soul of the same alloy with our own, whose genealogy is God as well as ours, and in as fair a way to salvation as ourselves." But all at once he adds a thought to remind us that he regards the poor as existing for the sake of Christian charity, rather than charity for

the sake of the poor: "Statists that labor to contrive a commonwealth without poverty take away the object of our charity; not understanding only the commonwealth of Christians, but forgetting the prophecy of Christ (The poor ye shall have always with you)." It is not clear that this is one of the remarks which Sir Thomas would have us take "in a soft and flexible sense" and not call "to the rigid test of reason." Perhaps we are here on the borderland of his elusive humor, a humor subtly pervasive, in part springing unconsciously from the solemnity with which an obsolete habit of thought is expressed, but in part also from a free-ranging fancy consciously at play on the fringes of common sense.

Jeremy Taylor draws his inspiration from the same themes which call forth the deepest harmonies from the instrument of Sir Thomas Browne. He, too, views the pageant of life as a prologue to the great closing action. But instead of soaring away on the wings of rapt contemplation, his imagination dwells on the pathos of earthly imperfection and human suffering. Figures of grief and sorrow, the frail beauties of life, the horrid shadows behind them, form the background for his books of practical devotion. He broods tenderheartedly over the lot of man till even his sins and corruptions take on a pathetic loveliness. His retelling of the legend of the Ephesian matron in the closing reflections of the "Holy Dying" is no mere didactic illustration: it is the work of a dramatist probing into the mysteries of human passion, the work of a poet in love with his decorative detail. His voice comes to us on a stream of similes and stories ceaselessly flowing, making a soft elegiac harmony out of the dissonant notes of life.

JACOB ZEITLIN

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FRANCIS BACON

OF TRUTH

“WHAT is truth?” said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that delight in giddiness, and count it a bondage to fix a belief, affecting free-will in thinking as well as in acting. And though the sects of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing wits which are of the same veins, though there be not so much blood in them as was in those of the ancients. But it is not only the difficulty and labor which men take in finding out of truth, nor again, that when it is found, it imposeth upon men’s thoughts, that doth bring lies in favor, but a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the later school of the Grecians examineth the matter, and is at a stand to think what should be in it that men should love lies, where neither they make for pleasure as with poets, nor for advantage as with the merchant, but for the lie’s sake. But I cannot tell; this same truth is a naked and open daylight that doth not show the masks and mummeries and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candle-lights. Truth may, perhaps, come to the price of a pearl that showeth best by day, but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt that if there were taken out of men’s minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like,

but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves? One of the fathers, in great severity, called poesy *Vinum Dæmonum*,¹ because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but with the shadow of a lie. But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in and settleth in it, that doth the hurt, such as we spake of before. But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his sabbath work ever since is the illumination of his Spirit. First he breathed light upon the face of the matter or chaos, then he breathed light into the face of man, and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. The poet that beautified the sect that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well: *It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore and to see ships tossed upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle and to see a battle and the adventures thereof below; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth* (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene) *and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests in the vale below*,² so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly it is

¹ The allusion is to a passage either in Jerome (Epistle 146) or Augustine (*Confessions*, I, 16).

² LUCRETIVS, *De Rerum natura*, II, 1-10.

heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth to the truth of civil business, it will be acknowledged, even by those that practice it not, that clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature; and that mixture of falsehood is like allay in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it. For these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent, which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious. And therefore Montaigne saith prettily, when he inquired the reason why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace and such an odious charge? Saith he, *If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth is as much to say as that he is brave towards God and a coward towards men.*¹ For a lie faces God and shrinks from man. Surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of faith cannot possibly be so highly expressed as in that it shall be the last peal to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men, it being foretold that when Christ cometh, *he shall not find faith upon the earth.*

OF DEATH

MEN fear death as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other. Certainly, the contemplation of death as the wages of sin and passage to another world, is holy and religious; but the fear of it as tribute due unto nature, is weak. Yet in religious meditations there is sometimes mixture of vanity and of superstition. You shall read in some of the friars' books of mortification

¹ Essays, II, 18.

that a man should think with himself what the pain is if he have but his finger's-end pressed or tortured, and thereby imagine what the pains of death are, when the whole body is corrupted and dissolved; when many times death passeth with less pain than the torture of a limb; for the most vital parts are not the quickest of sense. And by him that spake only as a philosopher and natural man it was well said: *Pompa mortis magis terret, quam mors ipsa*.¹ Groans and convulsions and a discolored face, and friends weeping, and blacks and obsequies and the like, show death terrible. It is worthy the observing that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death; and therefore death is no such terrible enemy when a man hath so many attendants about him that can win the combat of him. Revenge triumphs over death, love slights it, honor aspireth to it, grief flieth to it, fear pre-occupateth it; nay, we read after Otho the emperor had slain himself, pity, which is the tenderest of affections, provoked many to die out of mere compassion to their sovereign, and as the truest sort of followers. Nay, Seneca adds niceness and satiety: *Cogita quamdiu eadem feceris; mori velle, non tantum fortis, aut miser, sed etiam fastidiosus potest*.² A man would die, though he were neither valiant nor miserable, only upon a weariness to do the same thing so oft over and over. It is no less worthy to observe, how little alteration in good spirits the approaches of death make; for they appear to be the same men till the last instant. Augustus Cæsar died in a compliment, *Livia conjugii nostri memor, vive et vale*;³ Tiberius in dis-

¹ It is the accompaniments of death that are frightful rather than death itself. SENECA, *Epistles*, 24.

² *ibid.*, 77.

³ Farewell, Livia, and forget not the days of our marriage.—SUE-
TONIUS, *Augustus*, ch. 99.

simulation, as Tacitus saith of him, *Jam Tiberium vires et corpus, non dissimulatio, deserebant*;¹ Vespasian in a jest, sitting upon the stool, *Ut puto Deus fio*;² Galba with a sentence, *Feri, si ex re sit populi Romani*,³ holding forth his neck; Septimius Severus in dispatch, *Adeste, si quid mihi restat agendum*;⁴ and the like. Certainly the Stoics bestowed too much cost upon death, and by their great preparations made it appear more fearful. Better saith he, *Qui finem vitæ extremum inter munera ponat naturæ*.⁵ It is as natural to die as to be born, and to a little infant perhaps the one is as painful as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood, who for the time scarce feels the hurt; and therefore, a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good, doth avert the dolours of death. But above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is, *Nunc dimittis*, when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations. Death hath this also, that it openeth the gate to good fame and extinguisheth envy, *Extinctus amabitur idem*.⁶

OF ADVERSITY

It was an high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics), that the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished; but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired: *Bona rerum*

¹ His powers of body left Tiberius, not his dissimulation.—*Annals*, VI, 50.

² I think I am becoming a God. SUETONIUS, *Vespasian*, ch. 23.

³ Strike, if it be for the good of Rome.—TACITUS, *History*, I, 41.

⁴ Make haste, if there is anything more for me to do.—DIO CASSIUS, LXXVI, 17.

⁵ Who accounts the close of life as one of the benefits of nature.—JUVENAL, *Satires*, X, 358.

⁶ When he is dead the same man (who was envied when alive) shall be loved.—HORACE, *Epistles*, II, i, 14.

*secundarum, optabilia; adversarum mirabilia.*¹ Certainly, if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity. It is yet a higher speech of his than the other (much too high for a heathen): It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man and the security of a God, *Vere magnum habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem Dei.*² This would have done better in poesy, where transcendences are more allowed. And the poets, indeed, have been busy with it; for it is, in effect, the thing which is figured in that strange fiction of the ancient poets, which seemeth not to be without mystery; nay, and to have some approach to the state of a Christian: that Hercules, when he went to unbind Prometheus, by whom human nature is represented, sailed the length of the great ocean in an earthen pot or pitcher; lively describing Christian resolution, that saileth in the frail bark of the flesh through the waves of the world. But to speak in a mean, the virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude, which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet, even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearselike airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Salomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground. Judge,

¹ *Epistles*, 56.

² *ibid.*, 53.

therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly, virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

OF GREAT PLACE

MEN in great place are thrice servants: servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business. So as they have no freedom, neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times. It is a strange desire, to seek power and to lose liberty, or to seek power over others and to lose power over a man's self. The rising unto place is laborious, and by pains men come to greater pains; and it is sometimes base, and by indignities men come to dignities. The standing is slippery, and the regress is either a downfall or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing: *Cum non sis qui fueris, non esse cur velis vivere.*¹ Nay, retire men cannot when they would, neither will they when it were reason; but are impatient of privateness, even in age and sickness, which require the shadow; like old townsmen, that will be still sitting at their street door, though thereby they offer age to scorn. Certainly, great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions to think themselves happy; for if they judge by their own feeling, they cannot find it; but if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then they are happy, as it were by report; when perhaps they find the contrary within. For they are the first that find their own griefs, though they be the last that

¹ When a man feels he is no longer what he was, he loses all his interest in life.—CICERO, *Ep. Fam.*, VII, 3.

find their own faults. Certainly, men in great fortunes are strangers to themselves, and while they are in the puzzle of business they have no time to tend their health, either of body or mind. *Illi mors gravis incubat, qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur sibi.*¹ In place there is licence to do good and evil, whereof the latter is a curse; for in evil the best condition is not to will, the second not to can. But power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring; for good thoughts (though God accept them) yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act; and that cannot be without power and place, as the vantage and commanding ground. Merit and good works is the end of man's motion, and conscience of the same is the accomplishment of man's rest; for if a man can be partaker of God's theatre, he shall likewise be partaker of God's rest. *Et conversus Deus, ut aspiceret opera quæ fecerunt manus suæ, vidit quod omnia essent bona nimis;*² and then the sabbath. In the discharge of thy place set before thee the best examples, for imitation is a globe of precepts. And after a time set before thee thine own example; and examine thyself strictly, whether thou didst not best at first. Neglect not also the examples of those that have carried themselves ill in the same place; not to set off thyself by taxing their memory, but to direct thyself what to avoid. Reform, therefore, without bravery, or scandal of former times and persons; but yet set it down to thyself, as well to create good precedents as to follow them. Reduce things to the first institution, and observe wherein and how they have degenerate; but yet ask counsel of both times; of the ancient time what is best,

¹ It is a sad fate for a man to die too well known to everybody else, and still unknown to himself.—SENECA, *Thyestes*, II, 401.

² And God turned to look upon the works which his hands had made and saw that all were very good.—*Genesis*, i, 31.

and of the latter time what is fittest. Seek to make thy course regular, that men may know beforehand what they may expect; but be not too positive and peremptory, and express thyself well when thou digress-est from thy rule. Preserve the right of thy place, but stir not questions of jurisdiction; and rather assume thy right in silence and *de facto*, than voice it with claims and challenges. Preserve likewise the rights of inferior places, and think it more honor to direct in chief than to be busy in all. Embrace and invite helps and advices touching the execution of thy place, and do not drive away such as bring thee information as meddlers, but accept of them in good part. The vices of authority are chiefly four: delays, corruption, roughness, and facility. For delays, give easy access, keep times appointed, go through with that which is in hand, and interlace not business but of necessity. For corruption, do not only bind thine own hands or thy servants' hands from taking, but bind the hands of suitors also from offering. For integrity used doth the one; but integrity professed and with a manifest detestation of bribery, doth the other. And avoid not only the fault, but the suspicion. Whosoever is found variable and changeth manifestly, without manifest cause, giveth suspicion of corruption. Therefore, always when thou changest thine opinion or course, profess it plainly and declare it, together with the reasons that move thee to change; and do not think to steal it. A servant or a favorite, if he be inward, and no other apparent cause of esteem, is commonly thought but a by-way to close corruption. For roughness, it is a needless cause of discontent; severity breedeth fear, but roughness breedeth hate. Even reproofs from authority ought to be grave, and not taunting. As for facility, it is worse than bribery; for bribes come but now and

easy if approved
 & *usurpation*

then; but if importunity or idle respects lead a man, he shall never be without. As Salomon saith, *To respect persons is not good, for such a man will transgress for a piece of bread.*¹ It is most true that was anciently spoken, *A place showeth the man; and it showeth some to the better and some to the worse.* *Omnium consensu capax imperu, nisi imperasset,*² saith Tacitus of Galba; but of Vespasian he saith, *Solus imperantium Vespasianus mutatus in melius:*³ though the one was meant of sufficiency, the other of manners and affection. It is an assured sign of a worthy and generous spirit, whom honor amends. For honor is, or should be, the place of virtue; and as in nature things move violently to their place and calmly in their place, so virtue in ambition is violent, in authority settled and calm. All rising to great place is by a winding stair; and if there be factions, it is good to side a man's self whilst he is in the rising, and to balance himself when he is placed. Use the memory of thy predecessor fairly and tenderly; for if thou dost not, it is a debt will sure be paid when thou art gone. If thou have colleagues, respect them, and rather call them when they look not for it, than exclude them when they have reason to look to be called. Be not too sensible or too remembering of thy place in conversation and private answers to suitors; but let it rather be said, *When he sits in place he is another man.*

OF CUNNING

WE take cunning for a sinister or crooked wisdom. And certainly there is great difference between a cun-

¹ *Proverbs*, xxviii, 21.

² A man whom everybody would have thought fit for empire, if he had not been emperor.—*History*, I, 49.

³ He was the only man whom the possession of empire changed for the better.—*ibid.*, I, 50.

ning man and a wise man, not only in point of honesty, but in point of ability. There be that can pack the cards, and yet cannot play well; so there are some that are good in canvasses and factions, that are otherwise weak men. Again, it is one thing to understand persons and another thing to understand matters; for many are perfect in men's humors that are not greatly capable of the real part of business, which is the constitution of one that hath studied men more than books. Such men are fitter for practice than for counsel, and they are good but in their own alley; turn them to new men and they have lost their aim. So as the old rule, to know a fool from a wise man, *Mitte ambos nudos ad ignotos, et videbis*,¹ doth scarce hold for them. And because these cunning men are like haberdashers of small wares, it is not amiss to set forth their shop.

It is a point of cunning to wait upon him with whom you speak, with your eye, as the Jesuits give it in precept, for there be many wise men that have secret hearts and transparent countenances. Yet this would be done with a demure abasing of your eye sometimes, as the Jesuits also do use.

Another is, that when you have anything to obtain of present dispatch, you entertain and amuse the party with whom you deal with some other discourse, that he be not too much awake to make objections. I knew a Counsellor and Secretary that never came to Queen Elizabeth of England with bills to sign but he would always first put her into some discourse of estate, that she might the less mind the bills.

The like surprise may be made by moving things when the party is in haste, and cannot stay to consider advisedly of that is moved.

¹ Send them both naked to those they know not, and you shall see.—
DIOGENES LAERTIUS, II, 73.

If a man would cross a business, that he doubts some other would handsomely and effectually move, let him pretend to wish it well, and move it himself in such sort as may foil it.

The breaking off in the midst of that one was about to say, as if he took himself up, breeds a greater appetite in him with whom you confer to know more.

And because it works better when anything seemeth to be gotten from you by question than if you offer it of yourself, you may lay a bait for a question by showing another visage and countenance than you are wont, to the end to give occasion for the party to ask what the matter is of the change? As Nehemias did: *And I had not before that time been sad before the king.*¹

In things that are tender and unpleasing, it is good to break the ice by some whose words are of less weight, and to reserve the more weighty voice to come in as by chance, so that he may be asked the question upon the other's speech; as Narcissus did, in relating to Claudius the marriage of Messalina and Silius.²

In things that a man would not be seen in himself, it is a point of cunning to borrow the name of the world, as to say, *The world says, or There is a speech abroad.*

I knew one that when he wrote a letter he would put that which was most material in the postscript, as if it had been a by-matter.

I knew another, that when he came to have speech he would pass over that that he intended most, and go forth, and come back again, and speak of it as of a thing that he had almost forgot.

Some procure themselves to be surprised at such times as it is like the party that they work upon will

¹ *Nehem.* ii, 1.

² TACITUS, *Annals*, xi, 29-30.

suddenly come upon them, and to be found with a letter in their hand, or doing somewhat which they are not accustomed, to the end they may be apposed of those things which of themselves they are desirous to utter.

It is a point of cunning to let fall those words in a man's own name which he would have another man learn and use, and thereupon take advantage. I knew two that were competitors for the Secretary's place in Queen Elizabeth's time, and yet kept good quarter between themselves, and would confer one with another upon the business; and the one of them said, that to be a secretary *in the declination of a monarchy* was a ticklish thing, and that he did not affect it; the other straight caught up those words, and discoursed with divers of his friends that he had no reason to desire to be Secretary in the declination of a monarchy. The first man took hold of it, and found means it was told the queen, who hearing of *a declination of a monarchy*, took it so ill as she would never after hear of the other's suit.

There is a cunning which we in England call *the turning of the cat in the pan*; which is, when that which a man says to another, he lays it as if another had said it to him. And to say truth, it is not easy when such a matter passed between two to make it appear from which of them it first moved and began.

It is a way that some men have, to glance and dart at others by justifying themselves by negatives, as to say: *This I do not*; as Tigellinus did towards Burrhus, *Se non diversas spes, sed incolumitatem imperatoris simpliciter spectare.*¹

Some have in readiness so many tales and stories, as there is nothing they would insinuate but they can wrap

¹ That he had not several hopes to rest on but looked simply to the safety of the emperor.—TACITUS, *Annals*, XIV, 57.

it into a tale, which serveth both to keep themselves more in guard, and to make others carry it with more pleasure.

It is a good point of cunning for a man to shape the answer he would have in his own words and propositions; for it makes the other party stick the less.

It is strange how long some men will lie in wait to speak somewhat they desire to say, and how far about they will fetch, and how many other matters they will beat over to come near it. It is a thing of great patience, but yet of much use.

A sudden, bold, and unexpected question doth many times surprise a man and lay him open. Like to him that having changed his name, and walking in Paul's, another suddenly came behind him, and called him by his true name, whereat straightways he looked back.

But these small wares and petty points of cunning are infinite. And it were a good deed to make a list of them; for that nothing doth more hurt in a state than that cunning men pass for wise.

But certainly some there are that know the resorts and falls of business, that cannot sink into the main of it; like a house that hath convenient stairs and entries, but never a fair room. Therefore, you shall see them find out pretty looses in the conclusion, but are no ways able to examine or debate matters. And yet commonly they take advantage of their inability, and would be thought wits of direction. Some build rather upon the abusing of others, and, as we now say, *putting tricks upon them*, than upon soundness of their own proceedings. But Salomon saith, *Prudens advertit ad gressus suos: stultus divertit ad dolos.*¹

¹ The wise man taketh heed to his steps, the fool turneth aside to deceits.—*Proverbs*, XIV, 15.

OF SEEMING WISE

It hath been an opinion that the French are wiser than they seem, and the Spaniards seem wiser than they are; but howsoever it be between nations, certainly it is so between man and man. For, as the Apostle saith of godliness, *Having a show of godliness, but denying the power thereof*;¹ so certainly there are, in point of wisdom and sufficiency, that do nothing or little very solemnly: *magno conatu nugas*.² It is a ridiculous thing and fit for a satire to persons of judgment, to see what shifts these formalists have, and what prospectives to make superficies to seem body that hath depth and bulk. Some are so close and reserved as they will not show their wares but by a dark light, and seem always to keep back somewhat; and when they know within themselves they speak of that they do not well know, would nevertheless seem to others to know of that which they may not well speak. Some help themselves with countenance and gesture, and are wise by signs; as Cicero saith of Piso, that, when he answered him, he fetched one of his brows up to his forehead and bent the other down to his chin: *Respondes, altero ad frontem sublato, altero ad mentum depresso supercilio; crudelitatem tibi non placere*.³ Some think to bear it by speaking a great word and being peremptory, and go on and take by admittance that which they cannot make good; some, whatsoever is beyond their reach, will seem to despise or make light of it as impertinent or curious, and so would have their ignorance seem judgment. Some are never without a difference, and commonly, by amusing men with a subtlety, blanch the matter; of whom A. Gellius saith: *Hominem delirum, qui verborum minutiis*

¹ 2 Timothy, iii, 5.

² TERENCE, *Heautontim.*, III, 621.

³ The remark was, that he did not approve cruelty.—*Against Piso*, 6

*rerum frangit pondera.*¹ Of which kind also Plato in his Protagoras bringeth in Prodicus in scorn, and maketh him make a speech that consisteth of distinctions from the beginning to the end. Generally such men in all deliberations find ease to be of the negative side, and affect a credit to object and foretell difficulties; for when propositions are denied there is an end of them, but, if they be allowed, it requireth a new work; which false point of wisdom is the bane of business. To conclude, there is no decaying merchant or inward beggar hath so many tricks to uphold the credit of their wealth as these empty persons have to maintain the credit of their sufficiency. Seeming wise men may make shift to get opinion, but let no man choose them for employment; for certainly you were better take for business a man somewhat absurd than over-formal.

OF FRIENDSHIP

IT had been hard for him that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together in a few words than in that speech, *Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god.*² For it is most true that a natural and secret hatred and aversion towards society in any man hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue that it should have any character at all of the divine nature, except it proceed not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation; such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen, as Epimenides the Candian, Numa the Roman, Empedocles the Sicilian, and Apollonius of

¹ A trifle, that with verbal points and niceties breaks up the mass of matter.—QUINTILIAN, X, 1.

² ARISTOTLE, *Politics*, I, 1.

Tyana; and truly and really in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth. For a crowd is not company; and faces are but a gallery of pictures; and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little: *Magna civitas, magna solitudo*;¹ because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship for the most part which is in less neighborhoods. But we may go further, and affirm most truly, that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness; and even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fullness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind. You may take sarza to open the liver; steel to open the spleen; flowers of sulphur for the lungs; castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship wherof we speak; so great, as they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness. For princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather

¹ A great town is a great solitude.—ERASMUS, *Adagia*, (Ed. 1520), p. 409.

this fruit, except (to make themselves capable thereof) they raise some persons to be as it were companions and almost equals to themselves, which many times sorteth to inconvenience. The modern languages give unto such persons the name of favorites, or privadoes, as if it were matter of grace or conversation. But the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them *participes curarum*; for it is that which tieth the knot. And we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned, who have oftentimes joined to themselves some of their servants, whom both themselves have called friends and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner, using the word which is received between private men.

L. Sylla, when he commanded Rome, raised Pompey (after surnamed the Great) to that height that Pompey vaunted himself for Sylla's over-match. For when he had carried the consulship for a friend of his, against the pursuit of Sylla, and that Sylla did a little resent thereat and began to speak great, Pompey turned upon him again, and in effect bade him be quiet, *For that more men adored the sun rising than the sun setting*.¹ With Julius Cæsar, Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest, as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew. And this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death; for when Cæsar would have discharged the senate, in regard of some ill presages, and specially a dream of Calpurnia, this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the senate till his wife had dreamt a better dream. And it seemeth his favor was so great, as Antonius, in a letter which is recited verbatim in one

¹ PLUTARCH, *Life of Pompey*, ch. 14.

of Cicero's *Philippics*, calleth him *venefica*¹ (witch), as if he had enchanted Cæsar. Augustus raised Agrippa, though of mean birth, to that height as when he consulted with Mæcenas about the marriage of his daughter Julia, Mæcenas took the liberty to tell him, *that he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa or take away his life: there was no third way, he had made him so great.*² With Tiberius Cæsar, Sejanus had ascended to that height as they two were termed and reckoned as a pair of friends. Tiberius, in a letter to him saith, *hæ pro amicitia nostra non occultavi*,³ and the whole Senate dedicated an altar to Friendship, as to a goddess, in respect of the great dearness of friendship between them two.⁴ The like, or more, was between Septimius Severus and Plautianus; for he forced his eldest son to marry the daughter of Plautianus, and would often maintain Plautianus in doing affronts to his son, and did write also in a letter to the senate, by these words, *I love the man so well as I wish he may over-live me.*⁵ Now if these princes had been as a Trajan or a Marcus Aurelius, a man might have thought that this had proceeded of an abundant goodness of nature; but being men so wise, of such strength and severity of mind, and so extreme lovers of themselves, as all these were, it proveth most plainly that they found their own felicity, though as great as ever happened to mortal men, but as an half-piece, except they mought have a friend to make it entire; and yet, which is more, they were princes that had wives, sons, nephews; and yet all these could not supply the comfort of friendship.

¹ XIII, 11.

² DIO CASSIUS, LIV, 6.

³ These things, as our friendship required, I have not concealed from you.—TACITUS, *Annals*, IV, 40.

⁴ *Ibid.*, IV, 74.

⁵ DIO CASSIUS, LXXV, 15.

It is not to be forgotten that Commineus observeth of his first master, Duke Charles the Hardy; namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none; and least of all, those secrets which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on and saith that towards his latter time, *That closeness did impair and a little perish his understanding.*¹ Surely Commineus mought have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master, Lewis the Eleventh, whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true: *Cor ne edito: eat not the heart.*² Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts. But one thing is most admirable (wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship), which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects; for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves. For there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that it is, in truth, of operation upon a man's mind, of like virtue as the alchymists use to attribute to their stone for man's body, that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature. But yet, without praying in aid of alchymists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature. For in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action; and, on the other side, weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression: and even so is it of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections. For friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections, from storm and tempests; but it maketh

¹ *Memoirs of Philip de Comineus* (Bohn Library, I, 326-7).

² PLUTARCH, *On the Education of Boys*, ch. 17.

daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up in the communicating and discoursing with another; he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words. Finally, he waxeth wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the king of Persia, *That speech was like cloth of arras, opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs.*¹ Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel (they indeed are best); but even without that a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statua, or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point, which lieth more open and falleth within vulgar observation, which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well in one of his enigmas, *Dry light is ever the best.* And certain it is, that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment, which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs. So as there is as much difference between the counsel

¹ PLUTARCH, *Life of Themistocles*, ch. 62.

that a friend giveth and that a man giveth himself as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer. For there is no such flatterer as is a man's self; and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts: the one concerning manners, the other concerning business. For the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account is a medicine sometimes too piercing and corrosive. Reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead. Observing our faults in others is sometimes improper for our case. But the best receipt (best, I say, to work, and best to take) is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many, especially of the greater sort, do commit, for want of a friend to tell them of them; to the great damage both of their fame and fortune. For, as St. James saith, they are as men *that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape and favour.*¹ As for business, a man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one; or that a gamester seeth always more than a looker-on; or that a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four-and-twenty letters; or that a musket may be shot off as well upon the arm as upon a rest; and such other fond and high imaginations to think himself all in all. But when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight. And if any man think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces, asking counsel in one business of one man and in another business of another man, it is well—that is to say, better, perhaps, than if he asked none at all; but he runneth two dangers: one, that he

¹ James, i, 23, 24.

shall not be faithfully counselled; for it is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it; the other, that he shall have counsel given hurtful and unsafe, though with good meaning, and mixed partly of mischief and partly of remedy; even as if you would call a physician that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body, and therefore may put you in way for a present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind, and so cure the disease and kill the patient. But a friend that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon other inconvenience. And therefore rest not upon scattered counsels; they will rather distract and mislead than settle and direct.

After these two noble fruits of friendship (peace in the affections and support of the judgment) followeth the last fruit, which is like the pomegranate, full of many kernels. I mean aid and bearing a part in all actions and occasions. Here the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself; and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients to say *that a friend is another himself*,¹ for that a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time, and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart—the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure that the care of those things will continue after him. So that a man hath, as it were, two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined

¹ ERASMUS, *Adagia* (Ed. 1520), p. 14.

to a place; but where friendship is, all offices of life are, as it were, granted to him and his deputy; for he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there which a man cannot, with any face or comeliness, say or do himself? A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them; a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg; and a number of the like. But all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth which are blushing in a man's own. So, again, a man's person hath many proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father, to his wife but as a husband, to his enemy but upon terms; whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person. But to enumerate these things were endless; I have given the rule where a man cannot fitly play his own part; if he have not a friend, he may quit the stage.

OF DISCOURSE

SOME in their discourse desire rather commendation of wit in being able to hold all arguments, than of judgment in discerning what is true; as if it were a praise to know what might be said, and not what should be thought. Some have certain commonplaces and themes wherein they are good, and want variety; which kind of poverty is for the most part tedious, and when it is once perceived, ridiculous. The honorablest part of talk is to give the occasion, and again to moderate and pass to somewhat else; for then a man leads the dance. It is good in discourse and speech of conversation to vary and intermingle speech of the present occasion with arguments, tales with reasons, asking of questions with telling of opinions, and jest with earnest; for it is a dull thing to tire, and as we say now, to

jade, anything too far. As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it—namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity. Yet there be some that think their wits have been asleep, except they dart out somewhat that is piquant and to the quick; that is a vein which would be bridled.

*Parce, puer, stimulis, et fortius utere loris.*¹

And, generally, men ought to find the difference between saltness and bitterness. Certainly he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need be afraid of others' memory. He that questioneth much shall learn much, and content much; but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh; for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge. But let his questions not be troublesome, for that is fit for a poser; and let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak. Nay, if there be any that would reign and take up all the time, let him find means to take them off, and to bring others on; as musicians use to do with those that dance too long galliards. If you dissemble sometimes your knowledge of that you are thought to know, you shall be thought another time to know that you know not. Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom, and well chosen. I knew one was wont to say in scorn, *He must needs be a wise man, he speaks so much of himself*. And there is but one case wherein a man may commend himself with good grace, and that is in commending virtue in another; especially if it be such a virtue whereunto himself pretendeth.

¹ Be gentle with the spurs and handle the reins more firmly.—*OVID, Metam., II, 127.*

Speech of touch towards others should be sparingly used; for discourse ought to be as a field, without coming home to any man. I knew two noblemen of the west part of England, whereof the one was given to scoff, but kept ever royal cheer in his house; the other would ask of those that had been at the other's table, *Tell truly, was there never a flout or dry blow given?* To which the guest would answer, *Such and such a thing passed.* The lord would say, *I thought he would mar a good dinner.* Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words or in good order. A good continued speech, without a good speech of interlocution, shows slowness; and a good reply or second speech, without a good settled speech, showeth shallowness and weakness. As we see in beasts, that those that are weakest in the course are yet nimblest in the turn; as it is betwixt the greyhound and the hare. To use too many circumstances ere one come to the matter is wearisome; to use none at all, is blunt.

OF NATURE IN MEN

NATURE is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished. Force maketh nature more violent in the return; doctrine and discourse maketh nature less importune; but custom only doth alter and subdue nature. He that seeketh victory over his nature, let him not set himself too great nor too small tasks; for the first will make him dejected by often failings, and the second will make him a small proceeder, though by often prevailings. And, at the first, let him practice with helps, as swimmers do with bladders or rushes; but after a time let him practice with disadvantages, as dancers do with thick shoes; for it breeds great perfection if the practice be harder than the use.

Where nature is mighty, and therefore the victory hard, the degrees had need be: first, to stay and arrest nature in time, like to him that would say over the four-and-twenty letters when he was angry; then, to go less in quantity, as if one should, in forbearing wine, come from drinking healths to a draught at a meal; and lastly, to discontinue altogether. But if a man have the fortitude and resolution to enfranchise himself at once, that is the best.

*Optimus ille animi vindex lædentia pectus
Vincula qui rupit, dedoluitque semel.*¹

Neither is the ancient rule amiss—to bend nature as a wand to a contrary extreme, whereby to set it right; understanding it, where the contrary extreme is no vice. Let not a man force a habit upon himself with a perpetual continuance, but with some intermission. For both the pause reinforceth the new onset; and if a man that is not perfect be ever in practice, he shall as well practice his errors as his abilities, and induce one habit of both; and there is no means to help this, but by seasonable intermissions. But let not a man trust his victory over his nature too far; for nature will lay buried a great time, and yet revive upon the occasion or temptation. Like as it was with Æsop's damosel, turned from a cat to a woman; who sate very demurely at the board's end till a mouse ran before her. Therefore, let a man either avoid the occasion altogether, or put himself often to it, that he may be little moved with it. A man's nature is best perceived in privateness, for there is no affectation; in passion, for that putteth a man out of his precepts; and in a

¹ Wouldst thou be free? The chains that gall thy breast

With one strong effort burst, and be at rest.—OVID, *Rem. Am.*,

new case or experiment, for there custom leaveth him. They are happy men whose natures sort with their vocations; otherwise they may say, *Multùm incola fuit anima mea*,¹ when they converse in those things they do not affect. In studies, whatsoever a man commandeth upon himself, let him set hours for it; but whatsoever is agreeable to his nature, let him take no care for any set times; for his thoughts will fly to it of themselves, so as the spaces of other business or studies will suffice. A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other.

OF STUDIES

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need proyning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them, for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to

¹ My soul hath been a stranger and a sojourner.—*Psalms*, CXX, 6.

find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy and extracts made of them by others, but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that, he doth not. Histories make men wise, poets witty, the mathematics subtle, natural philosophy deep, moral grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend. *Abeunt studia in mores.*¹ Nay, there is no stond or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies, like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen, for they are *Cymini sectores*.² If he be not apt to beat over matters and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyer's cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

¹ Studies pass into manners.—OVID, *Heroides*, XV, 83.

² Splitters of hairs (*literally* cumin-seeds).—DIO CASSIUS, LXX, 3.

SIR WILLIAM CORNWALLIS

OF AFFECTION

THOSE actions that receive not their commandments from a deliberated discourse, the issue of reason, receive it from a sympathizing with things, the issue of affection; whose effects, though not unnatural, yet very unreasonable, for so much is given to beasts to maintain life with, but to man is given reason to purchase virtue with, which by the other can no way be compassed, no more than the taste taste virtue, the smell smell virtue. For affection brings all things to trial by the senses, reason carrieth them to the inquisition of the soul, who regards not their colors nor those sensual qualities, but makes them confess how much they have of temperance, how much of fortitude, and of those inward qualities of the mind. Doubtless, then, this power of affection carrieth no farther grace than the preservation of life, which, regarded no farther than right, is a care of the last place. For speaking of this life, methinks there is no other thing presented to our view than some handsome table or picture that looks pertly for a time but will not last, and should receive of us in exchange a contentment of the present state and a determination to use it to the best purpose while we have it, and when we are to part, a patient farewell without disturbance or fear.

*Omnia mors poscit, lex est, non poena perire.*¹

We are taken out of the universal matter of nature

¹ Death demands all. To die is nature's law, not punishment.

and made men, highly already preferred, considering our first state; but this, viewed with immortality, is baser in comparison than the first to the second. This life is but a prenticehood, the freedom immortality; and methinks it fits well in respect of the one's shortness and the other's eternity, life being but like a prentice's holiday. But more near when we think of our knowledges, which are here impotent and defective but are there complete and full, all things appearing there unmasked and the borrowed colors and vain apparitions of affection being withdrawn, those unlimited and rich lights of the mind behold everything in the right proportion. All the deformities and misdemeanors of the world are the children of affection, which binds up our sight in darkness and leads us blindfolded. From hence opinion, which is the destined censure of affection, as judgment is the soul's; from hence proceeds the irresolution of our thoughts and our waverings, and changings from one thing to another. For affection likes his present satisfaction and judgeth that best, which, if in opinion bettered, he changeth his sentence, and so, not able to penetrate into the depth of things, is every day ready for a new impression. All that I have heard, all that I have read, all that by any means hath come to my knowledge performed well, hath been where reason hath made affection his servant; contrarywise, destructions, dishonors, dangers, have been enforced by the tyranny of pride, disdain, hate, self-love, or some other of those affections unrestrained. So can I fetch calamity from none other original but this, nor happiness but from the deprivation of this frailty. Even that honest, harmless affection which possesseth parents towards their children, methinks whiles they are yet but lumps of flesh and things without all merit, should not be so ardent and

vehement. Pity and commiseration fits them better than love, of which they are no way worthy. For howsoever we abuse love with casting it away upon trifles, yet it is the preciousness of love, appointed only to attend deserts and to join no pieces together that are not of this kind. But it is well that nature hath cast the extremity of this disease upon mothers, it becomes them not so ill to be fond as men; besides, these little ones being their charges, affection makes them more careful, and so it is for those first years never the worse for the child, whatsoever it is for the mother.

Justice being for example, and no more destroying a commonwealth than the husbandman the trees with executing the water-boughs, which he doth as well in respect of their unprofitableness as also to show malefactors in a glass their own state while they behold the guilty undergoing the severity of the law. But yet the creatures bound to profit others with their own destruction should be picked-out monsters whose natures might be seen incorrigible, and those of whom mercy may conjecture amendment, to be spared. Thus in the ambiguity of things which doubt will not have resolved, mercy may have a hand. Thus commiseration and a charitable eye to the distressed, all which, though they [lean] more to affection than to the strictness of justice, yet must we so far tolerate them. For so God looks upon us, and so should we upon our brethren, being all born lame, which fault of ours if it were punished with death, none should live. Yet I go not with Montaigne who in his Essay of Cruelty bribes wit to take part with commiseration so extremely and so womanish as not to endure the death of birds and beasts. Alas, this gentleness of nature is a plain weakness; we may safely see the deaths of these, yea of men, without motion. It belongs to us to look into the cause of their deaths, not into the manner only, but fetching it from

the desert we shall see plainly it is not the judge nor the executioner that commits this abhorrent spectacle but themselves; themselves do execution upon themselves. Might there be that unspeakable blessing given to the imprisoned soul that she might here view things in sincere truth, how would vice and sin fly light when unmasked light might discover their deformities. How profoundly should we be able to censure things, how would we scorn laws and compulsion, when the most ragged understanding should fly far above them.

Lastly, all the enemies of wealth and poverty should be banished, for we should not know want, and so should want them, and the laborious life of study should end, whose travails aim at no other end but an ability to know everything in his proper kind. This is not, because affection is, who daily overcomes reason not by strength but flattery, and sometimes makes the weapons of reason treacherously turn head upon reason with corrupting his taste and making him fortify pleasure with arguments. I would be glad to look upon my brother with the same eye that I behold a stranger, and may the stranger's worth excel his, I would prefer him. He is deceived that thinks virtue respects blood and alliances. She is not so bodily, having commerce with us whiles we have bodies, not because we having bodies should love our bodies, but because we should with the ordering and subjecting them win her. It is affection that hath skill of colors and hath set up the estimation of white and red. I verily believe virtue was never painter nor armorist. All those choices and allowances that come from tall and fat or slender and well-bodied are all affection's choice; the mind sees the mind and gives the body leave to look how it will, for she loves the abilities and graces of the mind whose never fading beauties makes their embracements blessed. Here is the choice of all things made sure;

thus friends are to be entertained, whose perfection may be better discoursed of than it is possible to find it actually. The reason? because affection bears so great sway, our causes of combination being commonly more beholding to affection than reason, which makes us so often complain of the unstableness of friends and friendship's inconstancy. No other are those leagues which look into the fortune rather than the virtue of friends, that cunningly make love the broker to supply their wants; how can these hold, since the hold of their hold, blind Dame Fortune, is brittle and flitting. But amongst all I find nobody hath so just cause to complain of this as justice, which being the very soul and life of government, is oft time compelled to help the lightest scale with her finger, whiles partiality's burden makes the other heavy. I can pity the distress of no virtue so much as this, since no virtue carries with her a greater majesty, and in that majesty knowledge, the life of life, the joy of man, and his surest evidence of participating with the divine nature. Surely were it not for the orderly working of this virtue, we should make the world in a worse state than the Chaos, where was a confusion, but it was innocent though deformed. But now it would be turned into a guilty deformity, the picture of which, though not fully, are those sick states that are continually letting blood, where the sweet wisdom of laws are turned into those doubtful arbitrators—blows, and where justice executes not with her sword, but fights for her right. But I have destinated a whole essay to Justice, wherefore I will speak no more of her now.

Of all our delicacies or imperfectives of any kind, there is no author but affection, whose enticements brings on equally both excess and obstinacy. Witness the many idle lines of lovers who have made many foul

papers for the sakes of their fair mistress, whose luxurious conceits they have made love answer for and called them love. *Talis amor teneat, nec sit mihi cura mederi.*¹

I wish them no physic, but myself the sight, for I like no play like to a passionate lover, yet have I heard it hath killed some; but I will neither believe it nor yet be thus in love. In a word, all these rabble of disturbers that provokes passion and procures the full possession of men, of what kind soever, are the children of affection, or if not her children, her self. For Proteus-like, occasion altereth her shape, and she sometimes looks like anger, sometimes like love, other times like some other of those blind choosers whose effects, though so different as called by different names, yet all are affections, with whom I will have as little to do as I can, and when I do use her, it shall be no more than so much as shall make my body content to go of my soul's errand.

OF HUMAN CONTENTMENT

BEHOLD the gods of the world, the soul of action, the motion of the inhabitants of the earth, the point, the conclusion whereunto all thoughts are reflected. This is the master of all trades, arts, sciences, and professions. For this the husbandman finds a sweetness in labor, the artisan in following his trade, the artist in the inquisition of knowledge, soldiers in pursuing danger, politicians in the working of the mind, in plotting and fetching in strange conclusions to uphold practices. This is the garland that makes every one love victory, this is the reconciling object of the dissenting constitution and courses of men. For they all agree that con-

¹ May such a passion hold him and may I have no mind to cure it.—VIRGIL, *Eclogues*, VIII, 89.

tentment is the place where they desire to end their journeys. But that the world should have still the right use and not be desolated with man's neglect of inquiring and uttering her secrets, this contentment is fashioned like our loves. What I call fair another thinks ill-favored; another out of deformities picks beauties. Thus contentment, which, according to the minds of men, is drawn out of a numberless number of courses which mystery of natures doth make all agree. That contentment is to be sought, and to dissever them in the manner of their search, joined with the other of making all forms lovely in some eyes, upholds the world; for by this last the world is peopled, by the first her people made industrious and the great volume of the world in no corner left unnoted, but stirs and flourisheth as the chief and masterpiece of nature. Thus do we propound a cause and reason for our life and make every day beget us occasion either of following or learning to follow our quest. When we do not go forward ourselves we behold others, which like a map lays out the course of our travel. But when, according to the excellency or grossness of our choice, the determined contentment approacheth, we fly from, not the enjoying, but the opinion we had. Another contentment is set up; that obtained, another; so doth our human lives run after contentment but never overtake her. We cannot, for contentment is divine, our bodies earthly. Our mind we feel overtakes her, for the propounded contentment pleaseth her; she embraceth it and is already in possession. But when it comes, so short doth it fall of her expectation, as she erects another: a plain argument of her divinity and a true sign that real contentment is not of this world nor to be grasped within our earthly arms.

[SELF-KNOWLEDGE]

(From *Discourses upon Seneca, the Tragedian*)

*Inertis est nescire quid liceat sibi.*¹

No knowledge is unfruitful, so liberally hath nature dealt with all things: but the life of man being appointed but a short course, and the course of a general knowledge being too long, the knowledges most pertinent to himself are to be chosen, which hardly shall he end before his course be ended: so much is there to be read in himself and about himself. Far otherwise hath it happened with some minds, who thirsty enough of knowledge, have fixed their indirected steps upon arts unprofitable, considering the shortness of our lives, whose swiftness gives us warning to entertain the most profitable and soonest digested knowledges, both which are things belonging to life; otherwise we may fall into their errors that die good astronomers, and evil men. Three are the knowledges destined to our use, the knowledge of ourselves, the knowledge of our fortune, the knowledge of our country, [and these are attained] by the smart of experience, for by counsel and good inclination few attain to it; neither is it so much worth, for that of counsel hath too light an impression, good inclinations naturally are given none but such as are of a dull, heavy disposition. But when experience hath made us feel how subject our courses are to errors, the best means is unpartially to make our heads take account of our day's progressions: this every day, so shall not the number of our vices confound our memories and make the account difficult, nor shall this age make them strong and hard to vanquish, the begin-

It is a dunce who does not know what is suited to his nature.—
SENECA, *Octavia*, 453.

ning of things being within the compass of curing, their continuance incurable. At no time is this audit to be better cast up than when the day's circuit is finished: for in the sun's presence the conscience dealeth not so forcibly with our offences, but night worketh upon guiltiness, and in darkness the terror of an evil life is best seen; then also is the pleasure of the sin commonly most remote, a time yielding the right opportunity for amendment; for in the absence of the pleasure and presence of the smart incident to that pleasure, is the true time of conversion.

In this search and examination of ourselves, we must beware of mistaking things: a thing carefully to be regarded, since loving ourselves, and rich in the commodities of names, we seek not to shelter cruelty in justice, covetousness in thrift, cowardice in providence. This flattery of ourselves is like the medicines of wandering empirics, which cure not but respite pain, which time expired, the pain and danger is doubled. Neither must we let the success blindfold us; it is an ignorant account that is taken at the end of things. With the beginnings let them begin that are so valiant as to defy fortune, for meaning well, the event cannot be evil. He that arms his intent with virtue is invincible: the travels guided by any other star, how successful soever for a time, yet end miserably. Having found our defects, the gallantest course is resistance; the safest, shunning; but because we are not privy to all occurrents of the world, we must fetch this safety from resistance, and yet when we can, to shun causes of provocation.

In the search of ourselves, when we have found some, we must not leave, for we have many; nor when we have found many, look no further, for years and the change of fortune bring with them new dangers,

which is daily seen: many licentious youth ending with ambitious ages, many humble poor men having proved tyrannical and proud in riches.

The last of our inward inquisition is, after the true sight of our selves to propound no course beyond the power of our managing. If nature hath laid greater strength upon my arms than head, I will confess it, and frame myself to be profitable that way; if in my head, that way; if I cannot spin, I will reel and bunch hemp. Thus is the fault, if there be a fault, nature's and not mine, if ambition carrieth me beyond the compass of understanding.

For our states, if there were no body wiser than I, the law of a commonwealth that bounds every man to follow the fortune of his father should be well thought of; so should the commonwealth know to whom to trust, and her constitution be more settled than the giving every man his choice, by which riches make some lazy, poverty some industrious, wealth giveth estimation, estimation is sought to for their counsel, and their wisdoms lie only in their inventories. All this time virtue is not thought of, nor their advices are of moment; for they are drowned in parsimony.

I like well of thrift, and that we should know the secrets of our fortune, how much we are able to spend, and how we ought to spend, in which I allow not the living at the uttermost; it is a dangerous custom, that because a gentleman or noble, and of this living, we must go brave, and entertain all, and save nothing. I do hate being at the appointment of others, especially to be bound to follow evil counsel. There is liberality and charity to perform, which every man is bound to, and to perform which other superfluous costs must be omitted. It is better to keep poverty from starving than to feast knaves: which if it be misliked for the

virtue, shall fit some for the thrift. Forty shillings goeth further amongst the poor than doubled spent in feasting the rich.

More of this I will not treat of, but only to restrain our minds from looking liquorishly upon any other estate than that our ancestors lived in; for besides that the shortness of our lives gives us not leisure, having business of more importance to dispatch first, it being better to be an honest man than a great man, it is too dearly bought; for as fast as they pursue promotion, danger, envy and death pursue them, and not one among numbers but is overtaken.

I do not so often pray for rain and fair weather as I do that my countrymen should deserve it; for we are fallen into the jaws of the proverb, *Better fed than taught*: an error that will fall foul upon the higher degrees. For speaking generally of the multitude, they are a people tractable and ready enough to be better than they are, if taught, which they cannot receive by their education because their poverty employs them about other business. They that may should give them the short and sure precepts of good example, and so the one's education shall show itself answerable to his birth, the other be recompensed for their obedience by being instructed in the rules of life.

Many times I have thought of these degrees of state, of them we call noble and ignoble; and though my opinion jump with the allowance of degrees and titles, yet am I sorry that the rewards of the promoted shall be an inheritance, and the deserts separated. But in such a state is this earth, that the favor of time and continuance is abused, and the smiles of fortune nourisheth the worst counsel.

The knowledge of our country, a book worthy to be read with attention, consisteth in these diversities: her

commodities, her situation, her people. Though I doubt not but nature provided every country of sufficient provision for her own burthen, yet hath the delicacy of man striven with nature that he might want. So are our minds like empty casks; as they full of wind, so we full of windy wishes; and all, like women with child, like nothing but what is hard to come by. Of the commodities the best is bullion and munition, the worst clothes and victual. So may I say for our kingdom, the worst commodities that enter it being the food of wantonness, not of necessity, and clothes. The other borrowed superfluity we have little need of, our own country yielding attire both cool and warm. For these we part with merchandise of no less importance, and some of more. But this is now to be talked of only, for time hath made it unalterable; only the excess is to be prevented, and those things able to be dangerous carefully to be preserved, lest we make our country so unhappy as to bear children that will ruin her. The situation known, recompenseth the knowledge with being able to provide against all inconveniences: as to fit our diets to the climate, our forces to the strength, our spendings to comings in. Thus shortly and generally; for the particularity, it must come from the nominating the place. The knowledge of the people's nature is of much importance, both in the using them upon occasion and applying laws to them; both which cannot be rightly executed without first their natures be known and measured. Thus important is the knowledge of ourselves and those things belonging to ourselves, which who neglecteth, deserveth the tragedian's title, being a creature altogether unprofitable and unworthy.

ROBERT JOHNSON

OF HISTORIES

HISTORY is the mixture of profit and delight, the seasoning of more serious study, the reporter of cases adjudged by event, the interlude of our haps, the image of our present fortune, the compendiary director of our affairs, by which valor is quickened, judgment ripened, and resolution entertained.

Here are the reasons why some estates live quietly, others turmoiled in continual disturbances; some flourish by the delights of peace, others by continuing war; some spend lavishly without profit, others sparingly with honor. Here we may see ruins without fear, dangerous wars without peril, the customs of all nations without expense. By this observation of noting causes and effects, counsels and successes, likeness between nature and nature, action and action, fortune and fortune, is obtained that wisdom which teacheth us to deliberate with ripeness of judgment, to persevere in things deliberated, to execute with readiness, to temporize with inconveniences, to abide adversity, to moderate prosperity, to know the Scriptures, but in such sort that neither superstition make us vainly fearful, nor neglect cause us to be contemptuously presuming. And by opening to us the plots which give life to all the actions, it teacheth more than twenty men living successively can learn by practice; as the general, by seeing the counsels which govern the event, must necessarily profit more than the soldier, who not able to search into the causes, perceiveth only the naked events.

But as histories are divers, so their operation in benefiting the perusers are divers. In some, as it were in Cleanthes' Table, virtue is set out in her best ornaments, as in the describing of famous battles, where specious wars, the ruin of nations, the situation of countries, the uncertain traverses of fortune, the death of brave commanders, have a certain kind of majesty linked with delight, and the mind by conversing in them is not only delighted, but also lifted up with spirit of better resolution and raised to think of imitating. These fill a man with better courage, but fail in enabling him for the manage of civil actions. Another kind there is like labyrinths, relating cunning and deceitful friendships, how rage is suppressed with silence, treason disguised in innocence, how the wealthy have been proscribed for their riches, and the worthy undermined for their virtue. These provoke us to eschew their vility and lack of virtue, and to be rather viceless then greatly virtuous; and although they be distasted by those who measure history by delight, yet they are of most use in instructing the mind to the like accidents. And sithence men prostituting their wits to all hopeful ends of gain are ready to adventure themselves in the like actions, they are the most necessary things that can be warned us, to the intent that in the like practices we may seek means of prevention and frustrate all the attempts of such subtle evil companions.

In this rank I prefer Tacitus as the best that any man can dwell upon. He sheweth the miseries of a torn and declining state where it was a capital crime to be virtuous, and nothing so unsafe as to be securely innocent; where great men's gestures were particularly interpreted, their actions aggravated and construed to proceed from aspiring intent and the prince, too sus-

piciously jealous touching points of concurrency, suppressed men of great desert as competitors with them in that chiefest ground, the love of the people; when princes rather delighted in the vices of their subjects, either because every man is pleased with his own disposition in another or because by a secret of long use they thought those would most patiently endure servitude, whose contemptible manners and vilety might excuse their base subjection. He showeth how informers, men of desperate ambition, sharp-sighted in spying faults and cunning in amplifying occasions of dislike, forswear all honesty, redeeming the security of their own persons with the loss of good name and living on the vices of men, scarabs on ulcerous sores; how vain men were preferred to be treasurers, that they might fall with their proper vanities and want of government, being used like sponges, which after they had been wet with the spoils and extortions, were crushed and condemned, that their long-gathered wealth might return to the prince's coffers.

Here some infer that the knowledge of evil doth induce and draw men to effect, that the imitation of an evil doth alway excel the precedent in height of mischief, but the following of virtue doth scarce equalize the example in any degree of goodness, that the conversing in Tacitus doth deter men from doing worthily, where are Canii, Senecae, Sorani, Aruntii, men of admirable virtues in so corrupt a government, overliving their prosperity and dying like traitors in the same age when Sejanus, an impudent informer, strangely compounded of the two contrarieties of pride and flattery, in show modest and therefore more dangerously aspiring, swayeth the fortunes of men at his pleasure and by lucky passing through mischievous devices is

grown *ferox scoeleris*,¹ and emboldened in his treacheries. But yet these men ought to remember that those mischiefs are but mischiefs to a baser mind, *quemcunque fortem videris, miserum neges*,² that although they were oppressed, yet they remained still superiors, governors of necessity, rather directing than obeying the vexations. And I will not deny but such corrupt minds may also suck venom out of the most wholesome flowers, and armed with some dangerous positions out of the treasure of books, may like poison mingled with the best wine, more forcibly hurt by training on their mischievous purposes more cunningly. But yet methinks men have great incitements to hold themselves up in virtue by seeing evil men so contemptuously set forth, quaking with the inner upbraidings of conscience, not entertaining sleep, but disquieted with a continual tormenting execution. We may learn also to praise God for our gracious sovereign, under whose peaceful reign we are secured from all those miseries and enjoy all those benefits whose worth we shall know when we suffer privation of them, under whom our subjection is to the law, our service observation, our obedience a care not to offend.

In Tacitus are three notes which are required in a perfect history: first, truth in sincerely relating without having any thing *haustum ex vano*; ³ secondly, explanation in discovering not only the sequel of things, but also the causes and reasons; thirdly, judgment in distinguishing things by approving the best and disallowing the contrary. But yet he performeth this with such an art hiding art, as if he were *aliud agens*⁴ by

¹ Ferocious in crime.—TACITUS, *Annals*, IV, 12.

² When you perceive that a man is brave, you cannot declare that he is wretched.—SENECA, *Hercules Furens*, 464.

³ Drawn from a vacuum.

⁴ Doing something else.—TACITUS, *Agricola*, ch. 43.

interlacing the *Series* of the tale with some judicial but strangely brief sentences. In making use of this history knowledge, we must not ascertain to ourselves the sequel of anything to fall out just according to the like case in the history, but determine of it as a thing apt to chance otherwise; for an example only informs a likelihood, and if we govern our counsels by it, there must be a concurrence of the same reasons, not only in general but also in particularities.

In making judgment of history and considerably applying it to present interests, we must specially regard the dispositions of the agents and diligently remark how they are affected in mind, which is the least deceiving ground of forming opinion; for without this pondering and knowledge of the qualities of those nations which we meet with in reading, a man is unable to make any due comparison between the present particular and the former example. But to leave these disputations, and the causes of variety in customs to the schools, as a matter some will not grant and fewer understand, I will only give some instances of the proper qualities of some countries which most familiarly occur in reading. The ancient Romans were men of an invincible spirit nor dismayed with what frowning disasters soever fortune could suppress their courage; and having a mind superior to all adversity, resembled Antaeus in the poet, who so often as he was thrown to the ground received fresh strength, but being lifted up, was soon tamed by his adversary: so they in their declining state, promising better of their hopes, armed up their valor and were filled with a greater bravery of mind, but coming to the height of felicity and flowing with the spoils of the whole world, over-swayed with their own grandeur, began to quail in the last act, and after a safe escape from the main sea of foreign

encumbrances, to suffer shipwreck in the haven. Then over-many good fortunes bred in them a proud wretchedness, then through the disuse of arms all things fell into the relapse and private dissensions were kindled to ruin themselves, then the city which was wont to give the law to the whole world began to be *fecunda inimicis*,¹ fruitful in provoking partialities, desirous of civil tumults, crafty in espying and aggravating secret dislikes, ready to catch at any occasion of innovation. Their valor made them quiet, and quiet wealthy; but according to the revolution of all things with a swift and violent return, their wealth effeminated their valor with idleness, idleness occasioned disorder, disorder made ruin. And as the iron begets rust which consumeth it, and ripe fruits produce worms which eat it, so their greatness nourished such vices as by little and little brought them to confusion, insomuch that a great time their state was maintained more by reputation of things done than any other present foundation.

The French are too adventurous in the imminency and nearness of terror with a too furious resolution, in assault more than men, in maintaining the medley less than women, very irregular in their actions, grounding them upon fallible hopes and vain expectations, light, inconstant, insolent in prosperity, destined rather to conquer than keep; as contrarily the Venetians have recovered by the arts of peace and composition that which they have foregone by war.

The Spaniards are subtle, wrapping their drifts in close secrecy, expressing surety in their words but keeping their intentions dissembled; under disguised assurance of amity, betraying the innocency of their friends; in malice infinite, and so over-carried with

¹ TACITUS, History, II, 92.

that passion that for the most part they execute a revenge far above the nature of the offence, not giving any sudden appearance of it, but waiting for opportunity; so much redouble the blow by how much it hath been nourished with tract of time and hung in suspense.

JOHN BARCLAY

[THE BEAUTY OF VARIETY]

(From *The Mirror of Minds*, Chapter 2)

GREENWICH is an ancient seat of the Briton kings; her situation is by the Thames side, four miles from London. A hill there is that overtops the palace, and at a moderate distance of height takes a fair survey both of the town and river. You ascend to the top of it by other little hills; upon the summit of the high hill is a flat of great circuit. In a morning by chance I ascended thither; no man was near me to disturb the recreation of my thoughts, which wandered about with delicious freedom. But the wonderful pleasure of the place had almost sooner ravished my mind, than filled mine eyes, with the fairest prospect not only in Britain, but it may be in all Europe. A spacious plain commanding from above the lesser hills, and those hills environing round that lofty plain, did neither suddenly debar the prospect nor suffer the sight to be too much dispersed through the empty air, the river Thames filling the adjoining fields with a most pleasant fruitfulness, and at the foot of the hill the waves, returning in manner of a ring, have almost made an island of it. All along the channel were ships of all kinds, both for war and traffic; those that were near I might wholly discern, those that were farther off or partly hidden by interposition of rising banks, appeared to mine eye by their masts and sail-yards like a naked wood in the winter time,

The whole coast is most sweetly verdant, and the profit of pasture has exempted it from tillage, nor hardly is there ground anywhere more abundantly fruitful for grazing of cattle. The lands of private men, after the manner of their country, were fenced with ditches whose banks were adorned with rows of trees; especially the highways on each side were planted with poplars, that the whole valleys to him that surveyed them from the top of the hill appeared like continued gardens and walks of pleasure. But the greatest delight is, that so fair a verdancy is almost distinguished into divers colors; the places which are farthest distant, shadowed by the face of the sky, do seem of an azure hew; those which are nearer, and fuller of trees more thick-leaved, are of darker color, the grass on the ground presenting a thinner but brighter green. But the most beautiful object is London itself, esteemed among the fairest of the cities of Europe, a city of innumerable houses, yet scarcely able to contain her people. For at the other side of the River Thames it is far extended and adjoineth itself to the neighboring towns, so that the buildings are continued for four miles together. In all this space not only private houses, but fair churches of perspicuous height do everywhere display their beauty, and the middle of the city, like the swelling or boss of a buckler, is raised by the structure of their greatest temple.

Whilst I was carried away with this sudden delight, I began to recall my mind and thus to consider with myself. What should it be that thus unawares had ravished me? Why should this prospect so wonderfully please? What hidden force or reason had thus wrought upon my mind? Was it the city of London, the course of the river, the mountains, or the prospect of the fields

and woods? None of all these, but so fair a variety, and the industry, as it were, of nature displaying her riches.

I began then to think with myself that there was nothing in the world so exactly beautiful but at last would glut and weary the beholder, unless after that manner, as this place was, it were beautified with contrarieties and change of endowments to refresh continually the wearied beholder with unexpected novelties. And because the world was to be framed in perfection of beauty, nature was not forgetful of so great an art. Some countries she hath lifted to the tops of mountains, others she hath thrust down into the valleys; some she hath scorched with immoderate heat, others she condemneth to extremity of winter; the residue she ordained, though not equally, temperate.

All lands are not fruitful nor all barren, nor do either continue so at all times. Some countries that heretofore were rich are now deformed and covered over with barren sands, others that of old were miserably barren are now grown into that abundant fertility as to afford means not only for life, but for riot and excess. So that in the beauty of the whole world the parts are often transformed into manifold habits and different appearances. Nor have the stars, though they always keep their constant motions, the same influences upon inferior bodies nor breed in the air the same effects, and therefore, though all years do in equal spaces finish their circuits, yet does no year altogether imitate that that went before, nor is the exact rule of the following year.

But man, created after the image of the deity, and for whose sake especially all other ornaments of the world were framed, is the greatest instance of this beauty of variety. For men have not only in their bodies a difference of habits and proportions, but their minds are

fitted for so many things that no picture can with more colors or lineaments delight the eye of the beholder than are drawn by the fates in the minds of men. What orders or ranks of virtues and vices, what excellencies of arts, what subtleties of wit has not nature stored up in this magazine of wisdom? But there is no diversity which is more worthy of wonder than this, that men born to liberty (for how could they else govern themselves and by their own endeavors deserve praise or infamous punishment) should also serve; their own dispositions, the fate of the times wherein they live, forcing them, as it were, into certain affections and rules of living. For every age of the world has a certain genius which overruleth the minds of men and turneth them to some desires. Some ages breathe nothing but martial discipline, and within few years all are again composed to peace and quietness. Sometimes commonwealths and sometimes monarchies are affected by the people. Some nations that seemed as it were to be born to barbarism, in process of time are brought to perfect civility, and in some few ages are perverted again to their old barbarism. So the world in general did oft flourish with great abilities, and after a while, industry slackening, hath been covered as it were with a cloud and lost. When the affairs of Greece did flourish, what civility, what wit or subtlety was wanting to that nation? So great was the skill of their handicraftsmen that their carved statues of men and beasts did seem almost to live; so fluent their oratory, so sweet their poetry, that even the ambition of Rome proposed them to her sons only to imitate, not to excel. But fortune removing afterward to other nations, no people more than the Grecians did sorrowfully sigh at the mention of their ancestors, from whose ability they were then fallen.

[DIVERSITIES OF HUMAN WIT] ^{Intellect} ✓(From *The Mirror of Minds*, Chapter 10)

As under those climates which by reason of much cold and moist air use to produce people fair and gray-eyed, yet some notwithstanding, as if near neighbors to the sun, are of dusky visages; and in those regions which, being scorched with the sun's violence, set a black and thicker tincture on the bloods of their inhabitants, the fairness of some men differs from the usual tawinness of their country; so amongst human people some minds are rude and rugged, others partake nothing of their country's barbarism. There are some gross minds in a clear air and some clear minds in an obtuse climate; nor hath any region the influence of such happy or malignant stars but that she may find a pattern of all vices and virtues in her inhabitants. For nature hath granted, besides the genius of their native country, something proper to every man, and by a great miracle, among so many ages and names of people, hath found out for every man his own lineaments that may distinguish the habit of his visage and mind from the likeness of other minds and bodies. From hence can no man sooner by contemplation find out the wonderful play of nature, varied in the minds and affections of so many men, than a painter in his tables can include the forms and similitudes of all bodies. Yet let it be lawful for us to survey, as eminent trees in a thick wood, the chief kinds of dispositions and affections of which men use to be composed, and by them wholly swayed and notably distinguished from other men.

Nor shall it be a superfluous meditation to recount and examine so many different ranks of men, in which every one may find himself and see, as it were in a sequestered mirror, what himself would either wish or

fear to be. And since no kind of disposition is so near bordered upon vice and leaning to it, but by the reins of prudence may be restrained and kept in the right way, and none so near akin to virtue but by ill usage may be corrupted, it will be good to contemplate the affections of men as they are attended with good or ill, and search out how far they may be hurtful or available, lest we be misled immoderately to praise some and too unjustly to undervalue others.

As we recount the dispositions of men, those of a sudden and extemporary wit shall be our first, those that as often as they list to speak can in a sudden facetious discourse run through an argument. These men, if they want just weight (as many times it is), as neither eloquent by study nor wise in counsel, but then only orators or philosophers while they talk, may be valued at such a rate as those wares which, being vain and useless of themselves, do by an adulterate varnish cozen the beholder. Of them there are two kinds: some in private and close discourses excel with a short and stinging wit, ever intent upon the follies of others; the other sort comes nearer to the dignity of eloquence, and whensoever they please publicly or at home to discourse, their wit is like a torrent and their memory doth opportunately prompt them with all things that they have either seen or read. The bravery of both these sorts is admired not only by the ignorant, but sometimes by those of better learning, when they see many jests and sentences with great ease and suddenness flow from such men which themselves not without much pains and study are able to express.

For whom can we imagine to come nearer to the image of industry and elegance than those sudden-witted men, to begin with them? What is more elegant than to find a pretty sentence for every argument? What more

courtly than to answer all that is done or spoken either with a sudden jest or such a wisdom as, being easy and at hand, is pleasing for the quickness of it? If this gracefulness be joined with a fair personage, and a secure though not immoderate boldness, it will be predominant in all societies and be pleasing even to those men which are hit by the jests; nay, the noise of it will drown the true and exact wisdom of a blest slow man. But this felicity in speaking is troubled with its proper diseases. Take them from private company, from sudden and broken sentences, from bandying of wit to an argument of longer discourse, then out of doubt thou shalt condemn the barrenness of their empty minds, not being furnished for true and lasting wisdom. Nay, if those very concise sayings and fine flashes which thou admirest in them were written down, that they do not only come forth by fits and vanish again but be examined by judgment, how idle and foolish would those things seem which by a vain prejudice and grace of celerity did before deceive us? Therefore in those men there is no deep and lasting river of wit, but sudden floods of nature, for as small waters from high springs, straitened in their passage, do fall with the greater noise down, so these sparks of wisdom, which would presently expire unless they were caught, do fly with a more vigorous noise out of the custody of these narrow minds which are only happy in such a kind of abortive wisdom.

But the other sort, which are copious in longer eloquence and fitted continually with an unexhausted store of words and sentences, are famous men among the people when they are heard in public assemblies, churches, or pleading. They are pleasing also in private society, if they be able to be sometimes silent. But as all living creatures by a secret instigation love to be doing of that thing in which they are most able, so these

men, especially delighted in their own eloquence wherein they excel, can hardly contain themselves within a mean, when all occasions of discourses are, that you may justly wonder that such absurd men should speak so well. When their tedious discourse is done and they see those men whom their discourse hath wearied to look cheerfully, they do not consider that the other are only glad to be dismissed from the trouble of their tedious talk, but think them ravished with a pleasant admiration and go away resolved to entertain them in that manner again the next time they meet. These large minds, opened by nature itself to the *Series* almost of things, are never exact or thoroughly soaked in knowledge, but cursorily they taste of all things. And as Echo can neither keep in those last words which it receives nor dive any farther into the sentence, so these men with a wonderful ease and before they are aware, as it were, are guided by nature to the first glimpses of all things and sciences, but they are scarce able to do or almost to desire anything perfectly or exactly in them. I should think it a copiosity of things and undigested elegancies, since whatsoever they chance to discourse of, they never fail of this pompous plenty of words and sentences. But whensoever their memory, even in the very course of their speech, prompts them with anything, they presently divert to that, and anon to another matter, as it happens; and at last, lost in many subjects, they remember not the original of their discourse.

They, therefore, being of wandering minds and settled in nothing, are usually unable to attain not only to the highest prudence but even the common discretion of other men. Some of them are immoderate praisers of themselves, others not helpful to their friends or themselves in those offices which diligent and settled industry should be fitted to. They are for the most part uncon-

stant, and as they waver in actions, so they easily fly from those opinions which they seemed strongly addicted to. Yet notwithstanding, as they carry a great show of a polite disposition, adorned with all kinds of science; in matter of fame and wealth they oftentimes possess the rewards which are due to true wisdom, especially if they do understand their own faults as well as abilities, and know subtly how to hide, at least from the common people's eyes, their spots and imperfections. This especially is attained if they can govern themselves in talking and not wander whithersoever their desires carry them; and because by eloquence, as the best condiment, all things are made grateful to the ears, let them by a nice deflection fit divers discourses to divers men, and always of that nature as may be able to go beyond the hearer; as for example, among soldiers or men ignorant of antiquity let them discourse of divine points, of the rites of the ancients, of the original of people and nations, and whatsoever hath a show of the most graceful curiosity in the sciences; among scholars which have only lived in study and contemplation, not employment, let them talk of the fates of people and rulers, and the genius of princes; and lastly, contend with no man in his own art. Nor is it displeasing in the mixing of discourse to fall upon those things which are strange and unknown to the society, especially since new things are pleasing, and we conceive a higher and more reverend opinion of that which we do not know. These orators are in least danger when they converse with men of a low and narrow disposition, who reverence everything as sacred and miraculous which a bold eloquence puts upon them. Therefore they always take those parts which, according to the conditions of the hearers, they think most advantageous to their fame. Which is therefore easy to them because their diffused wits are capable of

some instruction in all arts and sciences, nature and little use enabling them to speak not improperly in all things, though they cannot be said to be learned in them, but only not to be ignorant of them.

But for such orators to write, is commonly as hard and fatal to their fame as to speak is easy and graceful to them. For to that easily fluent eloquence, the strength of judgment is seldom joined which must continue the style graceful to posterity. For their prompt and almost turbulent mind, when in that leisure which is given to writers it revolveth itself, is overladen with the multitude of fancies that meet, and confusedly oppressed with its own wealth, can neither write all which it doth invent nor judiciously elect the best.

Lastly, the way of writing is so different from that of speaking, and requiring other kind of nerves, that even he who by a strong eloquence could freely run over what he list, in writing doth make but vain strokes and such as men in their dreams attempt. Yet blinded and corrupted with their own and others' flattery, they do many times by an itch of writing destroy the fame which they had gotten by eloquence. They should do better for themselves by far to keep the world in a long expectation of their writing than to publish books to the hazard of their fame.

By these cautions, that lively and spreading mind may conceal his own weakness from the people's eyes and rise in an opinion of wisdom, whether he be able to govern himself (which you shall not often see) or will admit counsel and be quiet at the persuasion of his friends, as those that are but half drunk do yet know that they are not sober, nor will they with too stubborn and obstinate a confidence refuse the admonitions of their friends.

Contrary to these men is another sort, who seem at

the first show so far from that virtue which is truly in them as those eloquent men do from the imperfections to which they are born. These men, when there is occasion to speak suddenly, have a speech tardy and hard to come off. They do often stick, and are squibbed with jests and taunts which like little darts are in daily discourse thrown against them by those sudden and nimble-witted men. Nor do their words only come slowly off, but when their opinion is required they are to seek and do not suddenly find what to determine. But when their mind is recollected and reduced into itself to meditate, they can dive with subtlety enough into the depth of affairs and business and conceive fit words to express their meaning. There is in them a deep strength, opinions true and profitable, not adulterated with school sophistry, but most worthy, if they be scholars and used to write, to be delivered by themselves to posterity. But in this fortune hath dealt ill with them, that since in the first entrance into speech or business they resemble men of a dull and narrow soul, they are oftentimes by most unjust prejudice neglected and contemned. Therefore the greatness of their minds, being sometimes unknown, doth want the favorable hand of princes to advance them into employments and honors worthy of their industry, even as the luster of most precious wares, if they be wrapped up within base bundles without a title, can draw no customers at all to it. Therefore for those men it is a most profitable course to make their way well, that their inward worth of mind may be known and those clouds removed which nature hath placed in the entrance to it. And this they may attain unto either by writing (for what is that else but displaying a table of the soul?) or by daily exercise to stir up the edge of their slow wit, that it may be known to be as great and strong as it is; and last of all, by as inward and

long a familiarity as they can, to join themselves to those great men who by that long experience may not only understand what abilities are in them, but advance them when they know it.

Between these inconvenient extremes of gravity and levity is the most worthy disposition and fit to reach the height of human dignity. They have a moderate eloquence, then showed when it is needful, and more perfect it is when they have time and study, but in their familiar conversation a discourse ready and clear, not troubled at all with hesitation; a strength of judgment not very much involved and slow, but though it be good on the sudden, yet after delay and consultation it is far stronger. This is the man built for virtues and made to express private and public wisdom; or if he give his able mind to vice, the weight of such an extraordinary villainy, which way soever it lean, doth fall with great danger.

But great minds from those which are dark and ignoble are in this distinguished by nature, that the first knows his own dignity and does all things freely, with an erected though modest spirit, ever contemplating somewhat that is eminent and full of vigorous majesty, but the close and obscure mind condemns itself to be imprisoned in narrow cogitations and counsels, never daring to depart from his fearful humility. In small matters, not exceeding the measure of his mind, he is exactly diligent; and there is fitted to that disposition a kind of policy not noble and high, but such as we see in the least and weakest creatures, careful to keep their own.

There are some among learned men who, either favoring their own endowments or deceived with the benefit of learning, which all but the very barbarians know to be wondrous great, deny that any mind is to be esteemed

great but that which is capable of letters, or can possibly attain to just perfection unless it be adorned with them. By this means they exclude from the rank of magnanimity and true humanity men famous for public virtues and born to govern people, if they be, forsooth, unfit for the subtlety of learning: a great error, or rather madness, for they may on the contrary more truly affirm that no man is fit for civil affairs but one conceived in the riches of nature. But many vain and superfluous-witted men in the schools have arrived even to the highest praise—such whose nature, confined as it were within the bound of some one science, is dazzled at the splendor of that profitable prudence to which all other sciences must give place, unless you think not him more truly wise that can play the augur among his citizens and fitly compose the commotions of the people than him who by a perpetual contemplation doth nothing but observe the eclipses of sun and moon, the courses of the stars, the vicissitudes of the year. Those men themselves who do with such absurd praises extol the muses, do not account that man only absolute who is adorned with all kinds of science, but count it enough to make him so if he does excel in any one kind of learning, as, if an excellent orator be unfit for controverted philosophy, or if a philosopher be not capable of eloquence and altogether ignorant of history and poetry, yet they will not exclude him from the number of learned and excellent men. That praise therefore which any one part of learning may gain, how dare they detract from that science which consists in governing the people and is far more excellent than anything belonging to mankind? Do they think that wisdom speaks to her scholars only in Greek and Latin, and not rather by a secret inspiration containing the worth of all languages? It were a poor thing to be born of an excellent mind, if that

excellency lay in nothing but a disposition fitted for academical learning. Those whom we account the first authors of learning did not sweat in the schools, and yet we thought them born under good stars. To compose the manners of the people, to strengthen their country with wholesome counsel, to examine foreign rites and transport those that are good into their own land, to observe also the motions of the heavens, lest the seasons of the year for profitable uses of the people should not be known—this then was learning, and this our lettered men do but only imitate. For when those ancients did strive to teach humanity and virtue to the rude minds of the ignorant people, civil philosophy by that means had her original; when they contended against each other to persuade the people to this or that action, eloquence had then her beginning. Lastly, what doth history but leave the prudence and subtleties of those ancients to our now learned men as their successors, if they be men of action, but if they be minds unfit for business, then as to registers only and enrollers of the ancient virtue. For to read history only for contemplation is a vain and idle pleasure which passeth away without fruit, but to imitate the virtue of those praised men is the true and public learning.

I will not deny but that is indeed a most absolute accomplished soul which is framed both for the commonwealth and learning too. For then these two endowments do by their mutual aid advance each other to the sky. His high and active policy doth govern his learning that it grow not light nor base; his learning again doth arm that policy that it should not only trust to experience and knowledge of his own times, but make use of the skill and labors of antiquity.

But if any man, as sometimes it happens, fit for public employment and to aid his country, have no felicity

at all in learning, he is notwithstanding to be esteemed of a higher order and elegance than he which is only capable of quiet learning and school subtleties, unfit altogether for civil discipline, which is most useful. In-somuch as Favorinus may be thought rather philosophically than jestingly to have measured the knowledge of Hadrian by the greatness of his power. The emperor Adrian was ambitious of the fame of learning and lighted by chance upon the philosopher Favorinus. He, being provoked in argument by the emperor, answered sparingly and as if he yielded; that the emperor might freely triumph. His friends blamed him for yielding so soon, but he replied that they were deceived, "For why (quoth he) should not I think him the most learned which hath twenty legions?"¹ The philosopher spake not this without good ground, for to govern discreetly so many legions was a point of higher science than to find out anything in the schools by the strongest and most exercised head in contemplation.

But the splendor of wit as of all things else is often spoiled by too great a confidence of itself. For many, conscious of their own weakness, do endeavor by labor to obtain that which nature had denied to them, and by daily diligence do so mould and frame their minds that at last they excel those which were born happily to great matters, but considering too much the strength of their own minds, have abstained from labor as a thing not necessary to them but altogether superfluous. There is also a great difference even betwixt those who by industry endeavor to perfect their wits. For some of them, whatsoever they purpose as their study and labor, are busied only in the main and highest points of it, but do not so much as let their thoughts descend to the lower

¹ SPARTIANUS, *Life of Hadrian*, XV, 8 (In *Scriptores Historiae Augustae*, Loeb Classics I, 49).

and less necessary points. Others are overtaken with a contrary error, who fearing to leave anything behind them untried and undiscovered, do so strictly search into the least things and are so desirous perfectly to scan whatsoever they learn, that they cannot make any great progress in their intended studies nor ever arrive at the true and liberal knowledge of that thing whose every part they have so superstitiously desired to discover.

Besides, all wits have not the same strength of patience to endure continual labor. For the more subtle and apprehensive that the mind is, so the more easily it penetrateth into any learning, but is dulled the sooner either by greatness or continuance of labor. For such minds are not kept in thick constitutions but such as are open and fit to receive aerial draughts and pervious for the passage of animal and vital spirits, who, as more subtly they can display their sharpness, so by their thinness they vanish and are only repaired by idleness and recreation. And of such men not only the labor, but even the recreation is precious, as filling their discharged minds with a new strength, and for the most part storing their loose and wandering fancies with high and serious cogitations, as the felicity of rich fields, when they lie untilled, doth sometime of its own accord plentifully and wantonly produce such plants as are not inferior to the best garden fruits. So thought Cosmo de Medicis, a sufficient author of prudence, the founder of that flourishing Tuscan monarchy. He had taken his rest quietly and without care, as it seemed, till it was late day, when one of his friends coming in by chance found him as yet between sleeping and waking. "And where (quoth he) is that Cosmo to whom we, as to an Argus, have committed our commonwealth? He does not use his eyes so much as in the daytime." "I have already dispatched all my business both abroad and at home,"

Cosmo replies. "Dost thou think that in diligence thou hast outgone me, whose very rest is more active and profitable than thy labors?"

Yet some notwithstanding are exempted from this fate, and, though men of great capacity, can endure continual labor. Few they are and bestowed by nature as her dearest gifts upon the public affairs, who can exercise their deep and piercing wits in lasting diligence, able to undergo perpetual employment and not confounded with the different face of business, so that they seem to be born as a relief to human imbecility and a preservation of commonwealths.

LORD CHANDOS *or* GILBERT CAVENDISH

OF AFFECTATION

AFFECTATION is an over-serious love to ordinary and minute qualities, or the putting on the habiliments of sufficiency on the body of pride. It is a vanity that shame forbids to be acknowledged, yet folly permits not to be concealed. For howsoever a man may appear to himself more complete and full in the vestiments of virtue by their largeness, yet in the eye of another their disproportion will make him seem the more slender, none being fit to wear the coat of Hercules but such as have strength to wield his club. Nor shall he ever be thought to have Cæsar's spirit that much careth to scratch his head like him with one finger.

It argues a desire of honor but no action towards it. For whatsoever the wishes of one that useth affectation aim at, yet his attempts reach no higher than to the imitation of certain gestures and manners of speech, which being comely, facile and natural, as they have the second place to real virtue, so if they be unsuitable, forced or counterfeit, they come no less near to vice and diminish more the estimation than some great crimes. For whereas some such vices as be notorious make a man more welcome into some societies and some make him to be feared, this vanity causeth him to be desired in no company, but scorned and contemned in all.

I esteem it a great vexation to see one affect a gravity in behavior as he will look upon you with the staidness

of a statue and observes a set distance between every word, like the images that strike the clock at every quarter, and some again with more gesticulations than an ape to seem to dance about you. Some will carry their heads as if they used a bridle, and some so loosely as if they needed one. Some had rather be lame of a hand than not seem so, that they may wear a scarf; or of a leg, than lose the grace of carrying a French stick.

It appears most in some that return from traveling, who being incapable of other proficiency by their observations of governments of nations, situation of countries, dispositions of people, their policy and the like, these things not understanding or not knowing how to apply, which to the bettering of our judgment and manners is the right use of all we find either in reading or travel, they in their stead bring home only fashions of behavior and such outward appearances that a man must guess they have traveled (for there is no other way) by a leg, or a *piccadel*, or a *picadevant*, or a new block, or a mangled suit, or words all compliment and no sense, or mincing of their own language, or making new and absurd derivations such as yet the world never heard of, or in every period of their discourse to say something of Paris and Orleans, Blois and Tours, and then conclude that the river of Loire is the most navigable of the world, or to talk of their mistresses, and protest that the French demoiselle is the most courtly, most complete, and for exquisiteness in behavior and fashion may be a pattern to all the ladies of Europe. And from hence they will take occasion to fall into a digression of their loves and to tell what hazards they have past with the wife of such a merchant or the daughter of such a governor or mistress of such a prince. All which fashions, observations and wonders be collected with being a few months in France. And thence being wafted over, the

first man they meet is sure to know (if this half year in France hath not made them to forget their English tongue) the dangerousness of their passage, how near shipwreck they were; and talk as learnedly and seriously of navigation, only by the experience they have gotten in this double passage in a little bark to and fro, as the best captain can do that hath been three times in the East Indies. But all these things before rehearsed, and divers more of the same kind, are not only their first month or half-year's imitation and discourse upon their return, but continue to their dying day.

At London being arrived, they are sure to make their first appearance with their last suit upon the stage, there practice their compliments and courtesies upon all their acquaintance, make three or four forced faces; thence upon their *curtole*, with a page and two lackeys all in a livery, go to the tavern, find fault with all the wine, and yet be drunk: in which disguise they post to their sisters or aunts or grandmother, where they will be admired for their absurdities and almost made madder than they are by their praises.

These be affected *monsieurs*, but they that pass the mountains and leave all this levity behind them, what do they observe? How do they return? (I mean still affected travellers.) Of the two the worse and the more absurd, because the more grave. For a light fool is always more sufferable than a serious. The forced gravity of these so set them forth as any man may discover with half an eye, especially having the dependences of an Italian suit, Spanish hat, Milan sword, nods instead of legs, a few shrugs, as if some vermin were making a progress from one shoulder to another, and the like. This for their outside; but their discourse makes them everywhere ridiculous. The name of an English gelding frights them and thence they take occa-

sion to fall into the commendation of a mule or an ass. A pasty of venison makes them sweat and then swear that the only delicacies be mushrooms or caviare or snails. A toast in beer or ale drives them into madness and so to declaim against the absurd and ignorant customs of their own country and thereupon digress into the commendation of drinking their wine refreshed with ice or snow, so that those things which in other countries be used for necessity, they in their own will continue, to show their singularity.

It were not hard in this discourse to point out the men, and it were a good deed to give you their names that they may be publicly known, lest some, ignorant of their manners, be by their outside misled to admire them. But this may suffice, by which you may see that the levity of the French and gravity of the Transalpine traveler be equally ill in the way of imitation; for nothing can show well that is forced. Besides that, they imitate but imperfectly and with less grace, like the stars that show us the sun's light but with less splendor. And they so extremely love to be thought well dyed into Italian and French, as their eyes are offended at whatsoever hath any color of English; and to be esteemed familiarly acquainted with other countries, will seem and think it an honor to have forgotten both the fashions and language of their own.

But one sort of affectate travelers yet remain, and they be the seeming statesmen of the time, empty bladders replete with nothing but wind, such as, being abroad, though it be but in some butter town of Holland, will make their first inquiry after such as profess to read theory of statism; fellows that swarm in most places abroad, especially in Germany or those places where the Dutch most usually frequent, that nation being easy and apt to be gulled by these impostors; beggarly cheaters

that will no sooner undertake to teach but these constantly believe to learn. In the space of six months (for that is the longest time strangers use abroad to stay in one place) they will make them able, and when the time is past, they will so believe themselves to be, or peradventure sooner (they are so fritful in their own conceits), that they may declare their abilities to be fit for the employment of the greatest prince, state, or affair in the world. And this wonder by their professor of state is thus miraculously wrought, by reading unto them, with some most pitiful observations of their own and divers repetitions of the same things as they use to deal with schoolboys, a piece of *Gallo-Belgicus*, some discourse in *Tesoro Politico*, a part of Sleyden with Pezelius' notes, or the like, as, if by reading only a man could apt himself for public employment, such a master, such a reader, such fragments, so short a time would enable him thereunto.

Following this, in all places where they come the very name of a Manuscript ravisheth them, though it be but copied out of some absurd book printed the last mart; which once known, as it will be by their often enquiry for things of that kind (anything, it's no matter what, neither do they know more than in general the name of a manuscript) few mornings pass that some poor scribe or other doth not cozen them in that kind.

Meeting with any of their own nation, they will endeavor to make them believe that they are as well acquainted with the counsel, projects and policies of that state or court where they live, as any that be there, though of the highest employment. They will tell what ways they have found out in ciphering and what charge they have been at for intelligence, which is demonstrated by having some papers waving in their hands, though empty, or at least but filled with their host's last account.

They will protest their entireness and inwardness with the men of the greatest name and employment in those parts, though peradventure they never saw their faces nor never heard them spoken of but by a mountebank in the piazza. But for the great ones in their own country, what is it not they will say to make us believe they are with them the only great and entire men of the world? Which familiarity betwixt them they will endeavor to express by showing their names to letters, though counterfeit, and copies of letters they pretend they have writ to them, though never sent. They will further tell you that they are absent thus long abroad (the state at home taking knowledge of their ability), because they would yet reserve some liberty to themselves and not be wholly taken up (as they be sure if they were returned they should be) with public employment. And then they will return to generals, and speak of intentions and treaties and things, where they will stop with a shrug and a *desunt nonnulla*, and so refer you to the stars for a consequence, as if these things were too secret, too deep for your knowledge, or to make you believe that the multiplicity of affairs and state-business distract and trouble their minds, when God knows, the most that they think or ruminate upon is to get the estimation and opinion in the world of that which they have no color to pretend to, viz. wit.

Again, being abroad, they will translate the very Gazette, the most ordinary and uncertain news in the world, to send over by whole bundles into England, which some particular friends of theirs, that know no more of foreign business than their letters infuse into them by this means, are made to believe that the senders are serious, intelligent and grave; and so they look too, when they come home, but that's all. And better use I

know not which way to put them to than as a sign for those things they outwardly yet unhandsomely imitate.

That little which they speak, or think, or do, smells of state. For to get but the name of an employment abroad, they will engage themselves, their friends, and fortunes. That is the uttermost of their ambition. But that small reputation which report gave them here, their own presence at their return doth utterly make to vanish. And by this means, which no other way could ever bring to their knowledge, they find the fruit of their ostentation and those vain imaginations which before possessed them. And thus much briefly of an affected statist. Now to other sorts.

It's affectation in one, though naturally an elegant speaker, not to descend a little to the capacity of such as he confers withal. For to some country husbandmen one were as good speak Latin as good English. To use in discoursing of an ordinary subject words of a high, sounding, and tragic strain, is as unseemly as walking on stilts where one may as well go in slippers. Likewise, rusticity in speech and base popular phrases in themselves show want of education, but affected, discover folly to boot. Old antique words, such as have been dead, buried, and rotten in the time of our great-grandfathers, would become the ghost of Chaucer on a stage, but not a man of the present time. Likewise, new words like a new coin will not easily be received till both their weight and stamp have been examined. To which may be referred the saying of Pomponius Marcellus, who finding fault with something that was said in an oration of Tiberius Cæsar's, Atteius Capito contrarily affirmed that if it were not now Latin, yet it would be hereafter. "That is not so," saith Marcellus, "for though Cæsar can give naturalization in the city of Rome to men, yet he cannot do so to words. For

they can never be admitted till custom hath allowed them. That must be referred to public usance, not to Cæsar's power."¹

There be others that delight in figures, and their words fall in, one after another, like sequents, which they bring in in spite both of perspicuity and sense. And commonly, where a speech is all figures, you shall find the matter a mere cipher. Like to these are such as out of a poor ambition to obtain the grace of some good and decent word or metaphor will not stick (so they may get it into their writing) to write that which before they never intended, nor is perhaps to the purpose, or to alter the whole frame of their discourse. And for the most parts such words, as they are sought with much pain, so they are placed at little ease, and trouble either the matter or the method or the style for want of elbow-room.

The worst affectation of all other is to affect horrible oaths in speech, which some do, thinking them ornaments or signs of a great spirit, as indeed they are signs of such a spirit as they would be frightened to see appear; or telling of wonders and miracles, whereby expecting to get admiration, they carry away the reputation of liars. Lastly, there is a sort of people, that as in all things they love singularity, so in this, that they will subscribe to no word that savors not of the catechism, accounting natural and good speech as ethnic and unsanctified. But this were better called hypocrisy than affectation.

OF VISITATIONS

FEMININE thoughts be for the most part enemies to meditation, yet in this subject a help. For it is an idle, womanish, and therefore unnecessary and no masculine

¹ SUETONIUS, *De Illustris Grammaticis*, ch. 22.

habit, though their weakness in this kind hath entered far into our sex, as it were by imitation. From whence may be discerned the force of ill examples, when so weak ones from weak women can draw us to ridiculousness, being an outside quality and expressing nothing of man's inward abilities. And yet it is a wonder to see what multitudes there be of all sorts that make this their only business, and in a manner spend their whole time in compliment, as if they were born to no other end, bred to no other purpose, had nothing else to do than to be a kind of living, walking ghosts to haunt and persecute others with unnecessary observation.

It is an argument either of folly or deceit for any to be more ceremonious than real, which is necessarily implied in these unnecessary visits. For they express either simplicity or flattery, the one the weakest, the other the basest quality that can be incident to any. Wise men will not view such persons but with scorn, nor respect them but with disesteem, for men of ability and judgment undervalue rather than praise them for these needless compliments, as being the practice of light and fantastical and not of wise men, because these unnecessary visits interrupt actions of more value and worth with making business where there is none.

Some go abroad, and God knows the visited be not beholding to them. For if these giddy goers be forced to give a reason for their wheeling up and down the streets, their answer is, they know not else how to pass the time. And how tedious it is for a man that accounts his hours to be subject to these vacancies to apply himself to lose a day with such time-passers, who neither come for business nor out of true friendship, but only to "spend the day," as if one had nothing else to do but to supply their idle time. How hard a task this is, those that be haunted with these spirits do so sensibly

feel, that I am loth to enlarge their torture, but only advise them to let those know who make a profession to pass their time with the loss of mine, that as their visitations be unprofitable to themselves, so they be tedious and burdensome unto me. And if that serve not the turn against their untimely visits, then bolt my door or hide myself, which shift I have known many put to for want of other defense.

And besides, when these spirits walk abroad, it is rather to show themselves than to see any, which for the most part is never in the morning, and especially on Sundays, because it is the best day in the week. All that while they be building themselves and viewing their own proportions, feeding instead of a breakfast upon how brave they shall appear in the afternoon. And then they go to the most public and most received places of entertainment, which be sundry, and therefore they stay not long in a place, but after they have asked you how you do, and told some old or fabulous news, laughed twice or thrice in your face and censured those they know you love not (when peradventure the next place they go to is to them, where they will be as courteous to you), spoke a few words of fashions and alterations, whispered some lascivious motion that shall be practiced the next day, fallen into discourse of liberty and how it agrees with humanity for women to have servants besides their husbands, made legs and postures of the last edition, with three or four new and diminutive oaths and protestations of their service and observance, they then retire to their coach and so prepare for another company, and continue in this vocation till the beginning of the next day, that is, till past midnight, and so home; when betimes in the morning the decorum is, if it be a lady visitor, to send her gentleman usher to see if all

those be well that she saw in perfect health but the night before.

This hath been more to show the deformity of it than the danger, which I would rather avoid than unmask because it touches too many particulars. But in general this: it is the index of an idle and unprofitable disposition, a taker up of time that may be better disposed, and such a spender of time that in few actions it can be worse employed. Many an unlawful bargain is concluded upon this exchange; contrary purposes be concealed under this vizzard, and few be practic in this art whose manners and lives be not corrupted. Besides, this vain custom once begun, induceth a habit not easily lost, therefore not good to begin; and once practiced, it is not so safely left; for begun, and not continued, makes the leaving of it off esteemed a neglect which otherwise would be never claimed as a due.

There be of this family or sect that are so punctual and methodical in their art, that they turn critics and censure those that be not as pertinent in impertinencies and spit not with as good a grace, or speak not to as good a tune (for all their words be but sound and no sense) as themselves, when such as are truly intelligent think this scorn their praise, for no man that hath any thoughts worthy of consideration will bestow the labor to speak or to entertain argument in such a case upon so barren and worthless an occasion.

And these kind of ceremonies be equally tedious to the complimenter and complimentee, if they reciprocally respect not this fond and dissimulate kind of conversation. And though it often happen that in some places where they visit, their tedious society be well accepted, which then must only be allowed to such as are of the same occupation and are even with them in the same kind, yet sometimes it falls out, they thus running over

all kind of company, they be to many so unwelcome and troublesome in distracting or diverting their better employments, that oftentimes those they come to conceal themselves upon purpose, or suppose some necessary business that calls them away, with intention only to get rid of them. From which tediousness if no better employment of their own can divert them, yet the consideration of the unseasonable trouble they put those to whom they visit should even shame them from frequenting so bad a custom.

Yet custom hath so far prevailed, that I dare not prescribe a total neglect, but counsel to avoid frequent and assidual practice of so superfluous though received a fashion. Those that duty, love, respect, business or familiarity bind us to, we must observe and visit, lest they interpret our absence to be either in contempt of their persons or a carelessness and disesteem of their favor and friendship. And howsoever, with a *non obstante*, I do not by this seclude society and conversation, for such a solitary and unsociable disposition I hold to be worse than this gadder.

OWEN FELLTHAM

OF PURITANS

Ortitude of a moderate Englishman

I FIND many that are called Puritans; yet few or none that will own the name. Whereof the reason sure is this, that 'tis for the most part held a name of infamy, and is so new, that it hath scarcely yet obtained a definition; nor is it an appellation derived from one man's name, whose tenents we may find digested into a volume, whereby we do much err in the application. It imports a kind of excellency above another, which man (being conscious of his own frail bendings) is ashamed to assume to himself. So that I believe there are men which would be Puritans, but indeed not any that are. One will have him, one that lives religiously, and will not revel it in a shoreless excess. Another, him that separates from our divine assemblies. Another, him that in some tenents only is peculiar. Another, him that will not swear. Absolutely to define him, is a work, I think, of difficulty; some I know that rejoice at the name; but sure they be such as least understand it. As he is more generally in these times taken, I suppose we may call him a Church-rebel, or one that would exclude order, that his brain might rule. To decline offences, to be careful and conscionable in our several actions, is a purity that every man ought to labor for, which we may well do without a sullen segregation from all society. If there be any privileges, they are surely granted to the children of the king, which are those that are the children of heaven. If mirth and recreations be lawful,

sure such a one may lawfully use it. If wine were given to cheer the heart, why should I fear to use it for that end? Surely, the merry soul is freer from intended mischief than the thoughtful man. A bounded mirth is a patent, adding time and happiness to the crazed life of man. Yet if Laertius reports him rightly, Plato deserves a censure for allowing drunkenness at festivals; because, says he, as then, the Gods themselves reach wines to present men. God delights in nothing more than in a cheerful heart, careful to perform him service. What parent is it that rejoiceth not to see his child pleasant, in the limits of a filial duty? I know, we read of Christ's weeping, not of his laughter: yet we see, he graceth a feast with his first miracle, and that a feast of joy; and can we think that such a meeting could pass without the noise of laughter? What a lump of quickened care is the melancholic man! Change anger into mirth, and the precept will hold good still: Be merry but sin not. As there be many that in their life assume too great a liberty, so I believe there are some that abridge themselves of what they might lawfully use. Ignorance is an ill steward, to provide for either soul or body. A man that submits to reverent order, that sometimes unbends himself in a moderate relaxation, and in all, labors to approve himself in the sereneness of a healthful conscience, such a Puritan I will love immutably. But when a man, in things but ceremonial, shall spurn at the grave authority of the Church, and out of a needless nicety be a thief to himself of those benefits which God hath allowed him or out of a blind and uncharitable pride, censure and scorn others as reprobates, or out of obstinacy fill the world with brawls about undeterminable tenents, I shall think him one of those, whose opinion hath fevered his zeal to madness and distraction. I have more faith in one Salomon, than in a thousand Dutch

parlors of such opinionists. "Behold then; what I have seen good!—That it is comely to eat, and to drink, and to take pleasure in all his labor wherein he travaileth under the sun, the whole number of the days of his life, which God giveth him. For this is his portion. Nay, there is no profit to man, but that he eat, and drink, and delight his soul with the profit of his labor."¹ For, he that saw other things but *vanity*, saw this also, that it was the hand of God. Methinks the reading of Ecclesiastes should make a Puritan undress his brain, and lay off all those fanatic toys that jingle about his understanding. For my own part, I think the world hath not better men than some that suffer under that name; nor withal, more *scelestique* villains. For when they are once elated with that pride, they so contemn others, that they infringe the laws of all human society.

OF REPREHENSION

To reprehend well, is both the hardest, and most necessary part of friendship. Who is it that will either not merit a check or endure one? Yet wherein can a friend more unfold his love, than in preventing dangers before their birth, or in reducing a man to safety which is travelling in the way to ruin? I grant, the manner of the application may turn the benefit into an injury; and then it both strengtheneth error and wounds the giver. Correction is never in vain. Vice is a miry deepness; if thou strivest to help one out and dost not, thy stirring him sinks him in the further. Fury is the madder for his chain. When thou chidest thy wandering friend, do it secretly, in season, in love—not in the ear of a popular convention. For many times, the presence of a multitude makes a man take up an unjust defense,

¹ *Ecclesiastes*, ii, 24; viii, 5.

rather than fall in a just shame. Diseased eyes endure not an unmasked sun, nor does the wound but rankle more which is vanned by the public air. Nor can I much blame a man, though he shuns to make the vulgar his confessor; for they are the most uncharitable tell-tales that the burthened earth doth suffer. They understand nothing but the dregs of actions, and with spattering those abroad, they besmear a deserving fame. A man had better be convinced in private, than be made guilty by a proclamation. Open rebukes are for magistrates and courts of justice, for stelled chambers, and for scarlets in the thronged hall. Private are for friends; where all the witnesses of the offender's blushes are blind, and deaf, and dumb. We should do by them as Joseph thought to have done by Mary, seek to cover blemishes with secrecy. Public reproof is like striking of a deer in the herd, it not only wounds him to the loss of inabling blood, but betrays him to the hound, his enemy, and makes him, by his fellows, be pushed out of company. Even concealment of a fault argues some charity to the delinquent, and when we tell him of it in secret, it shows we wish he should amend, before the world comes to know his amiss. Next, it ought to be in season, neither when the brain is misted with arising fumes, nor when the mind is madded with un-reined passions. Certainly, he is drunk himself that profanes reason so as to urge it to a drunken man. Nature unloosed in a flying speed cannot come off with a sudden stop.

*Quis matrem, nisi mentis inops, in funere nati
Flere vetat? non hoc ulla monenda loco est.*

He's mad, that dries a mother's eyes full tide
At her son's grave. There, 'tis no time to chide.

Was the opinion of the smoothest poet. To admonish a

man in the height of his passion is to call a soldier to counsel in the midst, in the heat of a battle. Let the combat slack, and then thou may'st expect a hearing. All passions are like rapid torrents: they swell the more for meeting with a dam in their violence. He that will hear nothing in the rage and roar of his anger, will, after a pause, inquire of you. Seem you to forget him and he will the sooner remember himself. For it often falls out that the end of passion is the beginning of repentance. Then will it be easy to draw back a retiring man, as a boat is rowed with less labor, when it hath both a wind and tide to drive it. A word seasonably given, like a rudder, sometimes steers a man quite into another course. When the Macedonian Philip was capering in the view of his captives, says Demades,—“Since fortune has made you like Agamemnon, why will you show yourself like Thersites?”¹ And this changed him to another man. A blow bestowed in the striking time is better than ten delivered unseasonably. There are some nicks in time, which whosoever finds, may promise to himself success. As in all things, so in this; especially if he do it as he ought, in love. It is not good to be too tetrical and virulent. Kind words make rough actions plausible. The bitterness of reprehension is in-sweetened with the pleasingness of compellations. If ever flattery might be lawful, here is a cause that would give it admission. To be plain, argues honesty; but to be pleasing, argues discretion. Sores are not to be anguished with a rustic pressure, but gently stroked with a laded hand. Physicians fire not their eyes at patients, but calmly minister to their diseases. Let it be so done, as the offender may see affection without arrogancy. Who blows out candles with too strong a breath, does but make them stink, and blows them light again. To

¹ DIODORUS SICULUS, XVI, 87.

avoid this, it was ordained among the Lacedemonians that every transgressor should be, as it were, his own beadle; for his punishment was to compass an altar, singing an invective made against himself. It is not consonant that a member so unboned as the tongue is, should smart it with an iron lash. Every man that adviseth assumes, as it were, a transcendency over the other; which if it be not allayed with protestations and some self-including terms, grows hateful: that even the reprehension is many times the greater fault of the two. It will be good therefore, not to make the complaint our own, but to lay it upon some others, that not knowing his grounded virtues, will, according to this, be apt to judge of all his actions. Nor can he be a competent judge of another's crime that is guilty of the like himself. 'Tis unworthily done, to condemn that in others, which we would not have but pardoned in ourselves. When Diogenes fell in the school of the Stoics, he answers his deriders with this question: Why do you laugh at me for falling backward, when you yourselves do retrograde your lives? He is not fit to cure a dimmed sight that looks upon another with a beamed eye. Freed, we may free others. And if we please them with praising some of their virtues, they will with much more ease be brought to know their vices. Shame will not let them be angry with them, that so equally deal both the rod and laurel. If he be much our superior, 'tis good to do it sometimes in parables, as Nathan did to David. So let him by collection give himself the censure. If he be an equal, let it appear affection, and the truth of friendship urging it. If he be our inferior, let it seem our care and desire to benefit him. Towards all, I would be sure to show humility and love. Though I find a little bluster for the present, I am confident I shall meet with thanks afterward,—and in my absence, his

reverent report following me. If not, the best way to lose a friend is by seeking, by my love, to save him. 'Tis best for others that they hate me for vice; but if I must be hated, 'tis best for myself, that they hate me for my goodness. For then am I mine own antidote against all the poison they can spit upon me.

THAT NO MAN CAN BE GOOD TO ALL

I NEVER yet knew any man so bad but some have thought him honest, and afforded him love. Nor ever any so good, but some have thought him vile, and hated him. Few are so stigmatical as that they are not honest to some. And few again are so just as that they seem not to some unequal; either the ignorance, the envy, or the partiality of those that judge do constitute a various man. Nor can a man in himself always appear alike to all. In some, nature hath invested a disparity. In some, report hath fore-blinded judgment. And in some accident is the cause of disposing us to love or hate. Or, if not these, the variation of the body's humors. Or, perhaps, not any of these. The soul is often led by secret motions, and loves, she knows not why. There are impulsive privacies which urge us to a liking, even against the parliamentary acts of the two houses—reason and common sense. As if there were some hidden beauty of a more magnetic force than all that the eye can see. And this, too, more powerful at one time than another. Undiscovered influences please us now with what we would sometimes contemn. I have come to the same man, that hath now welcomed me with a free expression of love and courtesies and another time hath left me unsaluted at all. Yet, knowing him well, I have been certain of his sound affection, and have found this not an intended neglect, but an

indisposedness, or a mind seriously busied within. Occasion reins the motions of the stirring mind. Like men that walk in their sleep, we are led about, we neither know whither nor how. I know there is a generation that do thus out of pride; and in strangers, I confess, I know not how to distinguish. For there is no disposition but hath a varnished vizard, as well as an unpencilled face. Some people cozen the world, are bad, and are not thought so. In some the world is cozened, believing them ill when they are not. Unless it hath been some few of a family, I have known the whole mole-hill of pismires (the world) in an error. For, though report once vented, like a stone cast into a pond, begets circle upon circle till it meets with the bank that bounds it, yet fame often plays the cur, and opens when she springs no game. Censures will not hold out weight, that have life only from the spongey cells of the common brain. Why should I definitively censure any man whom I know but superficially? as if I were a God, to see the inward soul. Nature, art, report, may all fail; yea, oftentimes probabilities. There is no certainty to discover man by, but time and conversation. Every man may be said in some sort to have two souls: one, the internal mind, the other, even the outward air of the face and body's gesture. And how infinitely in some shall they differ? I have known a wise look hide a fool within, and a merry face inhold a discontented soul. Cleanthes might well have failed in his judgment, had not accident have helped him to the obscured truth. He would undertake to read the mind in the body. Some, to try his skill, brought him a luxurious fellow that in his youth had been exposed to toil; seeing his face tanned and his hands leathered with a hardened skin, he was at a stand. Whereupon departing, the man sneezed, and Cleanthes says, now

I know the man, he is effeminate.¹ For great laborers rarely sneeze. Judgment is apt to err, when it passeth upon things we know not. Every man keeps his mind, if he lists, in a labyrinth. The heart of man, to man, is a room inscrutable, into which nature has made no certain window, but as himself shall please to open. One man shows himself to me; to another he is shut up. No man can either like all or be liked of all. God doth not please all. Nay, I think it may stand with divinity, as men are, to say he cannot. Man is infinitely more impotent. I will speak of every man as I find. If I hear he hath been ill to others, I will beware him, but not condemn him till I hear his own apology,

*Qui statuit aliquid, parte inaudita altera,
Æquum licèt statuerit, haud æquus est.*²

Who judgment gives, and will but one side hear,
Though he judge right, is no good justicer.

The nature of many men is abstruse and not to be espied at an instant. And without knowing this, I know nothing that may warrant my sentence. As I will not too far believe reports from others, so I will never censure any man whom I know not internally; nor ever those, but sparing, and with modesty.

OF APPREHENSION IN WRONGS

WE make ourselves more injuries than are offered us; they many times pass for wrongs in our own thoughts that were never meant so by the heart of him that speaketh. The apprehension of wrong hurts more than the sharpest part of the wrong done. So, by falsely making of ourselves patients of wrong, we

¹ DIOGENES LAERTIUS, VII, ch. 5.

² SENECA, *Medea*, 199.

become the true and first actors. It is not good, in matters of discourtesy, to dive into a man's mind beyond his own comment, nor to stir upon a doubtful indignity without it unless we have proofs that carry weight and conviction with them. Words do sometimes fly from the tongue that the heart did neither hatch nor harbor. While we think to revenge an injury, we many times begin one, and after that, repent our misconceptions. In things that may have a double sense, 'tis good to think the better was intended; so shall we still both keep our friends and quietness. If it be a wrong that is apparent, yet it is sometimes better to dissemble it than play the wasp and strive to return a sting. A wise man's glory is in passing by an offence, and this was Salomon's philosophy. A fool struck Cato in the bath, and when he was sorry for it, Cato had forgot it; for, says Seneca, *Melius putavit non agnoscere, quam ignoscere*.¹ He would not come so near revenge, as to acknowledge that he had been wronged. Light injuries are made none by a not regarding; which with a pursuing revenge, grow both to height and burthen. It stands not with the discretion of a generous spirit to return a punishment for every abuse. Some are such, as they require nothing but contempt to kill them. The cudgel is not of use when the beast but only barks. Though much sufferance be a stupidity; yet a little is of good esteem. We hear of many that are disturbed with a light offense, and we condemn them for it, because that which we call remedy slides into disease and makes that live to mischief us, which else would die with giving life to safety. Yet, I know not what self-partiality makes us think ourselves behindhand if we offer not repayment in the same coin we received it. Of which, if they may stand for reasons, I think I may

¹ *De Ira*, II, 32.

give you two. One is the sudden apprehension of the mind, which will endure anything with more patience than a disgrace, as if by the secret spirits of the air it conveyed a stab to the etherial soul. Another is, because living among many, we would justify ourselves, to avoid their contempt; and these being most such as are not able to judge, we rather satisfy them by external actions than rely upon a judicious verdict, which gives us in for nobler by contemning it. Howsoever we may prize the revengeful man for spirit, yet without doubt it is princely to disdain a wrong, who, when ambassadors have offered undecencies, use not to chide, but to deny them audience, as if silence were the way-royal to reject a wrong. He enjoys a brave composedness that seats himself above the flight of the injurious claw. Nor does he by this show his weakness, but his wisdom. For, *Qui leviter sæviunt, sapiunt magis*.¹ The wisest rage the least. I love the man that is modestly valiant, that stirs not till he must needs, and then to purpose. A continued patience I commend not; 'tis different from what is goodness. For though God bears much, yet he will not bear always.

AGAINST COMPULSION

As nothing prevails more than courtesy, so compulsion often is the way to lose. Too much importunity does but teach men how to deny. The more *we* desire to gain, the more do others desire that *they* may not lose. Nature is ever jealous of her own supremacy, and when she sees that others would under-tread it, she calls in all her powers for resistance. Certainly, they work by a wrong engine that seek to gain their

¹ PLAUTUS, *Bacchides*, 374.

ends by constraint. Cross two lovers, and you knit but their affection stronger. You may stroke the lion into a bondage, but you shall sooner hew him to pieces than beat him into a chain. The fox may praise the crow's meat from her bill, but cannot with his swiftness overtake her wing. Easy nature and free liberty will steal a man into a winy excess, when urged healths do but show him the way to refuse. The noblest weapon wherewith man can conquer is love and gentlest courtesy. How many have lost their hopes while they have sought to ravish them with too rude a hand? Nature is more apt to be led by the soft motions of the musical tongue than the rustic threshings of a striking arm. Love of life and jollities will draw a man to more than the fear of death and torments. No doubt, nature meant Cæsar for a conqueror, when she gave him both such courage and such courtesy; both which put Marius into a muse. They which durst speak to him (he said), were ignorant of his greatness; and they which durst not, were so of his goodness. They are men the best composed, that can be resolute and remiss. For, as fearful natures are wrought upon by the sternness of a rough comportment, so the valiant are not gained on but by gentle affability and a show of pleasing liberty. Little fishes are twitched up with the violence of a sudden pull, when the like action cracks the line whereon a great one hangs. I have known denials that had never been given but for the earnestness of the requester. They teach the petitioned to be suspicious, and suspicion teaches him to hold and fortify. He that comes with "you must have me," is like to prove but a fruitless wooer. Urge a grant to some men, and they are inexorable; seem careless, and they will force the thing upon you. Augustus got a friend of Cinna by giving him a

second life, whereas his death could at best but have removed an enemy. Hear but his exiled poet.

Flectitur obsequio curvatus ab arbore ramus:

Franges, si vires experiere tuas.

Obsequio tranantur aquæ, nec vincere possis

Flumina, si contra quam rapit unda nates.

Obsequium Tigresque domat, tumidosque Leones:

Rustica paulatim taurus aratra subit.¹

The Trees crookt branches, gently bent, grow right,
When as the hands full vigor breaks them quite.

He safely swims, that waves along the flood,
While crossing streams is neither safe nor good.

Tigers and Lions, mildness keeps in awe:

And, gently us'd, Bulls yoak'd, in ploughs will draw.

Certainly, the fair way is the best, though it be something the further about. It is less ill for a journey to be long than dangerous. To vex other men, I will think is but to tutor them how they should again vex me. I will never wish to purchase aught unequally: what is got against reason, is for the most part won by the meeting of a fool and knave. If aught be sought with reason, that may come with kindness; for then reason in their own bosoms will become a pleader for me; but I will be content to lose a little rather than be drawn to obtain by violence; the trouble and the hazard we avoid, may very well sweeten or out-weigh a slender loss. Constraint is for extremities, when all ways else shall fail. But in the general, fairness has preferment. If you grant, the other may supply the desire; yet this does the like and purchaseth love, when that only leaves a loathsome hate behind it.

¹ OVID, *Ars Amatoria*, II, 179.

OF DREAMS

DREAMS are notable means of discovering our own inclinations. The wise man learns to know himself as well by the night's black mantle as the searching beams of day. In sleep we have the naked and natural thoughts of our souls; outward objects interpose not, either to shuffle in occasional cogitations or hale out the included fancy. The mind is then shut up in the borough of the body; none of the *Cinque Ports* of the *Isle of Man*, are then open, to in-let any strange disturbers. Surely, how we fall to vice or rise to virtue we may by observation find in our dreams. It was the wise Zeno that said, he could collect a man by his dreams,¹ for then the soul, stated in a deep repose, bewrayed her true affections, which, in the busy day, she would either not show or not note. It was a custom among the Indians, when their Kings went to their sleep, to pray, with piping acclamations, that they might have happy dreams; and withal consult well for their subjects' benefit, as if the night had been a time wherein they might grow good and wise. And certainly, the wise man is the wiser for his sleeping, if he can order well in the day what the eye-less night presenteth him. Every dream is not to be counted of; nor yet are all to be cast away with contempt. I would neither be a Stoic, superstitious in all, nor yet an Epicure, considerate of none. If the Physician may by them judge of the disease of the body, I see not but the divine may do so concerning the soul. I doubt not but the genius of the soul is waking and motive even in the fastest closures of the imprisoning eyelids. But to presage from these thoughts of sleep, is a wisdom that I would not reach to. The best use we

¹ PLUTARCH, *How a man may be aware of his progress in virtue*
ch. 12.

can make of dreams is observation, and by that, our own correction or encouragement. For 'tis not doubtable but that the mind is working in the dullest depth of sleep. I am confirmed by *Claudian*.

*Omnia quæ sensuvolvuntur vota diurno,
Tempore nocturno reddit amica quies.
Venator, defessa toro cum membra reponit,
Mens tamen ad sylvas, et sua lustra redit.
Judicibus lites, aurigæ somnia currus,
Vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equis.
Furto gaudet amans; permutat navita Merces:
Et vigil elapsas quærit avarus opes.
Blandaue largitur frustra sitientibus ægris,
Irriguus gelido pocula fonte sopor.
Me quoque Musarum studium, sub nocte silenti,
Artibus assiduis, sollicitare solet.¹*

Day thoughts, transwinged from th' industrious breast,

All seem re-acted in the night's dumb rest.
When the tired huntsman his repose begins,
Then flies his mind to woods and wild beast dens.
Judges dream cases: Champions seem to run,
With their night coursers, the vain bounds to shun.
Love hugs his rapes.—The merchant traffic minds.
The miser thinks he some lost treasure finds.
And to the thirsty sick, some potion cold,
Stiff flattering sleep inanely seems to hold.
Yea, and in the age of silent rest, even I,
Troubled with art's deep musings, nightly lie.

Dreams do sometimes call us to a recognition of our inclinations, which print the deeper in so undisturbed times. I could wish men to give them their consideration but not to allow them their trust, though sometimes

¹ *Panegyricus de sexto consulatus Honorii Augusti*, 1 ff.

'tis easy to pick out a profitable moral. Antiquity had them in much more reverence and did oft account them prophecies, as is easily found in the sacred volume; and among the heathen nothing was more frequent. Astyages had two, of his daughter Mandana, the vine and her urine.¹ Calphurnia of her Cæsar,² Hecuba of Paris, and almost every Prince among them had his fate showed in interpreted dreams. Galen tells of one that dreamed his thigh was turned to stone, when soon after it was struck with a dead palsy.—The aptness of the humors to the like effects might suggest something to the mind, then apt to receive. So that I doubt not but either to preserve health or amend the life, dreams may, to a wise observer, be of special benefit. I would neither depend upon any to incur a prejudice, nor yet cast them all away in a prodigal neglect and scorn.' I find it of one that having long been troubled with the paining spleen, that he dreamt if he opened a certain vein between two of his fingers, he should be cured; which he, awaked, did and mended. But indeed, I would rather believe this, than be drawn to practice after it. These plain predictions are more rare, foretellings used to be wrapped in more obscure folds; and now, that art lost, Christianity hath settled us to less inquisition; 'tis for a Roman soothsayer to read those darker spirits of the night and tell that still dictator, his dream of copulation with his mother signified his subjecting the world to himself. 'Tis now so out of use, that I think it not to be recovered. And were it not for the power of the Gospel in crying down the vains of men, it would appear a wonder how a science so pleasing to humanity, should fall so quite to ruin.

¹ HERODOTUS, I, 107–8.

² PLUTARCH, *Life of Caesar*, ch. 63.

OF POETS AND POETRY

SURELY he was a little wanton with his leisure, that first invented poetry. 'Tis but a play which makes words dance in the evenness of a cadency; yet without doubt, being a harmony, it is nearer to the mind than prose, for that itself is a harmony in height. But the words being rather the drossy part, conceit I take to be the principal. And here, though it disgresseth from truth, it flies above her, making her more rare by giving curious raiment to her nakedness. The name the Grecians gave the men that wrote thus, showed how much they honored it; they called them *Makers*. And had some of them had power to put their conceits in act, how near would they have come to deity. And for the virtues of men, they rest not on the bare demeanor, but slide into imagination, so proposing things above us, they kindle the reader to wonder and imitation. And certainly, poets that write thus, Plato never meant to banish. His own practice shows he excluded not all. He was content to hear Antimachus recite his poem, when all the herd had left him;¹ and he himself wrote both tragedies and other pieces. Perhaps he found them a little too busy with his gods; and he being the first that made philosophy divine and rational, was modest in his own beginnings. Another name they had of honor, too, and that was *Vates*. Nor know I how to distinguish between the prophets and poets of Israel. What is Jeremiah's Lamentation, but a kind of Sapphic elegy? David's Psalms are not only poems but songs, snatches and raptures of a flaming spirit. And this indeed I observe to the honor of poets; I never found them covetous or scrapingly base. The Jews had not two such kings in all their catalogue, as Salomon and his

¹ PLUTARCH, *Life of Lysander*, ch. 18.

father, poets both. There is a largeness in their souls beyond the narrowness of other men; and why may we not then think, this may embrace more both of heaven and God? I cannot but conjecture this to be the reason that they, most of them, are poor; they find their minds so solaced with their own flights that they neglect the study of growing rich; and this, I confess again, I think, turns them to vice and unmanly courses. Besides, they are for the most part mighty lovers of their palates, and this is known an impoverisher. Antigonus, in the tented field, found Antagoras cooking of a conger himself.¹ And they all are friends to the grape and liquor, though I think many, more out of a ductile nature and their love to pleasant company, than their affection to the juice alone. They are all of free natures, and are the truest definition of that philosopher's man, which gives him *animal risibile*. Their grossest fault is that you may conclude them sensual, yet this does not touch them all. Ingenious for the most part they are. I know there be some rhyming fools; but what have they to do with poetry? When Sallust would tell us, that Sempronius's wit was not ill, says he,—*Potuit versus facere, et jocum movere*;² She could make a verse and break a jest. Something there is in it more than ordinary in that it is all in such measured language as may be marred by reading. I laugh heartily at Philoxenus his jest, who passing by, and hearing some Masons mis-sensing his lines (with their ignorant sawing of them) falls to breaking their bricks amain; they ask the cause, and he replies, they spoil his work, and he theirs.³ Certainly, a worthy poet is so far from being a fool that there is some wit required in him that shall be able to

¹ ERASMUS, *Apothegms* (Ed. Leyden, 1547), p. 359.

² *Bellum Catilinae*, ch. 25.

³ ERASMUS, *Apothegms*, p. 678.

read him well, and without the true accent, numbered poetry does lose of the gloss. It was a speech becoming an able poet of our own, when a lord read his verses crookedly, and he beseeched his Lordship not to murder him in his own lines. He that speaks false Latin, breaks Priscian's head: but he that repeats a verse ill, puts Homer out of joint. One thing commends it beyond oratory, it ever complieth to the sharpest judgments. He is the best orator that pleaseth all, even the crowd and clowns. But poetry would be poor, that they should all approve of. If the learned and judicious like it, let the throng bray. These, when 'tis best, will like it the least. So they condemn what they understand not, and the neglected poet falls by want. Calpurnius makes one complain the misfortune,

*Frangere puer calamos, et inanes desere Musas:
Et potius glandes, rubicundaque collige corna.
Duc ad mulctra greges, et lac venale per urbem
Non tacitus porta: Quid enim tibi fistula reddet,
Quo tutere famem? certe, mea carmina nemo
Præter ab his scopulis ventosa remurmurat Echo.*¹

Boy, break thy pipes, leave thy fruitless muse:
Rather the mast, and blood-red cornel choose.
Go lead thy flocks to milking; sell and cry
Milk through the city: what can learning buy,
To keep back hunger? None my verses mind,
But Echo, babbling from these rocks and wind.

Two things are commonly blamed in poetry; nay, you take away that, if them; and these are lies and flattery. But I have told them in the worst words; for 'tis only to the shallow insight that they appear thus. Truth may dwell more clearly in an allegory or a moralled fable than in a bare narration. And for flattery, no man

¹ CALPURNIUS SICULUS, *Eclogue* IV, 23.

will take poetry literal; since in commendations, it rather shows what men should be, than what they are. If this were not, it would appear uncomely. But we all know, hyperboles in poetry do bear a decency, nay, a grace along with them. The greatest danger that I find in it is, that it wantons the blood and imagination, as carrying a man in too high a delight. To prevent these, let the wise poet strive to be modest in his lines. First, that he dash not the gods; next, that he injure not chastity nor corrupt the ear with lasciviousness. When these are declined, I think a grave poem the deepest kind of writing. It wings the soul up higher than the slackened pace of prose. Flashes that do follow the cup, I fear me, are too sprightly to be solid; they run smartly upon the loose for a distance or two, but then being foul, they give in and tire. I confess I love the sober Muse and fasting; from the other, matter cannot come so clear but that it will be misted with the fumes of wine. Long poetry some cannot be friends withal; and indeed, it palls upon the reading. The wittiest poets have been all short and changing soon their subject, as Horace, Martial, Juvenal, Seneca and the two comedians. Poetry should be rather like a *Coranto*, short and nimbly-lofty, than a dull lesson of a day long. Nor can it be but deadish, if distended; for when it is right, it centers conceit and takes but the spirit of things, and therefore foolish poesy is of all writing the most ridiculous. When a goose dances and a fool versifies, there is sport alike. He is twice an ass, that is a rhyming one. He is something the less unwise, that is unwise but in prose. If the subject be history or contexted fable, then I hold it better put in prose or blanks; for ordinary discourse never shows so well in metre as in the strain it may seem to be spoken in; the commendation is, to do it to the life, nor is this any other than poetry in prose. Surely,

though the world think not so, he is happy to himself that can play the poet. He shall vent his passions by his pen, and ease his heart of their weight; and he shall often raise himself a joy in his raptures, which no man can perceive but he. Sure Ovid found a pleasure in it, even when he wrote his *Tristia*. It gently delivers the mind of distempers and works the thoughts to a sweetness in their searching conceit. I would not love it for a profession, and I would not want it for a recreation.— I can make myself harmless, nay, amending mirth with it, while I should, perhaps, be trying of a worser pastime. And this I believe in it further, unless conversation corrupts his easiness, it lifts a man to nobleness, and is never in any rightly, but it makes him of a royal and capacious soul.

BEN JONSON, *classical elements in his time*

Practically all these excerpts from the *Discoveries* are translations or adaptations from the writings of the two Senecas and Quintilian.

✓ [MEMORY]¹

MEMORY, of all the powers of the mind, is the most delicate and frail; it is the first of our faculties that age invades. Seneca, the father, the rhetorician, confesseth of himself he had a miraculous one, not only to receive but to hold. I myself could, in my youth, have repeated all that ever I had made, and so continued till I was past forty; since, it is much decayed in me. Yet I can repeat whole books that I have read, *True* and poems of some selected friends which I have liked to charge my memory with. It was wont to be faithful to me; but shaken with age now, and sloth, which weakens the strongest abilities, it may perform somewhat, but cannot promise much. By exercise it is to be made better and serviceable. Whatsoever I pawned with it while I was young and a boy, it offers me readily, and without stops; but what I trust to it now, or have done of later years, it lays up more negligently, and oftentimes loses; so that I receive mine own (though frequently called for) as if it were new and borrowed. Nor do I always find presently from it what I do seek; but while I am doing another thing, that I labored for will come; and what I sought with trouble will offer itself when I am quiet. Now, in some men I have found it as happy as nature, who, whatsoever they read or pen, they can say without book presently, as if they did then write in their mind. And it is more a wonder

¹ Cf. SENECA THE ELDER, *Controversiæ*, I, Proem, § 2.

in such as have a swift style, for their memories are commonly slowest; such as torture their writings, and go into council for every word, must needs fix somewhat, and make it their own at last, though but through their own vexation.

[ROOTED VICE]

*Nullum vitium sine patrocinio*¹

It is strange there should be no vice without his patronage, that (when we have no other excuse) we will say, we love it, we cannot forsake it: as if that made it not more a fault. We cannot, because we think we cannot, and we love it because we will defend it. We will rather excuse it than be rid of it. That we cannot is pretended; but that we will not is the true reason. How many have I known that would not have their vices hid? Nay, and, to be noted, live like Antipodes to others in the same city; never see the sun rise or set in so many years, but be as they were watching a corpse by torch-light; would not sin the common way, but held that a kind of rusticity; they would do it new, or contrary, for the infamy. They were ambitious of living backward; and at last arrive at that, as they would love nothing but the vices, not the vicious customs. It was impossible to reform these natures; they were dried and hardened in their ill. They may say they desired to leave it, but do not trust them; and they may think they desire it, but they may lie for all that; they are a little angry with their follies now and then; marry, they come into grace with them again quickly. They will confess they are offended with their manner of living: like enough; who is not? When they can put me in security that they are more than

¹ SENECA, *Epistles*, 122 and 112.

offended, that they hate it, then I'll hearken to them, and perhaps believe them; but many now-a-days love and hate their ill together.

[TRUE WIT]

*De vere Argutis*¹

I do hear them say often some men are not witty, because they are not everywhere witty; than which nothing is more foolish. If an eye or a nose be an excellent part in the face, (should we) therefore be all eye or nose? I think the eyebrow, the forehead, the cheek, chin, lip, or any part else are as necessary and natural in the place. But now nothing is good that is natural; right and natural language seem to have least of the wit in it; that which is writhed and tortured is counted the more exquisite. Cloth of bodkin or tissue must be embroidered; as if no face were fair that were not powdered or painted! no beauty to be had but in wresting and writhing our own tongue! Nothing is fashionable till it be deformed; and this is to write like a gentleman. All must be affected and preposterous as our gallants' clothes, sweet-bags, and night-dressings, in which you would think our men lay in, like ladies, it is so curious.

✓ [ON CERTAIN POETS] made on
 Romantics & other new writers of his age.
Censura de poetis

NOTHING in our age, I have observed, is more preposterous than the running judgments upon poetry and poets; when we shall hear those things commended and cried up for the best writings which a man would scarce vouchsafe to wrap any wholesome drug in; he

¹ QUINTILIAN, II, 5, § 11.

I doubt not but they would find more suffrages; because the most favor common vices, out of a prerogative the vulgar have to lose their judgments and like that which is naught.

Poetry, in this latter age, hath proved but a mean mistress to such as have wholly addicted themselves to her, or given their names up to her family. They who have but saluted her on the by, and now and then tendered their visits, she hath done much for, and advanced in the way of their own professions (both the law and the gospel) beyond all they could have hoped, or done for themselves without her favor. Wherein she doth emulate the judicious but preposterous bounty of the time's grandees, who accumulate all they can upon the parasite or fresh-man in their friendship; but think an old client or honest servant bound by his place to write and starve.

Indeed, the multitude commend writers as they do fencers or wrestlers, who if they come in robustiously and put for it with a deal of violence, are received for the braver fellows; when many times their own rudeness is a cause of their disgrace, and a slight touch of their adversary gives all that boisterous force the foil. But in these things the unskilful are naturally deceived, and judging wholly by the bulk, think rude things greater than polished, and scattered more numerous than composed; nor think this only to be true in the sordid multitude, but the neater sort of our gallants; for all are the multitude, only they differ in clothes, not in judgment or understanding.¹

De Shakspeare nostrat. showing Jonson's jealousy of Shakspeare.

I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakspeare, that in his writing (whatso-

Cf. QUINTILIAN, II, 12, § 1-3.

ever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, "Would he had blotted a thousand," which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted, and to justify mine own candor, for I loved the man, and do honor his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometime it was necessary he should be stopped. "*Sufflaminandus erat*,"¹ as Augustus said of Haterius.² His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so, too. Many times he fell into those things, could not escape laughter, as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, "Cæsar, thou dost me wrong." He replied, "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause;" and such like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

✓ [DIFFERENCE OF WITS]

Ingeniorum discrimina ³

IN the difference of wits, I have observed there are many notes; and it is a little maistry to know them, to discern what every nature, every disposition will bear; for before we sow our land we should plough it. There are no fewer forms of minds than of bodies amongst us. The variety is incredible, and therefore we must search. Some are fit to make divines, some poets,

¹ He had to be repressed.

² Cf. SENECA THE ELDER, *Excerpta Controv.*, IV, Proem, § 7.

³ Cf. QUINTILIAN, II, 8, § 1ff.

some lawyers, some physicians; some to be sent to the plough and trades.

There is no doctrine will do good where nature is wanting. Some wits are swelling and high; others low and still; some hot and fiery; others cold and dull; one must have a bridle, the other a spur.

There be some that are forward and bold; and these will do every little thing easily: I mean that is hard by and next them, which they will utter unretarded, without any shamefastness. These never perform much, but quickly. They are what they are on the sudden; they show presently, like grain that, scattered on the top of the ground, shoots up, but takes no root; has a yellow blade, but the ear empty. They are wits of good promise at first, but there is an *ingenistitium*;¹ they stand still at sixteen, they get no higher.

You have others that labor only to ostentation; and are ever more busy about the colors and surface of a work than in the matter and foundation; for that is hid, the other is seen.

Others, that in composition are nothing but what is rough and broken. *Quæ per salebras, altaque saxa cadunt.*² And if it would come gently, they trouble it of purpose. They would not have it run without rubs, as if that style were more strong and manly that struck the ear with a kind of unevenness. These men err not by chance, but knowingly and willingly; they are like men that affect a fashion by themselves; have some singularity in a ruff, cloak, or hat-band; or their beards specially cut to provoke beholders and set a mark upon themselves. They would be reprehended while they are looked on. And this vice, one that is in

¹ A wit-stand.

² That fall over the rough ways and high rocks.—MARTIAL. XI, 90.

authority with the rest, loving, delivers over to them to be imitated; so that oft-times the faults which he fell into, the others seek for. This is the danger, when vice becomes a precedent.¹

Others there are that have no composition at all; but a kind of tuning and rhyming fall in what they write. It runs and slides, and only makes a sound. Women's poets they are called, as you have women's tailors.

*They write a verse as smooth, as soft as cream,
In which there is no torrent, nor scarce stream.*

You may sound these wits and find the depth of them with your middle finger. They are cream-bowl-, or but puddle-deep.

Some, that turn over all books, and are equally searching in all papers, that write out of what they presently find or meet, without choice. By which means it happens that what they have discredited and impugned in one work, they have before or after extolled the same in another. Such are all the essayists, even their master Montaigne. These, in all they write, confess still what books they have read last, and therein their own folly so much, that they bring it to the stake raw and undigested; not that the place did need it neither, but that they thought themselves furnished and would vent it.

Some, again, who after they have got authority, or, which is less, opinion, by their writings, to have read much, dare presently to feign whole books and authors, and lie safely. For what never was, will not easily be found, not by the most curious.

And some, by a cunning protestation against all reading, and false venditation of their own naturals, think to divert the sagacity of their readers from them-

¹ Cf. SENECA, *Epistles*, 114.

selves, and cool the scent of their own fox-like thefts; when yet they are so rank, as a man may find whole pages together usurped from one author; their necessities compelling them to read for present use, which could not be in many books; and so come forth more ridiculously and palpably guilty than those who, because they cannot trace, they yet would slander their industry.¹

But the wretcheder are the obstinate contemners of all helps and arts; such as presuming on their own naturals (which, perhaps, are excellent), dare deride all diligence, and seem to mock at the terms when they understand not the things; thinking that way to get off wittily with their ignorance. These are imitated often by such as are their peers in negligence, though they cannot be in nature; and they utter all they can think with a kind of violence and indisposition, unexamined, without relation either to person, place, or any fitness else; and the more wilful and stubborn they are in it, the more learned they are esteemed of the multitude, through their excellent vice of judgment, who think those things the stronger that have no art; as if to break were better than to open, or to rend asunder gentler than to loose.

It cannot but come to pass that these men, who commonly seek to do more than enough, may sometimes happen on something that is good and great; but very seldom: and when it comes, it doth not recompense the rest of their ill. For their jests, and their sentences (which they only and ambitiously seek for) stick out, and are more eminent, because all is sordid and vile about them; as lights are more discerned in a thick darkness than a faint shadow. Now, because they speak all they can (however unfitly), they are thought to

¹ Cf. QUINTILIAN II, 11, § 1-3.

have the greater copy; where the learned use ever election and a mean; they look back to what they intended at first, and make all an even and proportioned body. The true artificer will not run away from nature as he were afraid of her, or depart from life and the likeness of truth, but speak to the capacity of his hearers. And though his language differ from the vulgar somewhat, it shall not fly from all humanity, with the Tamerlanes and Tamer-chams of the late age, which had nothing in them but the scenical strutting and furious vociferation to warrant them to the ignorant gapers. He knows it is his only art so to carry it, as none but artificers perceive it. In the meantime, perhaps, he is called barren, dull, lean, a poor writer, or by what contumelious word can come in their cheeks, by these men who, without labor, judgment, knowledge, or almost sense, are received or preferred before him. He gratulates them and their fortune. Another age, or juster men, will acknowledge the virtues of his studies, his wisdom in dividing, his subtlety in arguing, with what strength he doth inspire his readers, with what sweetness he strokes them; in inveighing, what sharpness; in jest, what urbanity he uses; how he doth reign in men's affections; how invade and break in upon them, and make their minds like the thing he writes. Then in his elocution to behold what word is proper, which hath ornament, which height, what is beautifully translated, where figures are fit, which gentle, which strong, to show the composition manly; and how he hath avoided faint, obscure, obscene, sordid, humble, improper, or effeminate phrase; which is not only praised of the most, but commended (which is worse), especially for that it is naught.¹

¹ *Ibid.*, II, 5, § 7ff.

✓ [RELAXATION FROM STUDY] *Præcipue, This select*
*Otiūm Studiorum*¹

EASE and relaxation are profitable to all studies. The mind is like a bow, the stronger by being unbent. But the temper in spirits is all, when to command a man's wit, when to favor it. I have known a man vehement on both sides, that knew no mean, either to intermit his studies or call upon them again. When he hath set himself to writing he would join night to day, press upon himself without release, not minding it till he fainted; and when he left off, resolve himself into all sports and looseness again, that it was almost a despair to draw him to his book; but once got to it, he grew stronger and more earnest by the ease. His whole powers were renewed; he would work out of himself what he desired, but with such excess as his study could not be ruled; he knew not how to dispose his own abilities or husband them, he was of that immoderate power against himself. Nor was he only a strong, but an absolute speaker and writer; but his subtlety did not show itself; his judgment thought that a vice; for the ambush hurts more that is hid. He never forced his language, nor went out of the highway of speaking, but for some great necessity or apparent profit. For he denied figures to be invented for ornament, but for aid; and still thought it an extreme madness to bend or wrest that which ought to be right.

✓ [LORD VERULAM]

*Dominus Verulanus—Scriptorum catalogus*²

ONE, though he be excellent and the chief, is not to be imitated alone; for never no imitator ever grew

¹ Cf. SENECA THE ELDER, *Controv.* I, Proem, § 13-15, 21-24.

² Cf. SENECA THE ELDER, *Controv.*, I, Proem, § 6; *Excerpt. Controv.*, III, Pr. § 4; *ibid.*, 1-3.

up to his author; likeness is always on this side truth. Yet there happened in my time one noble speaker who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language (where he could spare or pass by a jest) was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough, or look aside from him, without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end.

Cicero is said to be the only wit that the people of Rome had equalled to their empire. *Ingenium par imperio*. We have had many, and in their several ages (to take in but the former *seculum*) Sir Thomas More, the elder Wiat, Henry Earl of Surrey, Chaloner, Smith, Eliot, B[ishop] Gardiner, were for their times admirable; and the more, because they began eloquence with us. Sir Nicholas Bacon was singular, and almost alone, in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's times. Sir Philip Sidney and Mr. ^{vs. Hooker} Hooker (in different matter) grew great masters of wit and language, and in whom all vigor of invention and strength of judgment met. The Earl of Essex, noble and high; and Sir Walter Raleigh, not to be contemned, either for judgment or style. Sir Henry Savile, grave, and truly lettered; Sir Edwin Sandys, excellent in both; Lord Egerton, the Chancellor, a grave and great orator, and best when he was provoked; but his learned and able (though unfortunate) successor is he who hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome. In short, within his view, and about his times,

were all the wits born that could honor a language or help study. Now things daily fall, wits grow downward, and eloquence grows backward; so that he may be named and stand as the mark and ἀκμή of our language.¹

I have ever observed it to have been the office of a wise patriot, among the greatest affairs of the State, to take care of the commonwealth of learning. For schools, they are the seminaries of State; and nothing is worthier the study of a statesman than that part of the republic which we call the advancement of letters. Witness the care of Julius Cæsar, who, in the heat of the civil war, writ his books of Analogy and dedicated them to Tully. This made the late Lord St. Alban entitle his work *Novum Organum*; which, though by the most of superficial men, who cannot get beyond the title of nominals, it is not penetrated nor understood, it really openeth all defects of learning whatsoever, and is a book

*Qui longum noto scriptori proroget ævum.*¹

My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place or honors; but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest.

¹ *Ibid.*, Proem, § 6-7.

² Which will secure a long age for the known writer.—HORACE, *Ars Poetica*, 346.

(✓) [A GOOD MAN'S INNOCENCE]

*De bonis et malis—De innocentia*¹

A GOOD man will avoid the spot of any sin. The very aspersion is grievous, which makes him choose his way in his life as he would in his journey. The ill man rides through all confidently; he is coated and booted for it. The oftener he offends, the more openly, and the fouler, the fitter in fashion. His modesty, like a riding-coat, the more it is worn is the less cared for. It is good enough for the dirt still, and the ways he travels in. An innocent man needs no eloquence, his innocence is instead of it, else I had never come off so many times from these precipices, whither men's malice hath pursued me. It is true I have been accused to the lords, to the king, and by great ones, but it happened my accusers had not thought of the accusation with themselves, and so were driven, for want of crimes, to use invention, which was found slander, or too late (being entered so far) to seek starting-holes for their rashness, which were not given them. And then they may think what accusation that was like to prove, when they that were engineers feared to be the authors. Nor were they content to feign things against me, but to urge things, feigned by the ignorant, against my profession, which though, from their hired and mercenary impudence, I might have passed by as granted to a nation of barkers that let out their tongues to lick others' sores; yet I durst not leave myself undefended, having a pair of ears unskilful to hear lies, or have those things said of me which I could truly prove of them. They objected making of verses to me, when I could object to most of them their not being able to read them, but as worthy of scorn. Nay, they would

¹ Cf. APULEIUS, *Apologia*, in the beginning.

offer to urge mine own writings against me, but by pieces (which was an excellent way of malice), as if any man's context might not seem dangerous and offensive, if that which was knit to what went before were defrauded of his beginning; or that things by themselves uttered might not seem subject to calumny, which read entire would appear most free. At last they upbraided my poverty: I confess she is my domestic; sober of diet, simple of habit, frugal, painful, a good counsellor to me, that keeps me from cruelty, pride, or other more delicate impertinences, which are the nurse-children of riches. But let them look over all the great and monstrous wickedness, they shall never find those in poor families. They are the issue of the wealthy giants and the mighty hunters, whereas no great work, or worthy of praise or memory, but came out of poor cradles. It was the ancient poverty that founded commonwealths, built cities, invented arts, made wholesome laws, armed men against vices, rewarded them with their own virtues, and preserved the honor and state of nations, till they betrayed themselves to riches.

FYNES MORYSON

OF TRAVELING IN GENERAL

THAT THE VISITING OF FOREIGN COUNTRIES IS GOOD AND
PROFITABLE: BUT TO WHOM, AND HOW FAR?

(From *An Itinerary, etc.* Part III, Bk. 1, Chap. 1)

SINCE the best and most generous wits most affect the seeing of foreign countries, and there can hardly be found a man so blockish, so idle, or so malicious as to discourage those that thirst after knowledge from so doing, I might seem to undertake a vain and needless task if I should persuade thereunto. Wherefore I pass over the abundant fruits it yieldeth. I will not speak of the experience thereby attained, which instructeth the most dull and simple, as the sun by his beams coloureth the passenger intending nothing else than to be so colored, and which neither by hearing nor any sense can so easily be gained as by the eyes. For since nothing is in the understanding which hath not first been in some of the senses, surely among the senses, which are as it were our sentinels and watchmen to spy out all dangers and conduct us through the thorny labyrinth of this life's pilgrimage, not any one is so vigilant, so nimble, so wary, nor by many degrees so trusty as the sight, according to the saying of the poet:

*Segnius irritant animos delapsa per aures,
Quam quae sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, etc.*¹

Less doth it move the mind that beats the ears,
Than what before the faithful eye appears.

¹ HORACE, *Ars Poetica*, 180.

This ground of my discourse being granted, yet I am not so blindly affected to this course of traveling as I will thrust all into this warfare without difference or choice. First, women for suspicion of chastity are most unfit for this course, howsoever the masculine women of the Low Countries use to make voyages for traffic, not only to their own cities but even to Hamburg in Germany and more remote places; neither would I advise Angelica, if she were alive in these days, to trust herself alone and in desert places to the protection of wandering knights, lest she should meet with more strong encounters than was that of the weak hermit.

Nor yet will I herein give unlimited liberty to married men, holding Alexius unexcusable who left his bride upon the very marriage day. Yet after a due time of conversation to combine love, why should he not in summer season follow the wars at his prince's command, yea upon his free will, since we owe ourselves to our country as to our wives? Yea, why should he not search after politic wisdom by short excursions into foreign parts, since we permit merchants and mariners, though married, to take long voyages for gain, neither can gentlemen more enrich themselves than by the knowledge of military and political affairs? And indeed the civil law permits men to travel after the espousals. Always provided that this industry rather increase than diminish our estates, except our country be in question, in which case all respects to our private family, whether of love, of frugality, or whatsoever private good, must be cast behind our backs, since the commonwealth contains each private man's estate and a part must be put to hazard for the preservation of the whole body.

Let Plato the divine philosopher have patience with me though I be not of his opinion, who in his twelfth

book of Laws¹ assigneth to this course the last period of life, from the age of fifty years to threescore. It is true which he saith of that age, to be most able to discern between good and unprofitable laws and that it is less subject to infection from corrupt customs. Yet as some young men once freed of the tutor's awe be prone and apt to run into vices, so many old men (always comparing like dispositions), having forcibly restrained themselves from natural inclinations for fear of shame, this cause of restraint once taken away (while among strangers they are at more liberty), do often return to their own nature even in vices most improper to that age, and in that case their dotages are more slanderous both to themselves and their countries. Now that old men may dote in this sort, one example of Tiberius the Emperor may serve for plain proof thereof, who in his youth and the years of his strength having dissembled his wicked inclination, at last in his old age gave his nature the reins, and retiring himself, as it were out of the sight of the Senate and people of Rome, into the island of Caprea, there he shamelessly gave himself over to all beastly lust, thinking himself safe from the censure of the Romans though his wickedness was no less known in Rome than if it had been done in their market-places, according to the Italian proverb,

*L'Amor e cieco e vede niente
Ma non son cieche l'altre gente.*

Love is stark blind and sees nought done amiss,
But other people are not blind ywiss.

And though we should grant that which Plato attributes to old men, yet they whose custom is grown to another nature shall never be able to endure the frequent changes of diet and air, which young men cannot

¹ § 951.

bear without prejudice to their health except it be by little and little, and as it were by insensible degrees. Not to speak of the weakness proper to old age, which makes them so sickly as they are not only unfit for conversation abroad but also have small hope to return and relate their observations at home. Old men are indeed most fit for ambassages in neighbor countries, for in this employment they live in the sight of their countrymen and may use their accustomed diet, and a little change of air doth but little hurt, which they may prevent or mitigate by the advice of physicians.

Neither are children's unripe years fit for this course, howsoever they are more to be excused who send them with discreet tutors to guide them, with whose eyes and judgments they may see and observe. Thus the Romans, as Suetonius writes, permitted the visiting of foreign countries to the sons of senators under the government of one who had borne office in the city,¹ for the charge of such children is not to be credited to all of full age without choice. Children, like parrots, soon learn foreign languages and sooner forget the same, yea, and their mother's tongue also. A familiar friend of mine lately sent his son to Paris, who, after two years returning home, refused to ask his father's blessing after the manner of England, saying "Ce n'est pas le mode de France, It is not the French fashion." Thus whilst like apes they imitate strange fashions, they forget their own, which is just as if a man should seek his perdition to gain a cloak for ornament. Likewise sickly men are unfit for this course of life, who in regard of their weak health want the means to make benefit thereof. Lastly, they shall do well to keep themselves at home who have a scrupulous conscience and think themselves so wise as they will not follow the advice of experienced men. But

¹ *Julius*, 42, 1.

as in all actions they are happy that hold the mean, so middle age is most fit to visit foreign parts and to make use thereof, having first laid a good foundation of arts and sciences in general and specially those which they mean to profess, and being of so ripe discretion as they can distinguish between good and evil. And since we must not only respect their ages but most of all their dispositions, I will add that it must be diligently observed in each man whether he naturally affect this course or no; for it is most certain that the nature of man cannot with good success be forced to any course it liketh not, according to the old saying of the poet,

*Naturam expellas furca licet, usque recurrit.*¹

Though nature be repelled by force,
Yet still it turns to have his course.

I know that second causes can do nothing without the first, and it is no less true that the first doth in natural things work by the second, which makes me of opinion that the position of the stars in each man's nativity is not altogether vain. This granted, it is not just that the commonwealth, parents, or friends should wrest any man's nature to courses contrary thereunto, not leaving each man liberty to show and follow his own inclination.

To conclude, I think with Plato that before any man take this course he must obtain leave of the magistrate, as the custom is in England, where none but merchants may without leave go out of the island, to the end that suspected persons may be kept at home, lest being not well instructed in the true religion they should be seduced by papists. And I take parents' consent for granted, without which the sacred power given them by God should wickedly be violated.

My purpose was thus slightly to have passed over the

¹ HORACE, *Epistles* I, x, 24.

worthy praises due to the knowledge of foreign states, wherewith I began, lest with the vain rhetorician I should seem to praise Hercules whom no man dispraised. But when I consider that so many heads, so many wits, and remember that myself have sometimes heard, (though a man shall be last to hear the detraction of his own courses,) some pleasantly, others wittily, and some maliciously to scoff at this kind of industry to gain knowledge, it will not be amiss so far to take in hand again the task I had almost finished, as according to the end of my discourse I may encourage the indifferent reader by fully answering their idle objections. In the first front are the pleasant men, who remember the Italian's stale proverb,

Chi asino va a Roma, asino se ne torna,

If an ass at Rome do sojourn,
An ass he shall from thence return.

The very asses, straying into barren pastures, do learn more willingly to stay at home with plentiful feeding. And very dull-spirited men, at whom this bitter proverb allegorically aimeth, howsoever by this industry they do not suddenly become Catoes, yet I will be bold to say they are by nothing more and with greater ease instructed according to their capacities, so they travel not alone, as Socrates laconically said.¹ For if by the way they find good companions, they must needs in some measure be partners of their wits and observations. Neither are the wise observers of human pilgrimage ignorant that grave university men and, as they say, sharp sighted in the schools, are often reputed idiots in the practice of worldly affairs, as on the contrary blockish men and, to speak with the Italians, very asses,

¹ ERASMUS, *Apothegms* (Leyden, 1547), p. 224.

by continual practice in grave employments gain the wisdom of them whose affairs they manage, and the more they seek to know the world, the more they converse with those who know more than themselves, so much are they more inflamed with sweet emulation such as took away sleep from Themistocles reading the triumphs of Miltiades.¹

Secondly, the witty detractors object that Aglaus Psophidius was judged wise by the oracle of Apollo because he never went out of the grange wherein he was born,² according to that of the poet Claudian.

*Fœlix qui patriis ævum transegit in arvis.
Ipsa domus puerum quem videt, ipsa senem.*³

Happy in native soil his life who spends,
Whom one house birth, one house a gray head lends.

But what if passengers should come to a stately palace of a great king, were he more happy who is led only into the kitchen and there hath a fat mess of brews presented him, or rather he who not only dines at the king's table but also with honor is conducted through all the courts and chambers, to behold the stately buildings, precious furniture, vessels of gold and heaps of treasure and jewels. Now such and no other is the theater of this world in which the Almighty Maker hath manifested his unspeakable glory. He that sails in the deep sees the wonders of God, and no less by land are these wonders daily presented to the eyes of the beholders, and since the admirable variety thereof represents to us the incomprehensible majesty of God, no doubt we are the more happy the more fully we contemplate the same.

¹ PLUTARCH, *Life of Themistocles*, ch. 3.

² PLINY, *Natural History*, VII, 47.

³ *De Sene Veronensi*, 1-2.

Thou wilt say, he hath lived well who hath spent his time retired from the world.

*Bene qui latuit, bene vixit.*¹

Who known is least hath lived best.

This may be true in women, and thus among many Roman gentlemen when one praised Fulvia, another Claudia, a third with good judgment preferred a senator's unknown wife to both these, and many other severally commended, because she was no less good and fair, yet was known to few or none:—not unlike to that matron who thought all men's breath did stink as her husband's did. But it is the part of an industrious man to act their affairs in the world though sluggards lie by the fire. Of a man parents challenge a part, friends a part, and the commonwealth a part, and he was judged an unprofitable servant by the most true oracle of God, who hid his talent.

Neither do the verses of the lyrical poet, objected in the third place, any whit move me.

*Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis.*²

Abroad forgetting thine, at home forgot by thine.

And in another place:

*Romæ laudetur Samos et Chios et Rhodos absens.*³

In Samos, Rhodes, and Chios what may please,

Let us at Rome commend sitting at ease.

O poor, effeminate Horace (let his genius pardon me), a very hog of the epicures' herd⁴ and, to use his own words, born to consume corn.⁵ Is any mutual remem-

¹ OVID, *Tristia*, III, iv, 25.

² HORACE, *Epistles*, I, xi, 9.

³ *Ibid.*, I, xi, 21.

⁴ *Ibid.*, I, iv, 16.

⁵ *Ibid.*, I, ii, 27.

brance of kinsmen more pleasing than that which is caused by mention of their virtues? If a man should offer to show thee all the strange miracles of Afric, wouldst thou answer, Go your ways and paint them, which done I will gladly see them; or if one would show thee Paradise and the infinite flowers and fruits thereof, wouldst thou rather snort in a chimney-corner and not shake off the least drowsiness for the very possession of that happy inheritance, but if he would go and paint them, then promise perhaps, and at leisure, to view them? Yet as Socrates for argument's sake was wont to defend the contrary to all disputers, so I rather judge that Horace thus writes in the person of the epicure, after the manner of poets, or for pastime and spending of vacant time, than that it was his own judgment.

There want not some who discourage men from this course by the manifold difficulties and dangers thereof. But as the poet saith:

Per ardua virtus (Virtue climbs craggy rocks)
Nec jacet in molli veneranda scientia lecto.

Venerable science with his gray head
Is never found on a soft feather bed.

Many more there be who tremble at the very thought of dangers of death to which this course of life is subject. Behold Salomon's sluggard who saith: "There is a lion by the way, a lion in the streets."¹ Fearest thou the sea because it swalloweth many? Why fearest thou not a bed, in which more have breathed their last?

But a greater fear distracteth even the minds of the wiser sort, that they see many return from foreign parts corrupted with vices proper to them, according to the Flemings' proverb, that no man was ever made more

¹ *Proverbs*, xxvi, 13.

healthful by a dangerous sickness or came home better from a long voyage. And because it is hard to learn virtues and more hard not to learn vices or to depose them once learned, from hence they say it is that so many home-bred angels return from Italy no better than courtly devils. Surely this is just as if a man should say, I have a ground overgrown with bushes which I fear to root up because nettles or darnel will more easily spring than grass or corn. Fields are made fruitful by tillage, so are men made more wise by knowledge of foreign kingdoms. The Italians say excellently,

Coglier le rose, lasciar le spine.

Sweet roses gathered, make an end,
And leave the prickles that offend.

We must observe virtues for imitation and vices that we may abhor them. Contraries are manifested by contraries; beauty shineth more being set with a deformed foil, and the glory of virtues is more eminent by the object of base vices. Yet that which was said of the Athenians may truly be said of the best wits of all sexes and conditions. If they be good, they are best, if ill, worst. Thus histories witness that women, by nature most witty, have often given extraordinary testimonies of excellent goodness or monstrous badness. Thus Suetonius saith of Cæsar:

*Magnas virtutes magna comitantur vitia.*¹

Greatest virtues of the mind
With like vices are combined.

Thus the English proverb saith, No knave to the learned knave. I confess that steep mountains yield the most violent streams, but it is a point of art to lead these

¹ Probably an adaptation from the *Life of Domitian*, ch. 3.

streams in a fair bed till they fall into the sea. This is the scope of all I say, that by this course the good become best, the bad prove worst. Surely out of the Holy Scripture the atheist gathereth most profane arguments, as the godly reader sucks the eternal food of his soul. Bees and toads draw honey and poison out of the same herb. To conclude, the ill humors of the body, grown predominant, turn the best meats to their nourishment; yet none but a madman for the abuse of that which is of itself good will forbid to read the most holy Scriptures, to gather sweetest flowers, or to eat the best meats. Zwinglius writes of a certain earl who after long absence returning to his home, and no less to his former vices, as a dog to his vomit, and being for the same reprov'd, did answer that his tailor also returned to his occupation. But Cato the younger was of a more virtuous mind, whose regular morality could not be corrupted by wanton Asia but made his familiar friend Curio a false prophet therein.¹ For greater was the virtue of Scipio, who in Spain left a virgin untouched and yet would see her, that he might excel Alexander the Great in the rare emulation of continency, who durst not behold the captive daughters of Darius lest he should be subdued by women who had conquered men.² Live with good men, seek out honest, not licentious houses to lodge in, for the Italians say well,

Dimmi con chi tu vivi, io sapro quel' che tu fai.

Tell me with whom thou dost converse,
And I will soon thy deed rehearse.

Restrain the vices to which thou art naturally most

¹ According to Plutarch (*Life of Cato*, ch. 14), Curio's hope was that Cato's manners would be improved.

² PSEUDO PLUTARCH, *Life of Scipio*.

inclined by forcing thyself to exercise contrary virtues.
For the poet saith truly,

*Animum rege, qui nisi paret, imperat.*¹

Be sure to rule thy mind in all thou dost,
If it obey not, then it rules the roast.

Let the incontinent man restrain his unbridled lust by the remembrance of his chaste mistress at home, which will make him fear the miserable diseases incident to the unchaste, as seamen tremble to strike upon a rock. Let him that is given to excessive drinking of wine, while yet he is sober behold the ridiculous gestures, the dull brain, the shickle memory, the oppressed stomach, with each weakness and deformity of the drunkard; so by one vice's remedy let him learn to cure all the rest. There is no danger to so wary minds either of leasing their own virtues or of learning foreign vices; besides that sweet virtues are of such power as they forcibly draw even negligent men standing least upon their guard to admire, love, and exercise them. Yea, let these strict censurers of manners tell me if they have so cleansed the pump of their own commonwealth as there is less danger of this corruption at home than abroad. Surely many fall into vices abroad, but more at home; many returning from foreign parts after they have abroad satisfied their disordinate appetites by giving youth his swing, as the proverb is, do at home cast off their vices and return to the old bounds of shamefastness which at home they never violated, adding to their old virtues the lustre of foreign ornaments. On the contrary, most men at home, wrapped in the habit of vices, by custom taking away both the shame and sense of sin, never reform their debauched life nor forsake vices till in age or death they be forsaken by them.

¹ HORACE, *Epistles*, I, ii, 62.

But among other vices, dissembling, lying, and jealousy are by popular voice deemed proper to travelers. The first imputation I will refer to the precept of the next chapter, showing how far it is fit for a wise man to dissemble, and the second to the last precept of the same chapter, showing how a traveler should govern his tongue. And in this place by the way I will briefly discuss the reproach of jealousy which the tumultuous flock of women injuriously thrust upon us, just as if they should say that by experience and the industrious search of wisdom we should be endued with vices, not with virtues, or that those who can see far off yet cannot discern that which is before their eyes and feet, or that those who are skilful in politic affairs are ignorant in domestical government, and that those who abhorring litigious suits at law readily make peace with their neighbors, would nourish household dissensions most odious to a wise man, not knowing the terms of love wherewith they are in duty bound to entertain their dearest friends, their sweetest wife.

*Et dulces natos ac pignora chara nepotes.*¹

And children sweet sent from above,
And nephews, dear pledges of love.

But to say truth, most honorable titles of old are by abuse grown most reproachful, as the name of Sophisters by their continual brawlings about moonshine in the water, the name of elenchs by intricate fallacies, the name of tyrants by unlimited cruelties, and the name of jealousy by affecting extremities. As that jealousy is most hateful which grows from malice of nature, from a mind guilty of wickedness, or from conscience of any defects in a man's own body or mind, so the virtue of jealousy, dear not only to travelers but to all wise men,

¹ OVID, *Metam.*, III, 134.

is in my opinion approved of all men that are in their right wits. Our very God is in a good sense said to be jealous. He that hath a jewel of price is not willing to have it snatched out of his hands, much less out of his sight. Reason, like a severe schoolmaster, should overlook all thy own actions, and why should it not have like authority in directing the behavior of those whose honor or shame cannot be divided from thine. And of this judgment (so virtue decline not to the neighbor vice, between which there goes nothing but a pair of shears, as the proverb is) you shall ever find the chastest women desiring an husband virtuously jealous. For others, who had rather not be loved than have their actions observed, leave them to be their husbands' executioners and to the rack of their own consciences, only praying them to take this warning, that their husbands' loves, for which perhaps they little care, begin then to freeze or rather vanish away, when they have once cast away all care of their name, since only virtue combines true love.

But the slanderers of this industry press us more nearly, objecting that vices, ill customs, and very heresies are spread through the world by travelers. Let me ask them how we should have known the divers elevations of the poles, who would have taught us geography, representing painted worlds unto us, how should we have learned all other arts, yea, how should we have discovered new worlds (or rather the unknown regions of the old) had not this industry of travelers been? Yea, to use the most binding and concluding argument, the saving knowledge of the Holy Gospel had been unrevealed to us, had not the apostles excelled in this industry of making the whole world their country to preach the same. When we have thus compared the great and manifest profit of traveling with the light and doubtful

inconveniences objected against it, we must confess that they who discourage the affecters of these great rewards by such small dangers are not unlike the sophisters who persuade that blindness, deafness, and the privations of other senses are not to be numbered among evils because we see many displeasing things, often hear that which offendeth the ears, and for one good smell draw in twenty ill savors. For my part, let them dispute never so subtly, though they convince me, yet shall they never persuade me to pull out my eyes, stop my ears, or cut off my nose, nor yet to prefer sloth to an active life.

But we must give ear to parents, friends, and as well private as public commonwealths-men, who not unjustly seem to fear lest young men by this course should be perverted from true religion, and by this fear dissuade passing into foreign parts as the chief cause of this mischief. Surely if the vessel be new that taketh an ill savor, it will stick much faster thereunto, but I have already professed that I would have a traveler of ripe years, having first laid good ground of all arts, and most especially of religion. Let me speak of myself. When I beheld the mimical gestures and ceremonial show of holiness of the Roman priests (under shadow whereof they abuse the superstition of laymen with unspeakable arts to their own ambition and covetousness), and on the contrary observed their corrupt manners, I was so far from being seduced by them as I could not refrain from laughter and wondered, as Cicero speaks of sooth-sayers, that one priest did not laugh when he saw another his fellow-priest.¹ If you meet a fair-painted face, the more near and narrowly you behold it, the less it pleaseth, but if the beauty be true, then there is danger lest you or your son swallow the bait. Search corrupted

¹ *De Divinatione*, II, 24, 51.

wares narrowly and they will stink at thy nose, which farther off seem to be odoriferous. Such is the painting of the papists. The English and those of the reformed church, who esteem their arguments as spears of bulrushes, permit their books to be read in our universities, but they, perhaps guilty of errors, will in no sort give liberty to read our books. We appeal to all that are skilful in languages for the truth of our translations, they by statute of the Jesuits' College admit no young scholar to study languages till he have taken an oath that he will use that skill to the defense of the Roman translations with tooth and nail, wherein if they offend their consciences, they have the Pope's power of dispensation on their side. Therefore let the papists fear to give their followers leave to hear us in our schools or churches lest they be chained with the force of truth. And let us securely permit our men to pass into the heart of Italy, so they be first of ripe years and well instructed. Upon my word, they run no other danger than the escaping the snares of the Inquisition, of which discretion I shall speak at large in the four and twentieth precept of dissimulation, in the next chapter. If any man object that some of our young scholars have passed into their seminaries beyond the seas, let him consider that they were not seduced abroad, but first infected at home in their parents' houses and our universities, which mischief parents and magistrates ought to prevent by keeping the suspected at home. For the rest there is no danger.

But behold, when I thought to have finished my task, carpers consumed with envy, who bark at travelers as dogs at the moon, and thinking to gain reputation by other men's disgrace, they are not ashamed to say that vagabond Cain was the first traveler. Old writers, I

confess, sometimes use the word of peregrination for banishment; but God be praised, here is no question made of banished or cursed men driven out from the sight of God. They which spend the greater part of their years in foreign places, as it were in voluntary banishment, may more justly be compared to Cain, and are not unlike to rude stage-players who to the offense of the beholders spend more time in putting on their apparel than in acting their comedy (for life is compared to a stage, and our parents and kinsmen, expecting our proof, to the beholders). Therefore it is fit to restrain this course within due limits, to which the Romans, as Suetonius writes, prescribed, perhaps too strictly, three years.¹

In the last place, they that detract from travelers to the end they may choke us with our own disdain if not with arguments, send out their spies in the last skirmish to cast this dart at us. After so many dangers and troubles, how many of you after your return are preferred in the commonwealth? To what purpose do you tire yourselves in attaining so many virtues? Is it to exercise them leaning on a plowman's or shepherd's staff? I should enter a most spacious field of common grief if I should search the causes why in our age great part of the counsellors of states and peers of realms rather desire to have dull and slothful companions than those that are wise and ambitious, and so in like sort, rather base and expert ready servants than those that are free and learned. Knowledge puffeth up, and I remember of late a learned physician, who being sent for by a great lord, and he being offended at his long stay, freely and boldly answered that knowledge could not dance attendance. Hence is our calamity, to omit the more

¹ *Julius*, 42, 1.

curious search of this evil whose first encounter astonisheth me, though I am not ignorant of the cause. But let him that cast this dart tell me whether this ill be not common to all men of virtue, and if it be so, he must at least confess with the poet,

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

Partners in grief do solace give.

And let all rare men in any kind of virtue when they are despised or neglected, comfort themselves with this philosophical precept of Arisototle, that virtue is desired for itself, not for anything else. So I say the fruit of travel is travel itself.

Having thus retorted our enemies' weapons upon their own breasts, because the common sort is more moved with examples than arguments, it remains that in the last place I should adorn the triumph of this virtuous industry with some few and special examples. Many have been found who have passed into remote parts of the world only to gain health; far greater is the number of them, who as the poet saith,

Pauperiem fugiunt ultra Garamantas et Indos

Who further run to shun base poverty
Than Garaments and Indians do lie.

And greatest is the number of them, who following the standard of ambition, have pierced to the very gates of hell with sound of drums and trumpets. To conclude, as diligent merchants gather precious wares into one storehouse, so philosophers have from the first ages of the world passed by flocks into foreign parts to gain knowledge, as the Egyptians into Chaldea, the Greeks into Egypt, and the Romans into Greece. Pythagoras walked far and near, not only to learn but also in divers

places to get disciples whom he might teach; for the poet saith well,

*Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.*¹

To know availeth thee no whit,
If no man know thou knowest it.

To be brief, if we will credit old monuments, which I confess to suspect, he came in person and sowed the precepts of philosophy even among the Britons divided from all the world. Plato hath written somewhat too severely against travelers, perhaps like Alexander the Great, who was angry with his master Aristotle because he had published the *ακροαματικά* which he had read unto him, thereby leaving him nothing wherein he might excel others; ² so Plato, having gotten the name of divine by his very travels, would forbid or limit the same to others that he might shine among the philosophers.

Velut inter stellas Luna minores.

As the bright moon among the lesser stars.

It is most certain that he was not only industrious but even curious in this course, so as he sailed into Sicily, the entrance of which island was upon pain of death forbidden to strangers, only that he might see the burning of the mountain Etna. Apelles by drawing of a most subtle line at Rhodes was made known to Protopogenes.³ Homer, being blind, yet ceased not to travel. In our age, they which are renowned at home for any art are not content therewith except they may pass into foreign courts to make known their skill. The most ancient lawgivers got the experience by which they had

¹ PERSIUS, *Satires*, I, 27.

² PLUTARCH, *Life of Alexander*, ch. 7.

³ ERASMUS, *Apothegms* (Leyden, 1547), p. 708.

rule in their cities not by secure study at home but by adventurous travels abroad, as the poet saith,

*Ingenium mala saepe movent.*¹

Adversities do often whet our wits.

Moses, Orpheus, Draco, Solon, Minos, Rhadamanthus, Lycurgus, and almost all the consuls of Rome, themselves had been in foreign parts and granted ample privileges to strangers. Among physicians we read that Aesculapius and Hippocrates traveled and that Galen was at Smyrna, Corinth, Alexandria, in Palestine, at Lemnos, Cyprus, and at Rome; and Avicenna boasteth that he had passed through the whole world. I know that many in our universities become learned physicians, but no doubt they would have been more learned if they had passed into foreign parts. One land yieldeth not all things. A man shall hardly learn at home the divers natures of herbs and other things, or the divers dispositions of one and the same body according to the difference of the clime, air, and diet. This the Spaniard wittily observed, who having got the French pox, sailed into America and did there learn the cure of that disease from those who first infected the Spaniards therewith. We praise physicians especially for experience, as lawyers for diligence, desiring to have an old physician and a young lawyer, to give us counsel and follow our business, but experience is of several things dispersed through the universal world. It is written that of old the Egyptians had several physicians for each several disease: who would not have returned more learned from their lectures? Also they laid up approved remedies of diseases in the temple of Isis and Vulcan. What scholar then returning from Egypt should not have gained great reputation to his skill? And we know that opinion many

¹ OVID, *Ars Amatoria*, II, 43.

times availeth with the sick even more than the medicine. In this sort ambitious men of old, by the only opinion of their experience by seeing the world, did obtain it to be numbered among the gods. Jupiter of Creta in Italy, Bacchus in the furthest East, Hercules in the remote parts of Afric toward the West, planted monuments of their travels. The voyage of the Argonauts, the wanderings of Ulysses and Aeneas, are sung by all ballad-sellers. Alexander the Great passed the monument of Bacchus in the East. It were infinite only to name the Roman emperors who excelled in this industry; for as the wise man said that he was a citizen of the world, so the Romans, by giving remote princes the privilege to be citizens of Rome and by sending Roman citizens in colonies to inhabit remote places, used the whole world for a city, neither did they ever admit any to the highest dignities in the city of Rome nor yet to the inferior magistrates thereof who had not first borne rule or office in some remote province. One Julius Cæsar came, saw, and overcame with his army among the Cimbrians, Germans, Spaniards, Britons, Grecians, Africans, and those of Asia. The very western emperors of later times have been inflamed with the same desire. Charles the Great made happy war beyond the Pyrenean mountains against the Saracens, beyond the Alps against the Lombards, and in Germany against the Saxons. Who hath not heard of the European princes like so many floods carrying armies into the east? To omit all others, for I desire to be brief, Charles the Fifth, inferior to none of his predecessors and emulous of Hercules himself, passed his pillars at the furthest strait of the Mediterranean Sea and added to his arms the mot of Hercules, *Non plus ultra, No farther beyond this*,—only leaving out the first word *non*, because he had passed the limits of Hercules, as Alexander the Great had done

those of Bacchus. Whereby notwithstanding some think that he did rather blemish than increase the fame of his travels, since that part of Afric was so near adjoining to his kingdoms of Spain; but in the meantime they forget that he was born at Gaunt in Flanders.

Methinks I have said enough and too much in so clear a cause, therefore I will only add some choice examples of the Holy Scriptures and so conclude. Abraham left his country at God's command and went to the Land of Promise, called also the Land of the Pilgrimage; Jacob served for his wives in Mesopotamia and in his old age passed into Egypt. The Israelites were brought by large circuit from the servitude of Egypt into the Land of Promise, that the protection of God might by adversity be more imprinted on their minds and they be more stirred up to keep the laws of so gracious a God. The example of a woman, the Queen of Sheba, is famous, who came to Jerusalem to be an eye and ear witness of Solomon's wisdom. To be brief, Christ himself lived in the flesh as a pilgrim, choosing no set place of abode. When he was in the cradle three wise men came from the east to worship him, and himself, being an infant, was carried into Egypt to shun Herod's tyranny. He commanded his apostles to preach the gospel throughout the world. Among the Fathers, Saint Augustine wished to have seen three things, Christ in the flesh, Paul in the pulpit, and Rome in the flower. In our age the Turks and papists so madly affect pilgrimages as they superstitiously think the same available to the salvation of their souls, with which extreme, lest I should seem to know no mean, I will conclude these examples.

For my part, I think variety to be the most pleasing thing in the world, and the best life to be neither contemplative alone nor active altogether, but mixed of both. God would have made eternal spring had he not

known that the divers seasons would be not only most profitable to the works of nature, but also most pleasant to his creatures, while the cold winter makes the temperate spring more wished. Such is the delight of visiting foreign countries, charming all our senses with most sweet variety. They seem to be most unhappy and no better than prisoners who from the cradle to old age still behold the same walls, faces, orchards, pastures, and objects of the eye, and still hear the same voices and sounds beat in their ears. Not the song of the cuckoo, nor the craking of the crows, nor the howling of wolves, nor the bellowing of oxen, nor the bleying of sheep, no, nor the sweet voices of larks and nightingales if they be shut up in a cage, do so much please us at home as the variety of all, composed of divers tunes, delights us in the fields abroad. In like sort, it is manifest that all the other senses are not so much pleased with anything as variety. They are in some measure happy who, having but one house, yet have change of chambers to remove as the season of the year changeth, but I judge lawyers and officers more happy who have their terms to live in the city and their vacations to return into the country, so often, as it were, renewing their marriage days. And of all I judge the nomads most happy (the comparison holding in other things) who live in tents, and so by removing not only escape the heat of summer, the cold of winter, the want of pastures, all diseases, and all unpleasing things, but at their pleasure enjoy all commodities of all places.

Let us imitate the storks, swallows, and cranes, which like the nomads yearly fetch their circuits and follow the sun without suffering any distemper of the seasons. The fixed stars have not such power over inferior bodies as the wandering planets. Running water is sweet, but standing pools stink. Take away idleness, and the bait

of all vice is taken away. Men were created to move as birds to fly; what they learn by nature, that reason joined to nature teacheth us. Nothing can be added to the worthy praises of him, as the poet saith,

*Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.*¹

Who many men's manners hath seen,
And hath in many cities been.

In one word, I will say what can be said upon this subject. Every soil is to a valiant man his own country, as the sea to the fishes. We are citizens of the whole world, yea, not of this world, but of that to come. All our life is a pilgrimage. God for his only begotten Son's sake, the true Mercury of travelers, bring us that are here strangers safely into our true country.

¹ *Odyssey*, I, 3.

NICHOLAS BRETON

[THE ENGLISH MONTHS] *(various exercises in composition - compound sentences)*
(From *Fantastics*)

January

It is now January, and time begins to turn the wheel of his revolution. The woods begin to lose the beauty of their spreading boughs, and the proud oak must stoop to the axe. The squirrel now surveyeth the nut and the maple, and the hedgehog rolls up himself like a football. An apple and a nutmeg make a gossip's cup, and the ale and the faggot are the victualler's merchandise. The northern black dust is the during fuel, and the fruit of the grape heats the stomach of the aged. Down beds and quilted caps are now in the pride of their service, and the cook and the pantler are men of no mean office. The ox and the fat wether now furnish the market, and the coney is so ferreted that she cannot keep in her burrow. The currier¹ and the lime-rod are the death of the fowl, and the falcon's bells ring the death of the mallard. The trotting gelding makes a way through the mire, and the hare and the hound put the huntsman to his horn. The barren doe subscribes to the dish, and the smallest seed makes sauce to the greatest flesh. The dried grass is the horse's ordinary, and the meal of the beans makes him go through with his travel. Fishermen now have a cold trade and travelers a foul journey. The cook room now is not the worst place in the ship,

¹ A light used in catching birds.

and the shepherd hath a bleak seat on the mountain. The blackbird leaveth not a berry on the thorn, and the garden earth is turned up for her roots. The water floods run over the proud banks, and the gaping oyster leaves his shell in the streets, while the proud peacock leaps into the pie. Muscovia commodities are now much in request, and the water spaniel is a necessary servant. The load-horse to the mill hath his full back-burden, and the thresher in the barn tries the strength of his flail. The woodcock and the pheasant pay their lives for their feed, and the hare after a course makes his hearse in a pie. The shoulder of a hog is a shoeing-horn to good drink, and a cold alms makes a beggar shrug. To conclude, I hold it a time of little comfort, the rich man's charge and the poor man's misery. Farewell.

February

It is now February, and the sun is gotten up a cockstride of his climbing. The valleys now are painted white, and the brooks are full of water. The frog goes to seek out the paddock, and the crow and the rook begin to mislike their old makes. Forward coneyes begin now to kindle, and the fat grounds are not without lambs. The gardener falls to sorting of his seeds, and the husbandman falls afresh to scouring of his ploughshare. The term-travelers make the shoemaker's harvest, and the chandler's cheese makes the chalk walk apace. The fishmonger sorts his ware against Lent, and a lamb-skin is good for a lame arm. The waters now alter the nature of their softness, and the soft earth is made stony hard. The air is sharp and piercing, and the winds blow cold. The taverns and the inns seldom lack guests, and the ostler knows how to gain by his hay. The hunting horse is at the heels of the hound, while the ambling nag carrieth the physician and his footcloth. The blood of

youth begins to spring, and the honor of art is gotten by exercise. The trees a little begin to bud, and the sap begins to rise up out of the root. Physic now hath work among weak bodies, and the apothecary's drugs are very gainful. There is hope of a better time not far off, for this in itself is little comfortable. And for the small pleasure that I find in it, I will thus briefly conclude of it: it is the poor man's pick-purse and the miser's cut-throat, the enemy to pleasure and the time of patience. Farewell.

March

It is now March, and the northern wind drieth up the southern dirt. The tender lips are now masked for fear of chapping, and the fair hands must not be ungloved. Now riseth the sun a pretty step to his fair height, and Saint Valentine calls the birds together where nature is pleased in the variety of love. The fishes and frogs fall to their manner of generation, and the adder dies to bring forth her young. The air is sharp, but the sun is comfortable and the hay begins to lengthen. The forward gardens give the fine sallets, and a nosegay of violets is a present for a lady. Now beginneth nature, as it were, to wake out of her sleep and send the traveler to survey the walks of the world. The sucking rabbit is good for weak stomachs, and the diet for the rheum doth many a great cure. The farrier now is the horse's physician, and the fat dog feeds the falcon in the mew. The tree begins to bud and the grass to peep abroad, while the thrush with the blackbird make a charm in the young springs. The milkmaid with her best-beloved talk away weariness to the market, and in an honest meaning kind words do no hurt. The football now trieth the legs of strength, and merry matches continue good-fellowship. It is a time of much work

and tedious to discourse of, but in all I find of it, I thus conclude in it: I hold it the servant of nature and the schoolmaster of art, the hope of labor and the subject of reason. Farewell.

April

It is now April, and the nightingale begins to tune her throat against May. The sunny showers perfume the air and the bees begin to go abroad for honey. The dew, as in pearls, hangs upon the tops of the grass, while the turtles sit billing upon the little green boughs. The trout begins to play in the brooks, and the salmon leaves the sea to play in the fresh waters. The garden-banks are full of gay flowers, and the thorn and the plum send forth their fair blossoms. The March colt begins to play, and the cosset lamb is learned to butt. The poets now make their studies in the woods, and the youth of the country make ready for the morris-dance. The little fishes lie nibbling at a bait, and the porpoise plays in the pride of the tide. The shepherd's pipe entertains the Princess of Arcadia, and the healthful soldier hath a pleasant march. The lark and the lamb look up at the sun, and the laborer is abroad by the dawning of the day. Sheep's eyes in lambs' heads tell kind hearts strange tales, while faith and troth make the true lover's knot. The aged hairs find a fresh life, and the youthful cheeks are as red as a cherry. It were a world to set down the worth of this month, but in sum, I thus conclude: I hold it the heaven's blessing and the earth's comfort. Farewell.

May

It is now May, and the sweetness of the air refresheth every spirit. The sunny beams bring forth fair blossoms, and the dripping clouds water Flora's great garden.

The male deer puts out the velvet head, and the pagged doe is near her fawning. The sparhawk now is drawn out of the mew, and the fowler makes ready his whistle for the quail. The lark sets the morning watch, and the evening the nightingale. The barges, like bowers, keep the streams of the sweet rivers, and the mackerel with the shad are taken prisoners in the sea. The tall young oak is cut down for the maypole. The scythe and the sickle are the mower's furniture, and fair weather makes the laborer merry. The physician now prescribes the cold whey, and the apothecary gathers the dew for a medicine. Butter and sage make the wholesome breakfast, but fresh cheese and cream are meat for a dainty mouth, and the strawberry and the peasecod want no price in the market. The chicken and the duck are fattened for the market, and many a goslin never lives to be a goose. It is the month wherein nature hath her full of mirth and the senses are filled with delights. I conclude, it is from the heavens a grace and to the earth a gladness. Farewell.

June

It is now June, and the haymakers are mustered to make an army for the field where, not always in order, they march under the bag and the bottle, when betwixt the fork and the rake there is seen great force of arms. Now doth the broad oak comfort the weary laborer while under his shady boughs he sits singing to his bread and cheese. The hay-cock is the poor man's lodging, and the fresh river is his gracious neighbor. Now the falcon and the tassel try their wings at the partridge, and the fat buck fills the great pasty. The trees are all in their rich array, but the seely sheep is turned out of his coat. The roses and sweet herbs put the distiller to his cunning, while the green apples on the tree are ready for

the great-bellied wives. Now begins the hare to gather up her heels, and the fox looks about him for fear of the hound. The hook and the sickle are making ready for harvest. The meadow grounds gape for rain, and the corn in the ear begins to harden. The little lads make pipes of the straw, and they that cannot dance will yet be hopping. The air now groweth somewhat warm, and the cool winds are very comfortable. The sailor now makes merry passage, and the nible footman runs with pleasure. In brief, I thus conclude: I hold it a sweet season, the senses' perfume and the spirit's comfort. Farewell.

July

It is now July and the sun is gotten up to his height, whose heat parcheth the earth and burns up the grass on the mountains. Now begins the cannon of heaven to rattle, and when the fire is put to the charge, it breaketh out among the clouds. The stones of congealed water cut off the ears of the corn, and the black storms affright the faint-hearted. The stag and the buck are now in pride of their time, and the hardness of their heads makes them fit for the horner. Now hath the sparrowhawk the partridge in the foot, and the ferret doth tickle the cony in the burrow. Now doth the farmer make ready his team, and the carter with his whip hath no small pride in his whistle. Now do the reapers try their backs and their arms, and the lusty youths pitch the sheaves into the cart. The old partridge calls her covey in the morning, and in the evening the shepherd falls to folding of his flock. The sparrows make a charm upon the green bushes till the fowler come and takes them by the dozens. The smelt now begins to be in season, and the lamprey out of the river leaps into a pie. The soldier now hath a hot march, and the lawyer sweats in

his lined gown. The peddler now makes a long walk, and the aqua-vitæ bottle sets his face on a fiery heat. In sum, I thus conclude of it: I hold it a profitable season, the laborer's gain and the rich man's wealth. Farewell.

August

It is now August and the sun is somewhat towards his declination, yet such is his heat as hardeneth the soft clay, dries up the standing ponds, withereth the sappy leaves and scorcheth the skin of the naked. Now begin the gleaners to follow the corn cart, and a little bread to a great deal of drink maketh the traveler's dinner. The melon and the cucumber is now in request, and oil and vinegar give attendance on the sallet herbs. The alehouse is more frequented than the tavern, and a fresh river is more comfortable than a fiery furnace. The bath is now much visited by diseased bodies, and in the fair rivers swimming is a sweet exercise. The bow and the bowl pick many a purse, and the cocks with their heels spurn away many a man's wealth. The pipe and the taber is now lustily set on work, and the lad and the lass will have no lead on their heels. The new wheat makes the gossip's cake, and the bride cup is carried above the heads of the whole parish. The furmenty pot welcomes home the harvest cart, and the garland of flowers crowns the captain of the reapers. Oh, 'tis the merry time, wherein honest neighbors make good cheer and God is glorified in his blessings on the earth. In sum, for that I find, I thus conclude: I hold it the world's welfare and the earth's warming-pan. Farewell.

September

It is now September, and the sun begins to fall much from his height. The meadows are left bare by the

mouths of hungry cattle, and the hogs are turned into the corn-fields. The winds begin to knock the apples' heads together on the trees, and the fallings are gathered to fill the pies for the household. The sailors fall to work to get afore the wind, and if they spy a storm it puts them to prayer. The soldier now begins to shrug at the weather, and the camp dissolved, the companies are put to garrison. The lawyer now begins his harvest, and the client pays for words by weight. The inns now begin to provide for guests, and the night-eaters in the stable pinch the traveler in his bed. Paper, pen and ink are much in request, and the quarter-sessions take order with the way-layers. Coals and wood make toward the chimney, and ale and sack are in account with good fellows. The butcher now knocks down the great beeves, and the poulter's feathers make toward the upholster. Walplet oysters are the fishwives' wealth, and pippins fine are the costermonger's rich merchandise. The flail and the fan fall to work in the barn, and the corn market is full of the bakers. The porkets now are driven to the woods, and the home-fed pigs make pork for the market. In brief, I thus conclude of it: I hold it the winter's forewarning and the summer's farewell.

October

It is now October, and the lofty winds make bare the trees of their leaves, while the hogs in the woods grow fat with the fallen acorns. The forward deer begin to go to rut, and the barren doe groweth good meat. The basket makers now gather their rods, and the fishers lay their leaps in the deep. The load-horses go apace to the mill, and the meal-market is seldom without people. The hare on the hill makes the greyhounds a fair course, and the fox in the woods calls

the hounds to a full cry. The multitude of people raise the price of wares, and the smooth tongue will sell much. The sailor now bestirreth his stumps, while the merchant liveth in fear of the weather. The great feasts are now at hand for the city, but the poor must not beg for fear of the stocks. A fire and a pair of cards keep the guests in the ordinary, and tobacco is held very precious for the rheum. The coaches now begin to rattle in the streets, but the cry of the poor is unpleasing to the rich. Muffs and cuffs are now in request, and the shuttlecock with the battledore is a pretty house exercise. Tennis and balloon are sports of some charge, and a quick bandy is the court-keeper's commodity. Dancing and fencing are now in some use, and kind hearts and true lovers lie close to keep off cold. The titmouse now keeps in the hollow tree, and the blackbird sits close in the bottom of a hedge. In brief, for the little pleasure I find in it, I thus conclude of it: I hold it a messenger of ill news and a second service to a cold dinner. Farewell.

November

It is now November, and according to the old proverb,

Let the thresher take his flail,
And the ship no more sail,

for the high winds and the rough seas will try the ribs of the ship and the hearts of the sailors. Now come the country people all wet to the market, and the toiling carriers are pitifully moiled. The young hern and the shoulerd¹ are now fat for the great feast, and the woodcocks begin to make toward the cockshoot. The warreners now begin to pile the harvest, and the butcher after a good bargain drinks a health to the grazier.

¹ The shoveler, a fresh-water duck.

The cook and the comfit-maker make ready for Christmas, and the minstrels in the country beat their boys for false fingering. Scholars before breakfast have a cold stomach to their books, and a master without art is fit for an A B C. A red herring and a cup of sack make war in a weak stomach, and the poor man's fast is better than the glutton's surfeit. Trenchers and dishes are now necessary servants, and a lock to the cupboard keeps a bit for a need. Now begins the goshawk to weed the wood of the pheasant, and the mallard loves not to hear the bells of the falcon. The winds now are cold and the air chill, and the poor die through want of charity. Butter and cheese begin to raise their prices, and kitchen stuff is a commodity that every man is not acquainted with. In sum, with a conceit of the chilling cold of it, I thus conclude in it: I hold it the discomfort of nature and reason's patience. Farewell.

December

It is now December, and he that walks the streets shall find dirt on his shoes, except he go all in boots. Now doth the lawyer make an end of his harvest and the client of his purse. Now capons and hens, beside turkeys, geese and ducks, besides beef and mutton, must all die for the great feast, for in twelve days a multitude of people will not be fed with a little. Now plums and spice, sugar and honey, square it among pies and broth, and Gossip I drink to you, and you are welcome, and I thank you, and how do you, and I pray you be merry. Now are the tailors and tiremakers full of work against the holidays, and music now must be in tune or else never. The youth must dance and sing and the aged sit by the fire. It is the law of nature and no contradiction in reason. The ass that hath

borne all the year must now take a little rest, and the lean ox must feed till he be fat. The footman shall now have many a foul step, and the ostler shall have work enough about the heels of the horses, while the tapster, if he take not heed, will lie drunk in the cellar. The prices of meat will rise apace, and the apparel of the proud will make the tailor rich. Dice and cards will benefit the butler, and if the cook do not lack wit he will sweetly lick his fingers. Starchers and launderers will have their hands full of work, and periwigs and paintings will not be a little set by.

Strange stuffs will be well sold,
• Strange tales well told,
Strange sights much sought,
Strange things much bought,
And what else as falls out.

To conclude, I hold it the costly purveyor of excess and the after-breeder of necessity, the practice of folly and the purgatory of reason. Farewell.

Unpublished

JOSEPH HALL

OF THE PRESUMPTUOUS

PRESUMPTION is nothing but hope out of his wits, an high house upon weak pillars. The presumptuous man loves to attempt great things, only because they are hard and rare. His actions are bold and venturous, and more full of hazard than use. He hoisteth sail in a tempest, and saith never any of his ancestors were drowned. He goes into an infected house, and says the plague dares not seize on noble blood. He runs on high battlements, gallops down steep hills, rides over narrow bridges, walks on weak ice, and never thinks, What if I fall? but, What if I run over and fall not? He is a confident alchymist, and braggeth that the womb of his furnace hath conceived a burden that will do all the world good; which yet he desires secretly borne, for fear of his own bondage. In the meantime his glass breaks, yet he upon better luting lays wagers of the success, and promiseth wedges beforehand to his friend. He saith, I will sin, and be sorry, and escape; either God will not see, or not be angry, or not punish it, or remit the measure. If I do well, He is just to reward; if ill, He is merciful to forgive. Thus his praises wrong God no less than his offense, and hurt himself no less than they wrong God. Any pattern is enough to encourage him. Show him the way where any foot hath trod, he dare follow, although he see no steps returning; what if a thousand have attempted and miscarried, if but one have pre-

vailed it sufficeth. He suggests to himself false hopes of never too late, as if he could command either time or repentance, and dare defer the expectation of mercy, till betwixt the bridge and the water. Give him but where to set his foot, and he will remove the earth. He foreknows the mutations of states, the events of war, the temper of the seasons; either his old prophecy tells it him, or his stars. Yea, he is no stranger to the records of God's secret counsel, but he turns them over, and copies them out at pleasure. I know not whether in all his enterprises he show less fear or wisdom; no man promises himself more, no man more believes himself. I will go and sell, and return and purchase, and spend and leave my sons such estates: all which, if it succeed, he thanks himself; if not, he blames not himself. His purposes are measured, not by his ability, but his will; and his actions by his purposes. Lastly, he is ever credulous in assent, rash in undertaking, peremptory in resolving, witless in proceeding, and in his ending miserable, which is never other than either the laughter of the wise or the pity of fools.

OF THE DISTRUSTFUL

THE distrustful man hath his heart in his eyes or in his hand; nothing is sure to him but what he sees, what he handles. He is either very simple or very false, and therefore believes not others, because he knows how little himself is worthy of belief. In spiritual things, either God must leave a pawn with him or seek some other creditor. All absent things and unusual have no other but a conditional entertainment; they are strange, if true. If he see two neighbors whisper in his presence, he bids them speak out, and charges them to say no more than they can justify.

When he hath committed a message to his servant, he sends a second after him to listen how it is delivered. He is his own secretary, and of his own counsel for what he hath, for what he purposeth. And when he tells over his bags, looks through the keyhole to see if he have any hidden witness, and asks aloud, Who is there? when no man hears him. He borrows money when he need not, for fear lest others should borrow of him. He is ever timorous and cowardly, and asks every man's errand at the door ere he opens. After his first sleep he starts up and asks if the furthest gate were barred, and out of a fearful sweat calls up his servant and bolts the door after him, and then studies whether it were better to lie still and believe, or rise and see. Neither is his heart fuller of fears than his head of strange projects and far-fetched constructions. What means the state, think you, in such an action, and whither tends this course? Learn of me if you know not; the ways of deep policies are secret, and full of unknown windings; that is their act, this will be their issue: so casting beyond the moon, he makes wise and just proceedings suspected. In all his predictions and imaginations he ever lights upon the worst; not what is most likely will fall out, but what is most ill. There is nothing that he takes not with the left hand; no text which his gloss corrupts not. Words, oaths, parchments, seals, are but broken reeds; these shall never deceive him, he loves no payments but real. If but one in an age have miscarried by a rare casualty, he misdoubts the same event. If but a tile fallen from an high roof have brained a passenger, or the breaking of a coach-wheel have endangered the burden, he swears he will keep at home, or take him to his horse. He dares not come to church for fear of the crowd, nor spare the Sabbath's labor for fear of want, nor come near

the Parliament house, because it should have been blown up. What might have been affects him as much as what will be. Argue, vow, protest, swear, he hears thee, and believes himself. He is a sceptic, and dare hardly give credit to his senses, which he hath often arraigned of false intelligence. He so lives, as if he thought all the world were thieves, and were not sure whether himself were one. He is uncharitable in his censures, unquiet in his fears, bad enough always, but in his own opinion much worse than he is.

Developing a hunter or beside a
month (15.) in style of these up.
society.

California has no weather; it is all
climate.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY

AN AMORIST

Is a man blasted or planet-strooken, and is the dog that leads blind Cupid; when he is at the best his fashion exceeds the worth of his weight. He is never without verses and musk confects, and sighs to the hazard of his buttons. His eyes are all white, either to wear the livery of his mistress' complexion or to keep Cupid from hitting the black. He fights with passion, and loseth much of his blood by his weapon; dreams, thence his paleness. His arms are carelessly used, as if their best use was nothing but embracements. He is untrussed, unbuttoned, and ungartered, not out of carelessness, but care; his farthest end being but going to bed. Sometimes he wraps his petition in neatness, but he goeth not alone; for then he makes some other quality moralize his affection, and his trimness is the grace of that grace. Her favor lifts him up as the sun moisture; when he disfavors, unable to hold that happiness, it falls down in tears. His fingers are his orators, and he expresseth much of himself upon some instrument. He answers not, or not to the purpose, and no marvel, for he is not at home. He scotcheth time with dancing with his mistress, taking up of her glove, and wearing her feather; he is confined to her color, and dares not pass out of the circuit of her memory. His imagination is a fool, and it goeth in a pied coat of red and white. Shortly, he is translated out of a man into folly; his imagination is the glass of lust, and himself the traitor to his own discretion.

AN AFFECTED TRAVELLER

Is a speaking fashion; he hath taken pains to be ridiculous, and hath seen more than he hath perceived. His attire speaks French or Italian, and his gait cries, Behold me. He censures all things by countenances and shrugs, and speaks his own language with shame and lisping; he will choke rather than confess beer good drink, and his pick-tooth is a main part of his behavior. He chooseth rather to be counted a spy than not a politician, and maintains his reputation by naming great men familiarly. He chooseth rather to tell lies than not wonders, and talks with men singly; his discourse sounds big, but means nothing; and his boy is bound to admire him howsoever. He comes still from great personages, but goes with mean. He takes occasion to show jewels given him in regard of his virtue, that were bought in St. Martin's; and not long after having with a mountebank's method pronounced them worth thousands, impawneth them for a few shillings. Upon festival days he goes to court, and salutes without resaluting; at night in an ordinary he canvasseth the business in hand, and seems as conversant with all intents and plots as if he begot them. His extraordinary account of men is, first to tell them the ends of all matters of consequence, and then to borrow money of them; he offers courtesies to show them, rather than himself, humble. He disdains all things above his reach, and preferreth all countries before his own. He imputeth his want and poverty to the ignorance of the time, not his own unworthiness; and concludes his discourse with half a period, or a word, and leaves the rest to imagination. In a word, his religion is fashion, and both body and soul are governed by fame; he loves most voices above truth.

A WORTHY COMMANDER IN THE WARS

Is one that accounts learning the nourishment of military virtue, and lays that as his first foundation. He never bloodies his sword but in heat of battle, and had rather save one of his own soldiers than kill ten of his enemies. He accounts it an idle, vainglorious, and suspected bounty to be full of good words; his rewarding, therefore, of the deserver arrives so timely, that his liberality can never be said to be gouty-handed. He holds it next his creed that no coward can be an honest man, and dare die in 't. He doth not think his body yields a more spreading shadow after a victory than before; and when he looks upon his enemy's dead body 'tis with a kind of noble heaviness, not insultation. He is so honorably merciful to woman in surprisal, that only that makes him an excellent courtier. He knows the hazard of battles, not the pomp of ceremonies, are soldiers' best theaters, and strives to gain reputation, not by the multitude but by the greatness of his actions. He is the first in giving the charge and the last in retiring his foot. Equal toil he endures with the common soldier; from his example they all take fire, as one torch lights many. He understands in war there is no mean to err twice, the first and least fault being sufficient to ruin an army: faults, therefore, he pardons none; they that are presidents of disorder or mutiny repair it by being examples of his justice. Besiege him never so strictly, so long as the air is not cut from him, his heart faints not. He hath learned as well to make use of a victory as to get it, and pursuing his enemies like a whirlwind, carries all afore him; being assured if ever a man will benefit himself upon his foe, then is the time when they have lost force, wisdom, courage, and reputation. The goodness of his

cause is then special motive to his valor; never is he known to slight the weakest enemy that comes armed against him in the band of justice. Hasty and overmuch heat he accounts the stepdame to all great actions that will not suffer them to thrive; if he cannot overcome his enemy by force, he does it by time. If ever he shakes hands with war, he can die more calmly than most courtiers, for his continual dangers have been, as it were, so many meditations of death. He thinks not out of his own calling when he accounts life a continual warfare, and his prayers then best become him when armed *cap-a-pie*. He utters them like the great Hebrew general, on horseback. He casts a smiling contempt upon calumny; it meets him as if glass should encounter adamant. He thinks war is never to be given o'er, but on one of these three conditions: an assured peace, absolute victory, or an honest death. Lastly, when peace folds him up, his silver head should lean near the golden sceptre and die in his prince's bosom.

AN EXCELLENT ACTOR

WHATSOEVER is commendable to the grave orator is most exquisitely perfect in him, for by a full and significant action of body he charms our attention. Sit in a full theater and you will think you see so many lines drawn from the circumference of so many ears, while the actor is the center. He doth not strive to make nature monstrous; she is often seen in the same scene with him, but neither on stilts nor crutches; and for his voice, 'tis not lower than the prompter, nor louder than the foil or target. By his action he fortifies moral precepts with examples, for what we see him personate we think truly done before us: a man of a deep thought might apprehend the ghost of our ancient

heroes walked again, and take him at several times for many of them. He is much affected to painting, and 'tis a question whether that make him an excellent player, or his playing an exquisite painter. He adds grace to the poet's labors, for what in the poet is but ditty, in him is both ditty and music. He entertains us in the best leisure of our life—that is, between meals, the most unfit time either for study or bodily exercise. The flight of hawks and chase of wild beasts, either of them are delights noble; but some think this sport of men the worthier, despite all calumny. All men have been of his occupation; and indeed, what he doth feignedly, that do others essentially. This day one plays a monarch, the next a private person; here one acts a tyrant, on the morrow an exile; a parasite this man tonight, tomorrow a precisian; and so of divers others. I observe, of all men living, a worthy actor in one kind is the strongest motive of affection that can be; for, when he dies, we cannot be persuaded any man can do his parts like him. But, to conclude, I value a worthy actor by the corruption of some few of the quality as I would do gold in the ore—I should not mind the dross, but the purity of the metal.

JOHN EARLE

A DOWN-RIGHT SCHOLAR

Is one that has much learning in the ore, unwrought and untried, which time and experience fashions and refines. He is good metal in the inside, though rough and unscoured without, and therefore hated of the courtier, that is quite contrary. The time has got a vein of making him ridiculous, and men laugh at him by tradition, and no unlucky absurdity but is put upon his profession, and done like a scholar. But his fault is only this, that his mind is somewhat too much taken up with his mind, and his thoughts not loaden with any carriage besides. He has not put on the quaint garb of the age, which is now a man's *imprimis and all the item*.¹ He has not humbled his meditations to the industry of compliment, nor afflicted his brain in an elaborate leg. His body is not set upon nice pins, to be turning and flexible for every motion, but his scrape is homely and his nod worse. He cannot kiss his hand and cry, madam, nor talk idle enough to bear her company. His smacking of a gentlewoman is somewhat too savory, and he mistakes her nose for her lips. A very woodcock would puzzle him in carving, and he wants the logic of a capon. He has not the glib faculty of sliding over a tale, but his words come squeamishly out of his mouth, and the laughter commonly before the jest. He names this word college too often, and his discourse beats too much on the university. The perplexity of

¹ All in all.

mannerliness will not let him feed, and he is sharp set at an argument when he should cut his meat. He is discarded for a gamester at all games but one and thirty, and at tables he reaches not beyond doublets. His fingers are not long and drawn out to handle a fiddle, but his fist clunched with the habit of disputing. He ascends a horse somewhat sinisterly, though not on the left side, and they both go jogging in grief together. He is exceedingly censured by the inns-of-court men for that heinous vice, being out of fashion. He cannot speak to a dog in his own dialect, and understands Greek better than the language of a falconer. He has been used to a dark room, and dark clothes, and his eyes dazzle at a satin suit. The hermitage of his study has made him somewhat uncouth in the world, and men make him worse by staring on him. Thus is he silly and ridiculous, and it continues with him for some quarter of a year out of the university. But practice him a little in men, and brush him over with good company, and he shall out-balance those glisterers, as far as a solid substance does a feather, or gold, gold-lace.

A PLAIN COUNTRY FELLOW

Is one that manures his ground well, but lets himself lie fallow and untilled. He has reason enough to do his business, and not enough to be idle or melancholy. He seems to have the punishment of Nebuchadnezar, for his conversation is among beasts, and his talons none of the shortest, only he eats not grass, because he loves not salads. His hand guides the plough, and the plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land-mark is the very mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks gee,

and ree, better than English. His mind is not much distracted with objects, but if a good fat cow come in his way, he stands dumb and astonished, and though his haste be never so great, will fix here half an hour's contemplation. His habitation is some poor thatched roof, distinguished from his barn by the loop-holes that let out smoke, which the rain had long since washed through, but for the double ceiling of bacon on the inside, which has hung there from his grandsire's time, and is yet to make rashers for posterity. His dinner is his other work, for he sweats at it as much as at his labor; he is a terrible fastener on a piece of beef, and you may hope to stave the guard off sooner. His religion is a part of his copyhold, which he takes from his landlord, and refers it wholly to his discretion: Yet if he give him leave he is a good Christian to his power, (that is), comes to church in his best clothes, and sits there with his neighbors, where he is capable only of two prayers, for rain, and fair weather. He apprehends God's blessings only in a good year, or a fat pasture, and never praises him but on *good ground*. Sunday he esteems a day to make merry in, and thinks a bag-pipe as essential to it as evening-prayer, where he walks very solemnly after service with his hands coupled behind him, and censures the dancing of his parish. His compliment with his neighbor is a good thump on the back, and his salutation commonly some blunt curse. He thinks nothing to be vices, but pride and ill-husbandry, from which he will gravely dissuade the youth, and has some thrifty hob-nail proverbs to clout his discourse. He is a niggard all the week, except only market-day, where, if his corn sell well, he thinks he may be drunk with a good conscience. His feet never stink so unbecomingly as when he trots after a lawyer in Westminster-hall, and even cleaves the ground

with hard scraping in beseeching his worship to take his money. He is sensible of no calamity but the burning a stack of corn or the overflowing of a meadow, and thinks Noah's flood the greatest plague that ever was, not because it drowned the world, but spoiled the grass. For death he is never troubled, and if he get in but his harvest before, let it come when it will, he cares not.

A VULGAR-SPIRITED MAN

Is one of the herd of the world. One that follows merely the common cry, and makes it louder by one. A man that loves none but who are publicly affected, and he will not be wiser than the rest of the town. That never owns a friend after an ill name, or some general imputation, though he knows it most unworthy. That opposes to reason, "thus men say;" and "thus most do;" and "thus the world goes;" and thinks this enough to poise the other. That worships men in place, and those only; and thinks all a great man speaks oracles. Much taken with my lord's jest, and repeats you it all to a syllable. One that justifies nothing out of fashion, nor any opinion out of the applauded way. That thinks certainly all Spaniards and Jesuits very villains, and is still cursing the Pope and Spinola. One that thinks the gravest cassock the best scholar; and the best clothes the finest man. That is taken only with broad and obscene wit, and hisses any thing too deep for him. That cries, Chaucer for his money above all our English poets, because the voice has gone so, and he has read none. That is much ravished with such a nobleman's courtesy, and would venture his life for him, because he put off his hat. One that is foremost still to kiss the king's hand, and cries, "God bless

his majesty!" loudest. That rails on all men condemned and out of favor, and the first that says "away with the traitors!"—yet struck with much ruth at executions, and for pity to see a man die, could kill the hangman. That comes to London to see it, and the pretty things in it, and, the chief cause of his journey, the bears. That measures the happiness of the kingdom by the cheapness of corn, and conceives no harm of state, but ill trading. Within this compass, too, come those that are too much wedged into the world, and have no lifting thoughts above those things; that call to thrive, to do well; and preferment only the grace of God. That aim all studies at this mark, and show you poor scholars as an example to take heed by. That think the prison and want a judgment for some sin, and never like well hereafter of a jail-bird. That know no other content but wealth, bravery, and the town-pleasures; that think all else but idle speculation, and the philosophers madmen. In short, men that are carried away with all outwardnesses, shows, appearances, the stream, the people; for there is no man of worth but has a piece of singularity, and scorns something.

A PLODDING STUDENT

Is a kind of alchemist or persecutor of nature, that would change the dull lead of his brain into finer metal, with success many times as unprosperous, or at least not quitting the cost, to wit, of his own oil and candles. He has a strange forced appetite to learning, and to achieve it brings nothing but patience and a body. His study is not great but continual, and consists much in the sitting up till after midnight in a rug-gown and night-cap, to the vanquishing perhaps of some six lines; yet what he has, he has perfect, for he reads it

so long to understand it, till he gets it without book. He may with much industry make a breach into logic, and arrive at some ability in an argument; but for politer studies he dare not skirmish with them, and for poetry accounts it impregnable. His invention is no more than the finding out of his papers, and his few gleanings there; and his disposition of them is as just as the book-binder's, a setting or gluing of them together. He is a great discomforter of young students, by telling them what travail it has cost him, and how often his brain turned at philosophy, and makes others fear studying as a cause of duncery. He is a man much given to apophthegms, which serve him for wit, and seldom breaks any jest but which belonged to some Lacedemonian or Roman in Lycosthenes. He is like a dull carrier's horse, that will go a whole week together, but never out of a foot pace; and he that sets forth on the Saturday shall overtake him.

PAUL'S WALK

Paul's Cathedral, London *now become a market*

Is the land's epitome, or you may call it the lesser isle of Great Britain. It is more than this, the whole world's map, which you may here discern in its perfectest motion, justling and turning. It is a heap of stones and men, with a vast confusion of languages; and were the steeple not sanctified, nothing liker Babel. The noise in it is like that of bees, a strange humming or buzz mixed of walking tongues and feet: it is a kind of still roar or loud whisper. It is the great exchange of all discourse, and no business whatsoever but is here stirring and a-foot. It is the synod of all pates politic, jointed and laid together in most serious posture, and they are not half so busy at the parliament. It is the antic of tails to tails, and backs to backs, and

for vizards you need go no farther than faces. It is the market of young lecturers, whom you may cheapen here at all rates and sizes. It is the general mint of all famous lies, which are here like the legends of popery, first coined and stamped in the church. All inventions are emptied here, and not few pockets. The best sign of a temple in it is, that it is the thieves' sanctuary, which rob more safely in the crowd than a wilderness, whilst every searcher is a bush to hide them. It is the other expense of the day, after plays, tavern, and a bawdy-house; and men have still some oaths left to swear here. The visitants are all men without exceptions, but the principal inhabitants and possessors are stale knights and captains out of service; men of long rapiers and breeches, which after all turn merchants here and traffic for news. Some make it a preface to their dinner, and travel for a stomach; but thriftier men make it their ordinary, and board here very cheap. Of all such places it is least haunted with hobgoblins, for if a ghost would walk more, he could not.

A PRETENDER TO LEARNING

Is one that would make all others more fools than himself, for though he know nothing, he would not have the world know so much. He conceits nothing in learning but the opinion, which he seeks to purchase without it, though he might with less labor cure his ignorance than hide it. He is indeed a kind of scholar-mountebank, and his art our delusion. He is tricked out in all the accoutrements of learning, and at the first encounter none passes better. He is oftener in his study than at his book, and you cannot pleasure him better than to deprehend him: yet he hears you not till the third knock, and then comes out very angry as

interrupted. You find him in his slippers and a pen in his ear, in which formality he was asleep. His table is spread wide with some classic folio, which is as constant to it as the carpet, and hath laid open in the same page this half year. His candle is always a longer sitter up than himself, and the boast of his window at midnight. He walks much alone in the posture of meditation, and has a book still before his face in the fields. His pocket is seldom without a Greek testament or Hebrew Bible, which he opens only in the church, and that when some stander-by looks over. He has sentences for company, some scatterings of Seneca and Tacitus, which are good upon all occasions. If he reads anything in the morning, it comes up all at dinner; and as long as that lasts, the discourse is his. He is a great plagiary of tavern wit, and comes to sermons only that he may talk of Austin. His parcels are the mere scrapings from company, yet he complains at parting what time he has lost. He is wondrously capricious to seem a judgment, and listens with a sour attention to what he understands not. He talks much of Scaliger, and Casaubon, and the Jesuits, and prefers some unheard of Dutch names before them all. He has verses to bring in upon these and these hints, and it shall go hard but he will wind in his opportunity. He is critical in a language he cannot construe, and speaks seldom under Arminius in divinity. His business and retirement and caller away is his study, and he protests no delight to it comparable. He is a great nomenclator of authors, which he has read in general in the catalogue, and in particular in the title, and goes seldom so far as the dedication. He never talks of anything but learning, and learns all from talking. Three encounters with the same men pump him, and then he only puts in or gravely says

nothing. He has taken pains to be an ass, though not to be a scholar, and is at length discovered and laughed at.

A BLUNT MAN

Is one whose wit is better pointed than his behavior, and that coarse and unpolished, not out of ignorance so much as humor. He is a great enemy to the fine gentleman, and these things of compliment, and hates ceremony in conversation, as the Puritan in religion. He distinguishes not betwixt fair and double dealing, and suspects all smoothness for the dress of knavery. He starts at the encounter of a salutation as an assault, and beseeches you in choler to forbear your courtesy. He loves not anything in discourse that comes before the purpose, and is always suspicious of a preface. Himself falls rudely still on his matter without any circumstance, except he use an old proverb for an introduction. He swears old, out-of-date, innocent oaths, as, by the mass! by our lady! and such like, and though there be lords present, he cries, my masters! He is exceedingly in love with his humour, which makes him always profess and proclaim it, and you must take what he says patiently, because he is a plain man. His nature is his excuse still, and other men's tyrant; for he must speak his mind, and that is his worst, and craves your pardon most injuriously for not pardoning you. His jests best become him, because they come from him rudely and unaffected; and he has the luck commonly to have them famous. He is one that will do more than he will speak, and yet speak more than he will hear; for though he love to touch others, he is touchy himself, and seldom to his own abuses replies but with his fists. He is as squeazy of his commendations, as his courtesy, and his good word is like an

eulogy in a satire. He is generally better favored than he favors, as being commonly well expounded in his bitterness, and no man speaks treason more securely. He chides great men with most boldness, and is counted for it an honest fellow. He is grumbling much in the behalf of the commonwealth, and is in prison oft for it with credit. He is generally honest, but more generally thought so, and his downrightness credits him, as a man not well bended and crookened to the times. In conclusion, he is not easily bad in whom this quality is nature, but the counterfeit is most dangerous, since he is disguised in a humor that professes not to disguise.

THOMAS FULLER

THE GOOD SCHOOLMASTER

THERE is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these: First, young scholars make this calling their refuge, yea, perchance, before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others who are able, use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to the children and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich, they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school, but by the proxy of an usher. But see how well our schoolmaster behaves himself.

1. *His genius inclines him with delight to his profession.* Some men had as lief be schoolboys as schoolmasters, to be tied to the school as Cooper's Dictionary and Scapula's Lexicon are chained to the desk therein; and though great scholars, and skilful in other arts, are bunglers in this: but God of his goodness hath fitted several men for several callings, that the necessity of church and state, in all conditions, may be provided for. So that he who beholds the fabric thereof may

say, God hewed out this stone, and appointed it to lie in this very place, for it would fit none other so well, and here it doth most excellent. And thus God mouldeth some for a schoolmaster's life, undertaking it with desire and delight, and discharging it with dexterity and happy success.

2. *He studies his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books;* and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all, saving some few exceptions, to these general rules:

(a) Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presage much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where their master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

(b) Those that are ingenious and idle. These think, with the hare in the fable, that, running with snails (so they count the rest of their schoolfellows), they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. Oh, a good rod would finely take them napping!

(c) Those that are dull and diligent. Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country, and therefore their dullness at first is to be borne with,

if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself, who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts, which are naturally sluggish, rise one minute before the hour nature hath appointed.

(d) Those that are invincibly dull and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boatmakers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics who will not serve for scholars.

3. *He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching;* not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him.

4. *He is and will be known to be an absolute monarch in his school.* If cockering mothers proffer him money to purchase their sons an exemption from his rod (to live as it were in a peculiar, out of their master's jurisdiction), with disdain he refuseth it, and scorns the late custom, in some places, of commuting whipping into money, and ransoming boys from the rod at a set price. If he hath a stubborn youth, correction-proof, he debaseth not his authority by contesting with him, but fairly, if he can, puts him away before his obstinacy hath infected others.

5. *He is moderate in inflicting deserved correction.* Many a schoolmaster better answereth the name παιδοτριβης than παιδαγωγος, rather tearing his scholars' flesh with whipping, than giving them good education. No wonder if his scholars hate the muses,

being presented unto them in the shapes of fiends and furies. Junius complains *de insolenti carnificina*¹ of his schoolmaster, by whom *conscindebatur flagris septies aut octies in dies singulos*.² Yea, hear the lamentable verses of poor Tusser, in his own Life:

From Paul's I went, to Eton sent,
To learn straightways the Latin phrase,
Where fifty-three stripes given to me

At once I had.

For fault but small, or none at all,
It came to pass thus beat I was;
See, Udal, see the mercy of thee
To me, poor lad.

Such an Orbilius mars more scholars than he makes: their tyranny hath caused many tongues to stammer, which spake plain by nature, and whose stuttering at first was nothing else but fears quavering on their speech at their master's presence; and whose mauling them about their heads hath dulled those who in quickness exceeded their master.

6. *He makes his school free to him who sues to him in forma pauperis.* And surely learning is the greatest alms that can be given. But he is a beast who, because the poor scholar cannot pay him wages, pays the scholar in his whipping. Rather are diligent lads to be encouraged with all excitements to learning. This minds me of what I have heard concerning Mr. Bust, the worthy late schoolmaster of Eton, who would never suffer any wandering begging scholar, such as justly the statute hath ranked in the forefront of rogues, to come into his school, but would thrust him out with earnestness (however privately charitable unto him) lest his schoolboys should be disheartened from their books, by seeing

¹ Harsh brutality.

² He was scourged seven or eight times a day.

some scholars, after their studying in the university, preferred to beggary.

7. *He spoils not a good school to make thereof a bad college*, therein to teach his scholars logic. For besides that logic may have an action of trespass against grammar for encroaching on her liberties, syllogisms are solecisms taught in the school, and oftentimes they are forced afterwards in the university to unlearn the fumbling skill they had before.

8. *Out of his school he is no whit pedantical in carriage or discourse*; contenting himself to be rich in Latin, though he doth not jingle with it in every company wherein he comes.

To conclude, let this amongst other motives make schoolmasters careful in their place, that the eminencies of their scholars have commended the memories of their schoolmasters to posterity, who otherwise in obscurity had altogether been forgotten. Who had ever heard of R. Bond in Lancashire, but for the breeding of learned Ascham his scholar; or of Hartgrave in Brundley school, in the same county, but because he was the first did teach worthy Dr. Whitaker? Nor do I honor the memory of Mulcaster for anything so much as for his scholar, that gulf of learning, Bishop Andrews. This made the Athenians, the day before the great feast of Theseus their founder, to sacrifice a ram to the memory of Conidas his schoolmaster that first instructed him.

OF BUILDING

HE that alters an old house is tied as a translator to the original, and is confined to the fancy of the first builder. Such a man were unwise to pluck down good old building, to erect, perchance, worse new. But those

that raise a new house from the ground are blame-worthy if they make it not handsome, seeing to them method and confusion are both at a rate. In building we must respect situation, contrivance, receipt, strength, and beauty. Of situation.

1. *Chiefly choose a wholesome air.* For air is a dish one feeds on every minute, and therefore it need be good. Wherefore great men, who may build where they please, as poor men where they can, if herein they prefer their profit above their health, I refer them to their physicians to make them pay for it accordingly.

2. *Wood and water are two staple commodities where they may be had.* The former I confess hath made so much iron, that it must now be bought with the more silver, and grows daily dearer. But 'tis as well pleasant as profitable to see a house cased with trees, like that of Anchises in Troy,

— *quancumque secreta parentis*

*Anchisae domus arboribusque oblecta recessit.*¹

The worst is, where a place is bald of wood, no art can make it a periwig. As for water, begin with Pindar's beginning, *αριστον μὲν ὕδωρ.*² The fort of Gogmagog Hills nigh Cambridge is counted impregnable but for want of water, the mischief of many houses where servants must bring the well on their shoulders.

3. *Next, a pleasant prospect is to be respected.* A medley view, such as of water and land at Greenwich, best entertains the eyes, refreshing the wearied beholder with exchange of objects. Yet I know a more profitable prospect, where the owner can only see his own land round about.

4. *A fair entrance with an easy ascent gives a great*

¹ "Though my father Anchises' palace was retired in the privacy of embosoming trees."—VIRGIL, *Aeneid*, II, 299.

² Water is the best.—*Olympian Odes*, I, 1.

grace to a building: where the hall is a preferment out of the court, the parlor out of the hall; not, as in some old buildings, where the doors are so low pigmies must stoop, and the rooms so high that giants may stand upright. But now we are come to contrivance.

5. *Let not thy common rooms be several, nor thy several rooms be common.* The hall, which is a Pandorchium, ought to lie open, and so ought passages and stairs, provided that the whole house be not spent in paths; chambers and closets are to be private and retired.

6. *Light, God's eldest daughter, is a principal beauty in a building*: yet it shines not alike from all parts of heaven. An east window welcomes the infant beams of the sun, before they are of strength to do any harm, and is offensive to none but a sluggard. A south window in summer is a chimney with a fire in it, and needs the screen of a curtain. In a west window in summer time towards night, the sun grows low, and over familiar, with more light than delight. A north window is best for butteries and cellars, where the beer will be sour for the sun's smiling on it. Thorough lights are best for rooms of entertainment, and windows on one side for dormitories. As for receipt,

7. *A house had better be too little for a day, than too great for a year.* And 'tis easier borrowing of thy neighbor a brace of chambers for a night, than a bag of money for a twelvemonth. It is vain, therefore, to proportion the receipt to an extraordinary occasion, as those who by overbuilding their houses have dilapidated their lands, and their states have been pressed to death under the weight of their house. As for strength,

8. *Country houses must be substantives, able to stand of themselves*: not like city buildings supported by their

neighbors on either side. By strength we mean such as may resist weather and time, not invasion, castles being out of date in this peaceable age. As for the making of moats round about, it is questionable whether the fogs be not more unhealthful than the fish brings profit, or the water defense. Beauty remains behind as the last to be regarded, because houses are made to be lived in, not looked on.

9. *Let not the front look asquint on a stranger, but accost him right at his entrance.* Uniformity also much pleaseth the eye; and it is observed that freestone, like a fair complexion, soonest waxeth old, whilst brick keeps her beauty longest.

10. *Let the office-houses observe the due distance from the mansion-house.* Those are too familiar, which presume to be of the same pile with it. The same may be said of stables and barns; without which a house is like a city without out works, it can never hold out long.

11. *Gardens also are to attend in their place.* When God (Gen. ii 9) planted a garden eastward, he made to grow out of the ground every tree pleasant to the sight, and good for food. Sure he knew better what was proper to a garden than those who now-a-days therein only feed the eyes, and starve both taste and smell.

To conclude, in building rather believe any man than an artificer in his own art for matter of charges; not that they cannot, but will not be faithful. Should they tell thee all the cost at the first, it would blast a young builder in the budding, and therefore they soothe thee up till it hath cost thee something to confute them. The spirit of building first possessed people after the flood, which then caused the confusion of languages, and since of the estate of many a man.

OF FANCY

It is an inward sense of the soul, for a while retaining and examining things brought in thither by the common sense. It is the most boundless and restless faculty of the soul: for whilst the understanding and the will are kept as it were in *libera custodia* to their objects of *verum et bonum*, the fancy is free from all engagements: it digs without spade, sails without ship, flies without wings, builds without charges, fights without bloodshed, in a moment striding from the center to the circumference of the world, by a kind of omnipotency creating and annihilating things in an instant; and things divorced in nature are married in fancy as in a lawless place. It is also most restless: whilst the senses are bound, and reason in a manner asleep, fancy, like a sentinel, walks the round, ever working, never wearied. The chief diseases of the fancy are, either that they are too wild and high soaring, or else too low and grovelling, or else too desultory and over voluble. Of the first.

1. *If thy fancy be but a little too rank, age itself will correct it.* To lift too high is no fault in a young horse, because with travelling he will mend it for his own ease. Thus lofty fancies in young men will come down of themselves, and in process of time the overplus will shrink to be but even measure. But if this will not do it, then observe these rules.

2. *Take part always with thy judgment agianst thy fancy in anything wherein they shall dissent.* If thou suspectest thy conceits too luxuriant, herein account thy suspicion a legal conviction, and damn whatsoever thou doubttest of. Warily Tully: *Bene monent, qui vetant quicquam facere, de quo dubitas, æquum sit an iniquum.*¹

¹They counsel well who tell you not to do anything of whose propriety you are in doubt.—*De Officiis*, I, 9.

3. *Take the advice of a faithful friend, and submit thy inventions to his censure.* When thou pennest an oration, let him have the power of *index expurgatorius*, to expunge what he pleaseth; and do not thou, like a fond mother, cry if the child of thy brain be corrected for playing the wanton. Mark the arguments and reasons of his alterations; why *that* phrase least proper, *this* passage more cautious and advised; and after a while thou shalt perform the place in thine own person, and not go out of thyself for a censurer. If thy fancy be too low and humble,

4. *Let thy judgment be king, but not tyrant over it, to condemn harmless, yea, commendable, conceits.* Some for fear their orations should giggle, will not let them smile. Give it also liberty to rove, for it will not be extravagant. There is no danger that weak folks, if they walk abroad, will straggle far, as wanting strength.

5. *Acquaint thyself with reading poets, for there fancy is in her throne;* and in time, the sparks of the author's wit will catch hold on the reader, and inflame him with love, liking, and desire of imitation. I confess there is more required to teach one to write than to see a copy: however, there is a secret force of fascination in reading poems to raise and provoke fancy. If thy fancy be over voluble, then

6. *Whip this vagrant home to the first object whereon it should be settled.* Indeed, nimbleness is the perfection of this faculty, but levity the bane of it. Great is the difference between a swift horse and a skittish, that will stand on no ground. Such is the ubiquitary fancy, which will keep long residence on no one subject, but is so courteous to strangers, that it ever welcomes that conceit most which comes last; and new species supplant the old ones, before seriously considered. If this be the fault of thy fancy, I say whip

it home to the first object whereon it should be settled. This do as often as occasion requires, and by degrees the fugitive servant will learn to abide by his work without running away.

7. *Acquaint thyself by degrees with hard and knotty studies*, as school-divinity, which will clog thy over-nimble fancy. True, at the first it will be as welcome to thee as a prison, and their very solutions will seem knots unto thee. But take not too much at once, lest thy brain turn edge. Taste it first as a potion for physic, and by degrees thou shalt drink it as beer for thirst: practice will make it pleasant. Mathematics are also good for this purpose. If beginning to try a conclusion, thou must make an end, lest thou lovest thy pains that are past, and must proceed seriously and exactly. I meddle not with those bedlam-fancies, all whose conceits are antiques, but leave them for the physician to purge with hellebore.

8. *To clothe low-creeping matter with high-flown language is not fine fancy, but flat foolery*. It rather loads than raises a wren, to fasten the feathers of an estridge to her wings. Some men's speeches are like the high mountains in Ireland, having a dirty bog in the top of them: the very ridge of them in high words having nothing of worth, but what rather stalls than delights the auditor.

9. *Fine fancies in manufactures invent engines rather pretty than useful*; and commonly one trade is too narrow for them. They are better to project new ways than to prosecute old, and are rather skilful in many mysteries, than thriving in one. They affect not voluminous inventions, wherein many years must constantly be spent to perfect them, except there be in them variety of pleasant employment.

10. *Imagination, the work of the fancy, hath pro-*

duced real effects. Many serious and sad examples hereof may be produced: I will only insist on a merry one. A gentleman having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to be weary, and jointly cried to him to carry them; which, because of their multitude, he could not do, but told them he would provide them horses to ride on. Then cutting little wands out of the hedge as nags for them, and a great stake as a gelding for himself, thus mounted, fancy put metal into their legs, and they came cheerfully home.

11. *Fancy runs most furiously when a guilty conscience drives it.* One that owed much money, and had many creditors, as he walked London streets in the evening, a tenter-hook caughted his cloak. *At whose suit?* said he, conceiving some bailiff had arrested him. Thus guilty consciences are afraid where no fear is, and count every creature they meet a sergeant sent from God to punish them.

OF BOOKS

Solomon saith truly, *Of making many books there is no end,*¹ so insatiable is the thirst of men therein: as also endless is the desire of many in buying and reading them. But we come to our rules.

1. *It is a vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning, by getting a great library.* As soon shall I believe every one is valiant that hath a well furnished armory. I guess good housekeeping by the smoking, not the number of the tunnels, as knowing that many of them, built merely for uniformity, are without chimneys, and more without fires. Once a dunce

¹ *Ecclesiastes*, xii, 12.

void of learning but full of books flouted a libraryless scholar with these words: *Salve, doctor sine libris*. But the next day the scholar coming into this jeerer's study, crowded with books; *Salvete libri*, saith he, *sine doctore*.

2. *Few books, well selected, are best*. Yet, as a certain fool bought all the pictures that came out, because he might have his choice, such is the vain humor of many men in gathering of books: yet when they have done all, they miss their end, it being in the editions of authors as in the fashions of clothes, when a man thinks he hath gotten the latest and newest, presently another newer comes out.

3. *Some books are only cursorily to be tasted of*. Namely first, voluminous books, the task of a man's life to read them over; secondly, auxiliary books, only to be repaired to on occasions; thirdly, such as are mere pieces of formality, so that if you look on them, you look through them; and he that peeps through the casement of the index, sees as much as if he were in the house. But the laziness of those cannot be excused who perfunctorily pass over authors of consequence, and only trade in their tables and contents. These, like city-cheaters, having gotten the names of all country gentlemen, make silly people believe they have long lived in those places where they never were, and flourish with skill in those authors they never seriously studied.

4. *The genius of the author is commonly discovered in the dedicatory epistle*. Many place the purest grain in the mouth of the sack for chapmen to handle or buy: and from the dedication one may probably guess at the work, saving some rare and peculiar exceptions. Thus, when once a gentleman admired how so pithy, learned and witty a dedication was matched to a flat, dull, foolish book; *In truth*, said another, *they may be*

well matched together, for I profess they are nothing akin.

5. *Proportion an hour's meditation to an hour's reading of a staple author.* This makes a man master of his learning, and dispirits the book into the scholar. The king of Sweden never filed his men above six deep in one company, because he would not have them lie in useless clusters in his army, but so that every particular soldier might be drawn out into service. Books that stand thin on the shelves, yet so as the owner of them can bring forth every one of them into use, are better than far greater libraries.

6. *Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.* Arius Montanus, in printing the Hebrew Bible, commonly called the Bible of the king of Spain, much wasted himself, and was accused in the court of Rome for his good deed, and being cited thither, *Pro tantorum laborum praemio vix veniam impetravit.*¹ Likewise Christopher Plantin, by printing of his curious interlineary Bible, in Antwerp, through the unseasonable exactions of the king's officers, sunk and almost ruined his estate.² And our worthy English knight, who set forth the golden-mouthed father in a silver print, was a loser by it.³

7. *Whereas foolish pamphlets prove most beneficial to the printers.* When a French printer complained that he was utterly undone by printing a solid serious book of Rabelais concerning physic, Rabelais, to make him recompense, made that his jesting scurrilous work, which repaired the printer's loss with advantage. Such books the world swarms too much with. When one

¹ With difficulty obtained pardon as a reward of his great labor.—THUANUS, *Obitus Virorum doctorum*, anno 1598 (Fuller's reference).

² *Idem*, in *Eodem oper*, 1589 (Fuller).]

³ Sir Henry Savile's edition of Chrysostom in 8 volumes, 1610–1613.—See Hallam's *Literature of Europe*, Part III, ch. 1.

had set out a witless pamphlet, writing *finis* at the end thereof, another wittily wrote beneath it,

—— Nay there thou liest, my friend,
In writing foolish books there is no end.

And surely such scurrilous scandalous papers do more than conceivable mischief. First, their lusciousness puts many palates out of taste, that they can never after relish any solid and wholesome writers; secondly, they cast dirt on the faces of many innocent persons, which dried on by continuance of time can never after be washed off; thirdly, the pamphlets of this age may pass for records with the next, because publicly uncontrolled, and what we laugh at, our children may believe: fourthly, grant the things true they jeer at, yet this music is unlawful in any Christian church, to play upon the sins and miseries of others, the fitter object of the elegies than the satires of all truly religious.

But what do I speaking against multiplicity of books in this age, who trespass in this nature myself? What was a learned man's compliment, may serve for my confession and conclusion: *Multi mei similes hoc morbo laborant, ut cum scribere nesciant tamen a scribendo temperare non possint.*¹

¹ Many of my fellows are afflicted with this disease, who, though they know not how to write, are yet unable to refrain from writing.—ERASMUS, *Preface to the Works of Jerome*, Series 3, vol. IV, p. 408 (Fuller's reference).

ROBERT BURTON

(Selections from the *Anatomy of Melancholy*)

[Aside from such features as the use of capitals, spelling, and punctuation, the editor has not thought it best to take any liberties with Burton's text. To omit all the Latin, as is done in a recent selection of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," certainly simplifies the reading, but it gives an erroneous impression of Burton's character and style. Those who would learn to enjoy that eccentric humorist to the full must take him with all his peculiarities. The editor has provided translations, in the footnotes, for those passages which are not rendered by the author himself, either literally or as to their substantial meaning. Burton's racy English paraphrases of his Latin tags are often of the essence of the scholar's fun. The editor hopes to be pardoned, however, for omitting the overflow of learned references and Latin quotation with which Burton has liberally garnished his margins. They will not be missed by readers who are interested only in the literary flavor of the "Anatomy."]

[ALL MEN ARE MELANCHOLY]

(From *Democritus Junior to the Reader*)

THAT which is more to be lamented, they are mad like Seneca's blind woman, and will not acknowledge, or seek for any cure of it,¹ for *pauci vident morbum*

¹ *Epistles*, 50, 2.

*suum, omnes amant.*¹ If our leg or arm offend us, we covet by all means possible to redress it; and if we labor of a bodily disease, we send for a physician; but for the diseases of the mind, we take no notice of them. Lust harrows us on the one side; envy, anger, ambition, on the other. We are torn in pieces by our passions, as so many wild horses, one in disposition, another in habit; one is melancholy, another mad; and which of us all seeks for help, doth acknowledge his error, or knows he is sick? As that stupid fellow put out the candle because the biting fleas should not find him; he shrouds himself in an unknown habit, borrowed titles, because nobody should discern him. Every man thinks with himself, *Egomet videor mihi sanus*,² I am well, I am wise, and laughs at others. And 'tis a general fault amongst them all, that which our forefathers have approved, diet, apparel, opinions, humors, customs, manners, we deride and reject in our time as absurd. Old men account juniors all fools, when they are mere dizzards; and as to sailors—*terrae urbesque recedunt*³—they move, the land stands still; the world hath much more wit, they dote themselves. Turks deride us, we them; Italians Frenchmen, accounting them light-headed fellows, the French scoff again at Italians, and at their several customs; Greeks have condemned all the world but themselves of barbarism, the world as much vilifies them now; we account Germans heavy, dull fellows, explode many of their fashions; they as contemptibly think of us; Spaniards laugh at all, and all again at them. So are we fools and ridiculous, absurd in our actions, carriages, diet, apparel, customs, and consultations; we scoff and point one at another,

¹ Few see their disease, all love it.

² HORACE, *Satires*, II, iii, 302.

³ VIRGIL, *Aeneid*, III, 72.

when as in conclusion all are fools, "and they the veriest asses that hide their ears most." A private man if he be resolved with himself, or set on an opinion, account all idiots and asses that are not affected as he is,—*nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducit*¹—that are not so minded (*quodque volunt homines se bene velle putant*)² all fools that think not as he doth. He will not say with Atticus, *Suam cuique sponsam, mihi meam*,³ let every man enjoy his own spouse; but his alone is fair, *suus amor, etc.*, and scorns all in respect of himself, will imitate none, hear none, but himself, as Pliny said, a law and example to himself.⁴ And that which Hippocrates, in his epistle to Dionysius, reprehended of old, is verified in our times, *Quisque in alio superfluum esse censet, ipse quod non habet nec curat*, that which he hath not himself or doth not esteem, he accounts superfluity, an idle quality, a mere foppery, in another: like Aesop's fox, when he lost his tail, would have all his fellow foxes cut off theirs. The Chineses say that we Europeans have one eye, they themselves two, all the world else is blind (though Scaliger accounts them brutes, too, *merum pecus*); so thou and thy sectaries are only wise, others indifferent, the rest beside themselves, mere idiots and asses. Thus not acknowledging our own errors and imperfections, we securely deride others, as if we alone were free, and spectators of the rest, accounting it an excellent thing, as indeed it is, *aliena optimum frui insania*,⁵ to make ourselves merry with other men's obliquities, whenas he himself is more faulty than the rest; *mutato nomine*,

¹ HORACE, *Epistles*, II, i, 83.

² Whatsoever men wish, they think they wisely wish.

³ CICERO *Ad Atticum*, XIV, 20, 3.

⁴ *Epistles*, VIII, 23.

⁵ PLINY, *Natural History*, XVIII, 5.

*de te fabula narratur*¹ he may take himself by the nose for a fool; and which one calls *maximum stultitiæ specimen*,² to be ridiculous to others, and not to perceive or take notice of it, as Marsyas was when he contended with Apollo, *non intelligens se deridiculo haberi*, saith Apuleius;³ 'tis his own cause, he is a convict madman, as Austin well infers, "in the eyes of wise men and angels he seems like one that to our thinking walks with his heels upward."⁴ So thou laughest at me, and I at thee, both at a third; and he returns that of the poet upon us again: *Hei mihi, insanire me aiunt, quum ipsi ultro insaniant*.⁵ We accuse others of madness, of folly, and are the veriest dizzards ourselves. For it is a great sign and property of a fool (which Ecclesiastes x:3, points at) out of pride and self-conceit to insult, vilify, condemn, censure, and call other men fools (*Non videmus manticæ quod a tergo est*)⁶ to tax that in others of which we are most faulty, teach that which we follow not ourselves. For an inconstant man to write of constancy, a profane liver prescribe rules of sanctity and piety, a dizzard himself make a treatise of wisdom, or with Sallust to rail downright at spoilers of countries and yet in office to be a most grievous poller himself: this argues weakness, and is an evident sign of such parties' indiscretion. *Peccat uter nostrum cruce dignius?*⁷ "Who is the fool now?" Or else peradventure in some places we are all mad for company, and

¹ The name is changed, but the story points to you. — HORACE, *Satires*, I, i, 69.

² The greatest evidence of stupidity.

³ *Florid.*, I, 3, 2.

⁴ *City of God*, XIV, 9.

⁵ Alas, they say I am mad, when it is they themselves who have lost their wits.—PLAUTUS, *Mænæchmi*, 962.

⁶ We do not see the part of the bag which hangs at our back.—CATULLUS, XXII, 21.

⁷ HORACE, *Satires*, II, vii, 47.

so 'tis not seen,—*societas erroris et dementiae pariter absurditatem et admirationem tollit*.¹ 'Tis with us as it was of old (in Tully's censure at least) with C. Fimbria in Rome, a bold, hair-brain, mad fellow, and so esteemed of all, such only excepted, that were as mad as himself: ² now in such a case there is no notice taken of it.

Nimirum insanus paucis videatur; eo quod Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.³

When all are mad, when all are like opprest,
Who can discern one madman from the rest?

But put case they do perceive it, and some one be manifestly convict of madness, he now takes notice of his folly, be it in action, gesture, speech, a vain humor he hath in building, bragging, jangling, spending, gaming, courting, scribbling, prating, for which he is ridiculous to others, on which he dotes; he doth acknowledge as much. Yet with all the rhetoric thou hast, thou canst not so recall him, but to the contrary notwithstanding, he will persevere in his dotage. 'Tis *amabilis insania*,⁴ *et mentis gratissimus error*, so pleasing, so delicious, that he cannot leave it. He knows his error, but will not seek to decline it; tell him what the event will be, beggary, sorrow, sickness, disgrace, shame, loss, madness, yet "an angry man will prefer vengeance, a lascivious his whore, a thief his booty, a glutton his belly, before his welfare."⁵ Tell an epicure, a covetous man, an ambitious man of his irregular course, wean him from it a little, *pol me occidistis amici*, he cries

¹ The company is what takes away the absurdity from error and folly and the occasion for wonder as well.

² CICERO, *Pro Roscio*, ch. 12.

³ HORACE, *Satires* II, iii, 120.

⁴ IDEM, *Odes* III, iv, 5, and *Epistles*, II, ii, 140.

⁵ CARDAN, *De Consolatione*, Bk. II.

anon, you have undone him, and as a "dog to his vomit," he returns to it again; no persuasion will take place, no counsel, say what thou canst,

*Clames licet et mare coelo
Confundas, surdo narras.*¹

demonstrate as Ulysses did to Elpenor and Gryllus and the rest of his companions, those swinish men, he is irrefragable in his humor, he will be a hog still; bray him in a mortar, he will be the same. If he be in an heresy, or some perverse opinion, settled as some of our ignorant Papists are, convince his understanding, show him the several follies and absurd fopperies of that sect, force him to say, *veris vincor*,² make it as clear as the sun, he will err still, peevish and obstinate as he is: and as he said, *si in hoc erro, libenter erro, nec hunc errorem auferri mihi volo*,³ will do as I have done, as my predecessors have done, and as my friends now do: I will dote for company. Say now, are these men mad or no? *Heus age responde*?⁴ are they ridiculous? *cedo quemvis arbitrum*?⁵ are they *sanae mentis*? sober, wise, and discreet? have they common sense? *uter est insanior horum*?⁶ I am of Democritus' opinion for my part, I hold them worthy to be laughed at; a company of brain-sick dizzards, as mad as Orestes and Athamas, that they may go "ride the ass," and all sail along to the 'Anticyræ, in the "ship of fools" for company together. I need not much labor to prove this which

¹ Although you cry out and confound the sea and sky, you still address a deaf man.—JUVENAL, VI, 283; HORACE, *Epistles*, II, i, 199–200.

² I am convinced by the truth.

³ If I err in this, I gladly err, and do not wish my error to be taken from me.—CICERO, *De Senectute*, § 85.

⁴ PERSIUS, II, 17.

⁵ I admit any one to judge.—TERENCE, *Adelphoi*, 123.

⁶ Which of them is the madder?—HORACE, *Satires*, II, iii, 102.

I say otherwise than thus, make any solemn protestation or swear, I think you will believe me without an oath; say at a word, are they fools? I refer it to you, though you be likewise fools and madmen yourselves, and I as mad to ask the question; for what said our comical Mercury?

*Justum ab injustis petere insipientia est.*¹

I'll stand to your censure yet, what think you?

[THE UTOPIA OF DEMOCRITUS JUNIOR]

I will yet, to satisfy and please myself, make an Utopia of mine own, a new Atlantis, a poetical commonwealth of mine own, in which I will freely domineer, build cities, make laws, statutes, as I list myself. And why may I not? *Pictoribus atque poetis, etc.*² You know what liberty poets ever had, and besides, my predecessor Democritus was a politician, a recorder of Abdera, a law maker as some say; and why may not I presume so much as he did? Howsoever I will adventure. For the site, if you will needs urge me to it, I am not fully resolved, it may be in *Terra Australi Incognita*, there is room enough (for of my knowledge neither that hungry Spaniard, nor Mercurius Britannicus, have yet discovered half of it) or else one of those floating islands in Mare del Zur, which like the Cyanian isles in the Euxine sea, alter their place, and are accessible only at set times, and to some few persons; or one of the Fortunate Isles, for who knows yet where, or which they are? There is room enough in the inner parts of America, and northern coasts of Asia. But I will choose a site, whose latitude shall be 45 degrees

¹ It is folly to seek justice from the unjust.—PLAUTUS, *Amphityro*, 36.

² HORACE, *Ars Poetica*, 9.

(I respect not minutes) in the midst of the temperate zone, or perhaps under the equator, that paradise of the world, *ubi semper virens laurus*,¹ etc., where is a perpetual spring: the longitude for some reasons I will conceal. Yet *be it known to all men by these presents*, that if any honest gentleman will send in so much money, as Cardan allows an astrologer for casting a nativity, he shall be a sharer, I will acquaint him with my project, or if any worthy man will stand for any temporal or spiritual office or dignity, (for as he said of his archbishopric of Utopia, 'tis *sanctus ambitus*,² and not amiss to be sought after,) it shall be freely given without all intercessions, bribes, letters, etc., his own worth shall be the best spokesman; and because we shall admit of no deputies or advowsons, if he be sufficiently qualified, and as able as willing to execute the place himself, he shall have present possession. It shall be divided into 12 or 13 provinces, and those by hills, rivers, road-ways, or some more eminent limits exactly bounded. Each province shall have a metropolis, which shall be so placed as a center almost in a circumference, and the rest at equal distances, some 12 Italian miles asunder, or thereabout, and in them shall be sold all things necessary for the use of man, *statis horis et diebus*;³ no market towns, markets or fairs, for they do but beggar cities (no village shall stand above 6, 7, or 8 miles from a city) except those emporiums which are by the sea side, general staples, marts, as Antwerp, Venice, Bergen of old, London, etc. Cities most part shall be situate upon navigable rivers or lakes, creeks, havens; and for their form, regular, round, square, or long square, with fair, broad, and

¹ Where the laurel is ever green.

² A holy ambition.—SIR THOMAS MORE, *Utopia*, prefatory letter.

³ At stated hours and days.

straight streets, houses uniform, built of brick and stone, like Bruges, Brussels, Rhegium Lepidi, Berne in Switzerland, Milan, Mantua, Crema, Cambalu in Tartary, described by M. Polus, or that Venetian Palma. I will admit very few or no suburbs, and those of baser building, walls only to keep out man and horse, except it be in some frontier towns, or by the sea side, and those to be fortified after the latest manner of fortification, and sited upon convenient havens, or opportune places. In every so built city, I will have convenient churches, and separate places to bury the dead in, not in churchyards; a *citadella* (in some, not all) to command it, prisons for offenders, opportune market places of all sorts, for corn, meat, cattle, fuel, fish, etc., commodious courts of justice, public halls for all societies, bourses, meeting places, armories, in which shall be kept engines for quenching of fire, artillery gardens, public walks, theaters, and spacious fields allotted for all gymnics, sports, and honest recreations, hospitals of all kinds, for children, orphans, old folks, sick men, mad men, soldiers; pest-houses, etc., not built *precariò*, or by gouty benefactors, who, when by fraud and rapine they have extorted all their lives, oppressed whole provinces, societies, etc., give something to pious uses, build a satisfactory alms-house, school, or bridge, etc., at their last end, or before perhaps, which is no otherwise than to steal a goose, and stick down a feather, rob a thousand to relieve ten; and those hospitals so built and maintained, not by collections, benevolences, donaries, for a set number (as in ours), just so many and no more at such a rate, but for all those who stand in need, be they more or less, and that *ex publico ærario*,¹ and so still maintained, *non nobis solùm nati sumus, etc.*²

¹ From the public treasury.

² We are not born for ourselves alone.—CICERO, *De Officiis*, I, vii, 22.

I will have conduits of sweet and good water, aptly disposed in each town, common granaries, as at Dresden in Misnia, Stetein in Pomerland, Nuremberg, etc. Colleges of mathematicians, musicians, and actors, as of old at Ionia, alchymists,¹ physicians, artists, and philosophers: that all arts and sciences may sooner be perfected and better learned; and public historiographers, as amongst those ancient Persians, *qui in commentarios referebant quod memoratu digna gerebantur*, informed and appointed by the state to register all famous acts, and not by each insufficient scribbler, partial or parasitical pedant, as in our times. I will provide public schools of all kinds, singing, dancing, fencing, etc., especially of grammar and languages, not to be taught by those tedious precepts ordinarily used, but by use, example, conversation, as travellers learn abroad, and nurses teach their children. As I will have all such places, so will I ordain public governors, fit officers to each place, treasurers, ædiles, quæstors, overseers of pupils, widows' goods, and all public houses, etc., and those once a year to make strict accounts of all receipts, expenses, to avoid confusion, *et sic fiet ut non absumant* (as Pliny to Trajan) *quod pudeat dicere*.² They shall be subordinate to those higher officers and governors of each city, which shall not be poor tradesmen and mean artificers, but noblemen and gentlemen, which shall be tied to residence in those towns they dwell next, at such set times and seasons: for I see no reason (which Hippolitus complains of) "that it should be more dishonorable for noblemen to govern the city than the country, or unseemly to dwell there now, than of old." I will have no bogs, fens, marshes, vast woods,

¹ Not to make gold, but for matters of physic.—(Burton's note.)

² And so they shall not misuse the funds, which one is ashamed even to speak of.—*Panegyrie*, § 20.

deserts, heaths, commons, but all inclosed;¹ (yet not depopulated, and therefore take heed you mistake me not), for that which is common and every man's, is no man's; the richest countries are still enclosed, as Essex, Kent, with us, etc., Spain, Italy; and where enclosures are least in quantity, they are best husbanded, as about Florence in Italy, Damascus in Syria, etc., which are liker gardens than fields. I will not have a barren acre in all my territories, not so much as the tops of mountains: where nature fails, it shall be supplied by art: lakes and rivers shall not be left desolate. All common highways, bridges, banks, corrivations of waters, aqueducts, channels, public works, buildings, etc., out of a common stock, curiously maintained and kept in repair; no depopulations, engrossings, alterations of wood, arable, but by the consent of some supervisors that shall be appointed for that purpose, to see what reformation ought to be had in all places, what is amiss, how to help it, *et quid quaeque ferat regio, et quid quaeque recuset*,² what ground is aptest for wood, what for corn, what for cattle, gardens, orchards, fishponds, etc., with a charitable division in every village (not one domineering house greedily to swallow up all, which is too common with us), what for lords, what for tenants; and because they shall be better encouraged to improve such lands they hold, manure, plant trees, drain, fence,

¹ M. Carew, in his Survey of Cornwall, saith that before that country was inclosed, the husbandmen drank water, did eat little or no bread (*fol. 66, lib. 1*), their apparel was coarse, they went bare-legged, their dwelling was correspondent; but since inclosure, they live decently, and have money to spend (*fol. 23*); when their fields were common, their wool was coarse Cornish hair; but since inclosure it is almost as good as Cotswol, and their soil much mended. Tusser (*cap. 52*) of his Husbandry, is of his opinion, one acre inclosed, is worth three common. The country inclosed I praise; The other delighteth not me, For nothing of wealth it doth raise, &c. (Burton's note.)

² VIRGIL, *Georgics*, I, 53.

etc., they shall have long leases, a known rent, and known fine to free them from those intolerable exactions of tyrannizing landlords. These supervisors shall likewise appoint what quantity of land in each manor is fit for the lord's demesnes, what for holding of tenants, how it ought to be husbanded,

*Ut Magnetis equis, Minyae gens cognita remis.*¹

how to be manured, tilled, rectified, *Hic segetes veniunt, illic felicius uvæ, Arborei fœtus alibi, atque injussa virescunt Gramina*,² and what proportion is fit for all callings, because private possessors are many times idiots, ill husbands, oppressors, covetous, and know not how to improve their own, or else wholly respect their own, and not public good.

Utopian parity is a kind of government to be wished for, rather than effected, *Respub. Christianapolitana*, Campanella's City of the Sun, and that new Atlantis, witty fictions, but mere chimeras; and Plato's community in many things is impious, absurd and ridiculous, it takes away all splendor and magnificence. I will have several orders, degrees of nobility, and those hereditary, not rejecting younger brothers in the meantime, for they shall be sufficiently provided for by pensions, or so qualified, brought up in some honest calling, they shall be able to live of themselves. I will have such a proportion of ground belonging to every barony, he that buys the land shall buy the barony, he that by riot consumes his patrimony and ancient demesnes, shall forfeit his honors.³ As some dignities

¹ Famed as the Magnesians for horses, the Argonauts for rowing.—*Lucan*, VI, 382.

² This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres suits,
That other loads the trees with happy fruits,
A fourth, with grass unbidden, decks the ground.—*VIRGIL*,
Georgics, I, 54-6 (Dryden's translation).

³ So it is in the kingdom of Naples and France.—(Burton's note.)

shall be hereditary, so some again by election or by gift (besides free offices, pensions, annuities), like our bishoprics, prebends, the Bassa's palaces in Turkey, the Procurators' houses and offices in Venice, which, like the golden apple, shall be given to the worthiest and best deserving both in war and peace, as a reward of their worth and good service, as so many goals for all to aim at (*honos alit artes*),¹ and encouragement to others. For I hate those severe, unnatural, harsh, German, French, and Venetian decrees, which exclude plebeians from honors; be they never so wise, rich, virtuous, valiant, and well qualified, they must not be patricians, but keep their own rank; this is *naturæ bellum inferre*,² odious to God and men, I abhor it. My form of government shall be monarchical.

*Nunquam libertas gratior exstat,
Quam sub rege pio, etc.*³

Few laws, but those severely kept, plainly put down, and in the mother tongue, that every man may understand. Every city shall have a peculiar trade or privilege, by which it shall be chiefly maintained: and parents shall teach their children, one of three at least, bring up and instruct them in the mysteries of their own trade. In each town these several tradesmen shall be so aptly disposed, as they shall free the rest from danger or offense: fire-trades, as smiths, forgers, brewers, bakers, metal-men, etc., shall dwell apart by themselves: dyers, tanners, fel-mongers, and such as use water, in convenient places by themselves: noisome or fulsome for bad smells, as butchers' slaugh-

¹ Honor fosters the arts.—CICERO, *Tusculan Disputations*, I, ii, 4.

² To wage war against nature.

³ Liberty is never more gratifying than under a pious king.—CLAUDIAN, *De Cons. Stilch.*, III, 114.

ter-houses, chandlers, curriers, in remote places and some back lanes. Fraternities and companies I approve of, as merchants' bourses, colleges of druggists, physicians, musicians, etc., but all trades to be rated in the sale of wares, as our clerks of the market do bakers and brewers; corn itself, what scarcity soever shall come, not to exceed such a price. Of such wares as are transported or brought in, if they be necessary, commodious, and such as nearly concern man's life, as corn, wood, coals, etc., and such provision we cannot want, I will have little or no custom paid, no taxes; but for such things as are for pleasure, delight, or ornament, as wine, spice, tobacco, silk, velvet, cloth of gold, lace, jewels, etc., a greater impost. I will have certain ships sent out for new discoveries every year, and some discreet men appointed to travel into all neighboring kingdoms by land, which shall observe what artificial inventions and good laws are in other countries, customs, alterations, or aught else, concerning war or peace, which may tend to the common good. Ecclesiastical discipline, *penes Episcopos*,¹ subordinate as the other. No impropriations, no lay patrons of church livings, or one private man, but common societies, corporations, etc., and those rectors of benefices to be chosen out of the Universities, examined and approved, as the *literati* in China. No parish to contain above a thousand auditors. If it were possible, I would have such priests as should imitate Christ, charitable lawyers should love their neighbors as themselves, temperate and modest physicians, politicians condemn the world, philosophers should know themselves, noblemen live honestly, tradesmen leave lying and cozening, magistrates corruption, etc.; but this is impossible, I must get such as I may. I will therefore have of lawyers, judges, advocates,

¹ In the hands of the bishops.

physicians, surgeons, etc., a set number, and every man, if it be possible, to plead his own cause, to tell that tale to the judge which he doth to his advocate, as at Fez in Africk, Bantam, Aleppo, Raguse, *suam quisque causam dicere tenetur*. Those advocates, surgeons, and physicians, which are allowed, to be maintained out of the common treasure, no fees to be given or taken upon pain of losing their places; or if they do, very small fees, and when the cause is fully ended. He that sues any man shall put in a pledge, which if it be proved he hath wrongfully sued his adversary, rashly or maliciously, he shall forfeit and lose.¹ Or else before any suit begin, the plaintiff shall have his complaint approved by a set delegacy to that purpose; if it be of moment, he shall be suffered as before to proceed, if otherwise, they shall determine it. All causes shall be pleaded *suppressio nomine*, the parties' names concealed, if some circumstances do not otherwise require. Judges and other officers shall be aptly disposed in each province, villages, cities, as common arbitrators to hear causes, and end all controverseis, and those not single, but three at least on the bench at once, to determine or give sentence, and those again to sit by turns or lots, and not to continue still in the same office. No controversy to depend above a year, but without all delays and further appeals to be speedily dispatched and finally concluded in that time allotted. These and all other inferior magistrates to be chosen as the *literati* in China, or by those exact suffrages of the Venetians, and such again not to be eligible, or capable of magistracies, honors, offices, except they be sufficiently qualified for learning, manners, and that by the strict approbation of deputed examiners: first scholars to take place, then soldiers;

¹ It is so in most free cities in Germany.—(Burton's note.)

for I am of Vegetius his opinion, a scholar deserves better than a soldier, because *Unius ætatis sunt quæ fortiter fiunt, quæ vero pro utilitate Reipublicæ scribuntur, æterna*: a soldier's work lasts for an age, a scholar's forever. If they misbehave themselves, they shall be deposed, and accordingly punished,¹ and whether their offices be annual or otherwise, once a year they shall be called in question, and give an account; for men are partial and passionate, merciless, covetous, corrupt, subject to love, hate, fear, favor, etc. *Omne sub regno graviore regnum*:² like Solon's Areopagites, or those Roman censors, some shall visit others, and be visited *invicem* themselves, they shall oversee that no prowling officers, under color of authority, shall insult over his inferiors, as so many wild beasts, oppress, domineer, flay, grind, or trample on, be partial or corrupt, but that there be *æquabile jus*, justice equally done, live as friends and brethren together; and, which Sesellius would have and so much desires in his kingdom of France, "a diapason and sweet harmony of kings, princes, nobles, and plebeians, so mutually tied and involved in love, as well as laws and authority, as that they never disagree, insult, or encroach one upon another." If any man deserve well in his office he shall be rewarded.

*Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,
Præmia si tollas?*³

He that invents anything for public good in any art or science, writes a treatise, or performs any noble exploit,

¹ As in Berne, Lucerne, Friburg in Switzerland, a vicious liver is incapable of any office; if a Senator, instantly deposed.—(Burton's note.)

² Every domination is under a greater domination.—SENECA, *Thyestes*, 612.

³ For who would cultivate virtue itself if you were to take away the reward?—JUVENAL, X, 141.

at home or abroad, shall be accordingly enriched, honored, and preferred. I say with Hannibal in Ennius, *Hostem qui feriet erit mihi Carthageniensis*,¹ let him be of what condition he will, in all offices, actions, he that deserves best shall have best.

Tilianus in Philonius, out of a charitable mind no doubt, wished all his books were gold and silver, jewels and precious stones, to redeem captives, set free prisoners, and relieve all poor distressed souls that wanted means; religiously done, I deny not, but to what purpose? Suppose this were so well done, within a little after, though a man had Croesus' wealth to bestow, there would be as many more. Wherefore I will suffer no beggars, rogues, vagabonds, or idle persons at all, that cannot give an account of their lives how they maintain themselves. If they be impotent, lame, blind, and single, they shall be sufficiently maintained in several hospitals, built for that purpose; if married and infirm, past work, or by inevitable loss, or some such like misfortune cast behind, by distribution of corn, house-rent free, annual pensions or money, they shall be relieved, and highly rewarded for their good service they have formerly done; if able, they shall be enforced to work. *For I see no reason (as he said) why an epicure or idle drone, a rich glutton, a usurer, should live at ease, and do nothing, live in honor, in all manner of pleasures, and oppress others, when as in the meantime a poor laborer, a smith, a carpenter, an husbandman that hath spent his time in continual labor, as an ass to carry burdens, to do the commonwealth good, and without whom we cannot live, shall be left in his old age to beg or starve, and lead a miserable life worse than a jument.*² As all conditions shall be

¹ He who strikes down the foe is for me the true Carthaginian.—*Annals*, VIII.

² SIR THOMAS MORE, *Utopia*, Bk. II.

tied to their task, so none shall be overtired, but have their set times of recreations and holidays, *indulgere genio*,¹ feasts and merry meetings, even to the meanest artificer or basest servant, once a week to sing or dance (though not all at once), or do whatsoever he shall please; like that *Saccarum festum* amongst the Persians, those *Saturnals* in Rome,² as well as his master. If any be drunk, he shall drink no more wine or strong drink in a twelvemonth after. A bankrupt shall be *Catomidiatas in Amphitheatro*,³ publicly shamed, and he that cannot pay his debts, if by riot or negligence he have been impoverished, shall be for a twelvemonth imprisoned; if in that space his creditors be not satisfied, he shall be hanged.⁴ He that commits sacrilege shall lose his hands; he that bears false witness, or is of perjury convict, shall have his tongue cut out, except he redeem it with his head. Murder, adultery, shall be punished by death, but not theft, except it be some more grievous offense, or notorious offenders: otherwise they shall be condemned to the galleys, mines, be his slaves whom they offended, during their lives. I hate all hereditary slaves, and that *duram Persarum legem*, as Brisonius calls it; or as *Ammianus*, *impendio formidatas et abominandas leges*, *per quas ob noxam unius, omnis propinquitas perit*,⁵ hard law that wife and children, friends and allies, should suffer for the father's offense.

/ No man shall marry until he be 25, no woman till she be 20, nisi aliter dispensatur fuerit.⁶ If one die, the other party shall not marry till six months after;

¹ To recreate their faculties.—PERSIUS, V, 151.

² ATHENÆUS, XIV, 44.

³ SPARTIANUS, *Life of Hadrian*, ch. 18.

⁴ He that provides not for his family is more than a thief.—(Burton's note.)

⁵ XXIII, vi, 81.

⁶ Unless it is otherwise arranged.

and because many families are compelled to live niggardly, exhaust and undone by great dowers, none shall be given at all, or very little, and that by supervisors rated; they that are foul shall have a greater portion; if fair, none at all, or very little: howsoever, not to exceed such a rate as those supervisors shall think fit. And when once they come to those years, poverty shall hinder no man from marriage, or any other respect, but all shall be rather enforced than hindered, except they be dismembered or grievously deformed, infirm, or visited with some enormous hereditary disease in body or mind; in such cases, upon a great pain or mulct, man or woman shall not marry,¹ other order shall be taken for them to their content. If people overabound, they shall be eased by colonies.

No man shall wear weapons in any city.² The same attire shall be kept, and that proper to several callings, by which they shall be distinguished. *Luxus funerum*³ shall be taken away, that intempestive expense moderated, and many others.⁴ Brokers, takers of pawns, biting usurers I will not admit; yet because *hic cum hominibus non cum diis agitur*, we converse here with men, not with gods, and for the hardness of men's hearts, I will tolerate some kind of usury. If we were honest, I confess, *si probi essemus*, we should have no use of it, but being as it is, we must necessarily admit it. Howsoever most divines contradict it, *dicimus inficias, sed vox ea sola reperta est*,⁵ it must be winked at by politicians. And yet some great doctors approve of it, Calvin, Bucer, Zanchius, P. Martyr, because by

¹ The Saxons exclude dumb, blind, leprous, and such like persons from all inheritance, as we do fools.—(Burton's note.)

² So it is in most Italian cities.—(Burton's note.)

³ Display in funerals.—PLATO, *Laws*, XII, 959.

⁴ It hath ever been immoderate.—(Burton's note.)

⁵ We say Don't, but it proves to be only a word.

so many grand lawyers, decrees of emperors, princes' statutes, customs of commonwealths, churches' approbations it is permitted, etc., I will therefore allow it. But to no private persons, nor to every man that will, to orphans only, maids, widows, or such as by reason of their age, sex, education, ignorance of trading, know not otherwise how to employ it; and those so approved, not to let it out apart, but to bring their money to a common bank which shall be allowed in every city, as in Genoa, Geneva, Nuremberg, Venice,¹ at five, six, seven, not above eight per centum, as the supervisors, or *ærarii præfecti*, shall think fit.² And as it shall not be lawful for each man to be a usurer that will, so shall it not be lawful for all to take up money at use, not to prodigals and spendthrifts, but to merchants, young tradesmen, such as stand in need, or know honestly how to employ it, whose necessity, cause, and condition the said supervisors shall approve of.

I will have no private monopolies to enrich one man and beggar a multitude, multiplicity of offices, of supplying by deputies; weights and measures the same throughout, and those rectified by the *Primum mobile* and sun's motion, threescore miles to a degree according to observation, a thousand geometrical paces to a mile, five foot to a pace, twelve inches to a foot, etc; and from measures known it is an easy matter to rectify weights, etc., to cast up all, and resolve bodies by algebra, stereometry. I hate wars if they be not ad populi salutem, upon urgent occasion, *odimus acci-*

¹ As those Lombards beyond seas, though with some reformation, *mons pietatis*, or bank of charity, as Malines terms it (*cap. 33, Lex Mercat, part 2*) that lend money upon easy pawns, or take money upon adventure for men's lives.—(Burton's note.)

² That proportion will make merchandise increase, land dearer and better improved, as he hath judicially proved in his tract of usury, exhibited to the Parliament of 1621.—(Burton's note.)

pitrem quia semper vivit in armis;¹ offensive wars, except the cause be very just, I will not allow of. For I do highly magnify that saying of Hannibal to Scipio, in Livy,² "It had been a blessed thing for you and us, if God had given that mind to our predecessors, that you had been content with Italy, we with Africk. For neither Sicily nor Sardinia are worth such cost and pains, so many fleets and armies, or so many famous captains' lives." *Omnia prius tentanda*, fair means shall first be tried. *Peragit tranquilla potestas, Quod violenta nequit*.³ I will have them proceed with all moderation, but hear you, Fabius my general, not Minutius, *nam qui consilio nititur plus hostibus nocet, quam qui sine animi ratione, viribus*.⁴ And in such wars to abstain as much as is possible from depopulations, burning of towns, massacring of infants, etc. For defensive wars, I will have forces still ready at a small warning, by land and sea, a prepared navy, soldiers *in procinctu, et quam Bonfinius apud Hungaros suos vult, virgam ferream*,⁵ and money, which is *nervus belli*, still in a readiness, and a sufficient revenue, a third part as in old Rome and Egypt, reserved for the commonwealth; to avoid those heavy taxes and impositions as well to defray this charge of wars, as also all other public defalcations, expenses, fees, pensions, reparations, chaste sports, feasts, donaries, rewards and entertainments. All things in this nature especially I will have maturely done, and with great deliberation: *ne quid temere, ne quid remisse ac timide fiat. Sed quo feror*

¹ We hate the hawk because he always lives in battle.—OVID, *Ars Amatoria*, II, 147.

² XXX, 30.

³ Peaceful strength accomplishes what violence cannot.—CLAUDIAN, *Panegyricus, Fl. Manlio Theodoro*, 239.

⁴ For one who relies on judgment injures his foe more than one who depends on unintelligent force.—*Thucydides*, I, 144.

⁵ What Bonfinius wants for his Hungarians, an iron rod.

*hospes?*¹ To prosecute the rest would require a volume. *Manum de tabella,*² I have been over tedious in this subject; I could have here willingly ranged, but these straits wherein I am included will not permit.

[SOLITARINESS A CAUSE OF MELANCHOLY]

(From Part 1, Section 2, Member 2, Subsection 6)

VOLUNTARY solitariness is that which is familiar with melancholy, and gently brings on like a siren, a shoeing-horn, or some sphinx, to this irrevocable gulf, a primary cause Piso calls it; most pleasant it is at first, to such as are melancholy given, to lie in bed whole days, and keep their chambers, to walk alone in some solitary grove, betwixt wood and water, by a brook side, to meditate upon some delightful and pleasant subject, which shall affect them most; *amabilis insania*, and *mentis gratissimus error*.³ A most incomparable delight it is so to melancholize, and build castles in the air, to go smiling to themselves, acting an infinite variety of parts, which they suppose and strongly imagine they represent, or that they see acted or done. *Blandum quidem ab initio*, saith Lemnius, to conceive and meditate of such pleasant things sometimes, "present, past, or to come," as Rhasis speaks. So delightful these toys are at first, they could spend whole days and nights without sleep, even whole years alone in such contemplations and fantastical meditations, which are like unto dreams, and they will hardly be drawn from them or willingly interrupt. So pleasant their vain conceits are, that they hinder their ordinary tasks and necessary

¹ That nothing be done rashly, nothing remissly or timidly. But where am I, a novice, rushing to?

² Hands off.—CICERO, *Familiar Letters*, VII, 25, 1.

³ A most pleasing delusion of the mind.—HORACE, *Odes*, III, iv, 5 and *Epistles*, II, ii, 140.

business, they cannot address themselves to them, or almost to any study or employment, these fantastical and bewitching thoughts so covertly, so feelingly, so urgently, so continually set upon, creep in, insinuate, possess, overcome, distract, and detain them, they cannot, I say, go about their more necessary business, stave off or extricate themselves, but are ever musing, melancholizing, and carried along; as he (they say) that is led round about an heath with a Puck in the night, they run earnestly on in this labyrinth of anxious and solicitous melancholy meditations, and cannot well or willingly refrain, or easily leave off, winding and unwinding themselves, as so many clocks, and still pleasing their humors, until at last the scene is turned upon a sudden, by some bad object, and they, being now habituated to such vain meditations and solitary places, can endure no company, can ruminate of nothing but harsh and distasteful subjects. Fear, sorrow, suspicion, *subrusticus pudor*,¹ discontent, cares, and weariness of life surprise them in a moment, and they can think of nothing else, continually suspecting; no sooner are their eyes open, but this infernal plague of melancholy seizeth on them, and terrifies their souls, representing some dismal object to their minds, which now by no means, no labor, no persuasions they can avoid, *hæret lateri lethalis arundo*² (the arrow of death still remains in the side), they may not be rid of it, they cannot resist. I may not deny but that there is some profitable meditation, contemplation, and kind of solitariness to be embraced, which the fathers so highly commended, Hierom, Chrysostom, Cyprian, Austin, in whole tracts, which Petrarch, Erasmus, Stella, and others, so much

¹ CICERO, *Familiar Letters*, V, 12, 1.

² VIRGIL, *Aeneid*, IV, 73.

magnify in their books; a paradise, an heaven on earth, if it be used aright, good for the body, and better for the soul: as many of those old monks used it, to divine contemplations; as Simulus, a courtier in Adrian's time, Dioclesian the emperor, retired themselves, etc., in that sense, *Vatia solus scit vivere*, Vatia lives alone, which the Romans were wont to say when they commended a country life; or to the bettering of their knowledge, as Democritus, Cleanthes, and those excellent philosophers have ever done, to sequester themselves from the tumultuous world, or as in Pliny's Villa Laurentana, Tully's Tusculan, Jovius' study, that they might better *vacare studiis et Deo*, serve God and follow their studies. Methinks, therefore, our too zealous innovators were not so well advised in that general subversion of abbeys and religious houses, promiscuously to fling down all; they might have taken away those gross abuses crept in amongst them, rectified such inconveniences, and not so far to have raved and raged against those fair buildings and everlasting monuments of our forefathers' devotion, consecrated to pious uses; some monasteries and collegiate cells might have been well spared, and their revenues otherwise employed, here and there one, in good towns or cities at least, for men and women of all sorts and conditions to live in, to sequester themselves from the cares and tumults of the world, that were not desirous or fit to marry, or otherwise willing to be troubled with common affairs, and know not well where to bestow themselves, to live apart in, for more conveniency, good education, better company sake, to follow their studies (I say), to the perfection of arts and sciences, common good, and, as some truly devoted monks of old had done, freely and truly to serve God. For these men are neither solitary nor idle, as the poet made answer to the husbandman in Æsop, that

objected idleness to him; he was never so idle as in his company; or that Scipio Africanus in Tully, *Nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus; nunquam minus otiosus, quam quum esset otiosus*,¹ never less solitary, than when he was alone, never more busy, than when he seemed to be most idle. It is reported by Plato in his dialogue *de Amore*,² in that prodigious commendation of Socrates, how a deep meditation coming into Socrates' mind by chance, he stood still musing, *eodem vestigio cogitabundus*, from morning to noon, and when as then he had not yet finished his meditation, *perstabat cogitans*, he so continued till the evening, the soldiers (for he then followed the camp) observed him with admiration, and on set purpose watched all night, but he persevered immovable *ad exortum solis*, till the sun rose in the morning, and then saluting the sun, went his ways. In what humor constant Socrates did thus, I know not, or how he might be affected, but this would be pernicious to another man; what intricate business might so really possess him, I cannot easily guess; but this is *otiosum otium*.³ It is far otherwise with these men according to Seneca, *Omnia nobis mala solitudo persuadet*; ⁴ this soltitude undoeth us, *pugnat cum vita sociali*; 'tis a destructive solitariness. These men are devils alone, as the saying is, *Homo solus aut deus aut dæmon*: ⁵ a man alone is either a saint or a devil; *mens eius out languescit aut tumescit*; ⁶ and *Vae soli* in this sense, woe be to him that is so alone.⁷ These wretches do frequently degenerate from men, and of sociable

¹ *De Officiis*, III, i, 1.

² *Symposium*, 220.

³ Lazy leisure.

⁴ Solitude leads us into all evils.—*Epistles*, 25, 6.

⁵ ARISTOTLE, *Politics*, I, 1.

⁶ His mind is either enfeebled or overheated.

⁷ *Ecclesiastes*, iv, 10.

creatures become beasts, monsters, inhuman, ugly to behold, *Misanthropi*; they do even loathe themselves, and hate the company of men, as so many Timons, Nebuchadnezzars, by too much indulging to these pleasing humors, and through their own default. So that which Mercurialis, *consil.* 11, sometimes expostulated with his melancholy patient, may be justly applied to every solitary and idle person in particular. *Natura de te videtur conqueri posse, etc.*, "Nature may justly complain of thee, that whereas she gave thee a good wholesome temperature, a sound body, and God hath given thee so divine and excellent a soul, so many good parts and profitable gifts, thou hast not only contemned and rejected, but hast corrupted them, polluted them, overthrown their temperature, and perverted those gifts with riot, idleness, solitariness, and many other ways, thou art a traitor to God and nature, an enemy to thyself and to the world." *Perditio tua ex te*; thou hast lost thyself wilfully, cast away thyself, "thou thyself art the efficient cause of thine own misery, by not resisting such vain cogitations, but giving way unto them."

[STUDY, A CAUSE OF MELANCHOLY]

(From Part 1, Section 2, Member 3, Subsection 15)

OUR patrons of learning are so far now-a-days from respecting the muses, and giving that honor to scholars, or reward which they deserve, and are allowed by those indulgent privileges of many noble princes, that after all their pains taken in the universities, cost and charge, expenses, irksome hours, laborious tasks, wearisome days, dangers, hazards (barred *interim* from all pleasures which other men have, mewed up like hawks all their lives), if they chance to wade through them, they

shall in the end be rejected, contemned, and which is their greatest misery, driven to their shifts, exposed to want, poverty, and beggary. Their familiar attendants are,

*Pallentes morbi, luctus, curæque laborque
Et metus, et malesuada fames, et turpis egestas,
Terribiles visu formæ.*¹

Grief, labor, care, pale sickness, miseries,
Fear, filthy poverty, hunger that cries,
Terrible monsters to be seen with eyes.

If there were nothing else to trouble them, the conceit of this alone were enough to make them all melancholy. Most other trades and professions, after some seven years' prenticeship, are enabled by their craft to live of themselves. A merchant adventures his goods at sea, and though his hazard be great, yet if one ship return of four, he likely makes a saving voyage. An husbandman's gains are almost certain; *quibus ipse Jupiter nocere non potest*² (whom Jove himself can't harm) ('tis Cato's hyperbole, a great husband himself); only scholars methinks are most uncertain, unrespected, subject to all casualties and hazards. For first, not one of a many proves to be a scholar, all are not capable and docile, *ex omni ligno non fit Mercurius*:³ we can make majors and officers every year, but not scholars: kings can invest knights and barons, as Sigismund the emperor confessed; universities can give degrees; and *Tu quod es, è populo quilibet esse potest*,⁴ but he nor they, nor all the world, can give learning, make philosophers, artists, orators, poets; we can soon say, as Seneca

¹ VIRGIL, *Æneid*, VI, 275.

² PLUTARCH, *Cato Major*, ch. 21.

³ ERASMUS, *Adages* (Ed. 1520), p. 428.

⁴ What you are, anybody can be.

well notes, *O virum bonum, ô divitem*, point at a rich man, a good, an happy man, a proper man, *sumptuosè vestitum, calamistratum, bene olentem; magno temporis impendio constat hæc laudatio, ô virum literatum*,¹ but 'tis not so easily performed to find out a learned man. Learning is not so quickly got; though they may be willing to take pains, to that end sufficiently informed and liberally maintained by their patrons and parents, yet few can compass it. Or if they be docile, yet all men's wills are not answerable to their wits, they can apprehend, but will not take pains; they are either seduced by bad companions, *vel in puellam impingunt, vel in poculum*² and so spend their time to their friends' grief and their own undoings. Or put case they be studious, industrious, of ripe wits, and perhaps good capacities, then how many diseases of body and mind must they encounter? No labor in the world like unto study. It may be their temperature will not endure it, but striving to be excellent to know all, they lose health, wealth, wit, life and all. Let him yet happily escape all these hazards, *æreis intestinis*, with a body of brass, and is now consummate and ripe, he hath profited in his studies, and proceeded with all applause: after many expenses, he is fit for preferment: where shall he have it? he is as far to seek it (after twenty years' standing) as he was at the first day of his coming to the University. For what course shall he take, being now capable and ready? The most parable and easy, and about which many are employed, is to teach a school, turn lecturer or curate, and for that he shall have falconer's wages, ten pounds per annum and his diet, or some small stipend, so long as he can please his patron or

¹ Elegantly dressed, curled, and sweetly scented; but it costs a great outlay of time to get the praise of a learned man.—*Epistles*, 88, 38.

² They fall in with women and wine.

the parish; if they approve him not (for usually they do but a year or two) as inconstant as they that cried "Hosanna" one day, and "Crucify him" the other; serving-man-like, he must go look a new master; if they do, what is his reward?

*Hoc quoque te manet, ut pueros elementa docentem
Occupet extremis in vicis balba senectus.*¹

Like an ass he wears out his time for provender, and can show a stump rod, *togam tritam at laceram*, saith Hædus, an old torn gown, an ensign of his infelicity, he hath his labor for his pain, a modicum to keep him till he be decrepit, and that is all. *Grammaticus non est fælix, etc.*² If he be a trencher chaplain in a gentleman's house, as it befell Euphormio, after some seven years' service he may perchance have a living to the halves, or some small rectory with the mother of the maids at length, a poor kinswoman, or a cracked chambermaid, to have and to hold during the time of his life. But if he offend his good patron, or displease his lady mistress in the meantime,

*Ducetur Planta velut ictus ab Hercule Cacus,
Poneturque foras, si quid tentaverit unquam
Hiscere* —³

as Hercules did by Cacus, he shall be dragged forth of doors by the heels, away with him! If he bend his forces to some other studies, with an intent to be a *secretis* to some nobleman, or in such a place with an ambassador, he shall find that these persons rise like prentices one under another, and so in many tradesmen's shops when the master is dead, the foreman of the shop

¹ At last thy snow-white age in suburb schools,

Shall toil in teaching boys their grammar rules.—HORACE, *Epistles*, I, xx, 17.

² A schoolmaster is not happy.

³ JUVENAL, V, 125.

commonly steps in his place. Now for poets, rhetoricians, historians, philosophers, mathematicians, sophisters, etc., they are like grasshoppers, sing they must in summer and pine in the winter, for there is no preferment for them. Even so they were at first, if you will believe that pleasant tale of Socrates, which he told fair Phædrus under a plane-tree, at the banks of the River Ilissus. About noon, when it was hot, and the grasshoppers made a noise, he took that sweet occasion to tell him a tale, how grasshoppers were once scholars, musicians, poets, etc., before the Muses were born, and lived without meat and drink, and for that cause were turned by Jupiter into grasshoppers. And may be turned again, *In Tithoni Cicadas, aut Lyciorum ranas*,¹ for any reward I see they are like to have: or else in the meantime, I would they could live as they did, without any viaticum, like so many *manucodiatæ*, those Indian birds of paradise, as we commonly call them, those I mean that live with the air and dew of heaven and need no other food: for, being as they are, "their rhetoric only serves them to curse their bad fortunes," and many of them for want of means are driven to hard shifts; from grasshoppers they turn humble-bees and wasps, plain parasites, and make the muses mules, to satisfy their hunger-starved paunches and get a meal's meat. To say truth, 'tis the common fortune of most scholars to be servile and poor, to complain pitifully, and to lay open their wants to their respectless patrons, as Cardan doth, as Xylander, and many others: and which is too common in those dedicatory epistles, for hope of gain to lie, flatter, and with hyperbolical elogiums and commendations to magnify and extol an illiterate, unworthy idiot for his excellent virtues, whom they should rather, as Machiavel observes, vilify and

¹ Into the grasshoppers of Tithonus or the frogs oft he Lycians.

rail at downright for his most notorious villainies and vices. So they prostitute themselves as fiddlers or mercenary tradesmen, to serve great men's turns for a small reward. They are like Indians, they have store of gold but know not the worth of it:¹ for I am of Synesius' opinion, "King Hieron got more by Simonides' acquaintance, than Simonides by his;"² they have their best education, good institution, sole qualification from us, and when they have done well, their honor and immortality from us: we are living tombs, registers, and as so many trumpeters of their fames; what was Achilles without Homer, Alexander without Arian and Curtius? Who had known the Cæsars but for Suetonius and Dion?

*Vixerunt fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi: sed omnes illachrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longa
nocte, carent quia vate sacro.*³

They are more beholden to scholars than scholars to them; but they undervalue themselves, and so by those great men are kept down. Let them have that *Encyclopedian*, all the learning in the world; they must keep it to themselves, "live in base esteem and starve, except they will submit," as Budæus well hath it,⁴ "so many good parts, so many ensigns of arts, virtues, be slavishly obnoxious to some illiterate potentate, and live under his insolent worship or honor, like parasites,"

¹ Or as horses know not their strength, they consider not their own worth.—(Burton's note.)

² *Epistles*, 49.

³ Before great Agamemnon reigned,

Reigned kings as great as he, and brave,

Whose huge ambition's now contained

In the small compass of a grave:

In endless night they sleep, unwept, unknown,

No bard they had to make all time their own.—HORACE, *Odes*,

IV, ix, 25.

⁴ *De Contemptu Rerum Fortuitarum*.

qui tanquam mures alienum panem comedunt. For to say truth, *artes hæ non sunt lucrativæ*, as Guido Bonat that great astrologer could foresee, they be not gainful arts these, *sed esurientes et famelicæ*, but poor and hungry.

*Dat Galenus opes, dat Justinianus honores,
Sed genus et species cogitur ire pedes.*¹

The rich physician, honored lawyers ride,
Whilst the poor scholar foots it by their side.

Poverty is the Muses' patrimony, and as that poetical divinity teacheth us, when Jupiter's daughters were each of them married to the gods, the Muses alone were left solitary, Helicon forsaken of all suitors, and I believe it was because they had no portion.

*Calliope longum cælebs cur vixit in ævum?
Nempe, nihil dotis, quod numeraret, erat.*

Why did Calliope live so long a maid?
Because she had no dowry to be paid.

Ever since, all their followers are poor, forsaken and left unto themselves. Insomuch, that, as Petronius argues, you shall likely know them by their clothes. "There came," saith he, "by chance into my company, a fellow not very spruce to look on, that I could perceive by that note alone he was a scholar, whom commonly rich men hate: I asked him what he was, he answered, a poet: I demanded again why he was so ragged, he told me this kind of learning never made any man rich."

*Qui Pelago credit, magno se fænore tollit,
Qui pugnæ et castra petit, præcingitur auro:
Vilis adulator picto jacet ebrius ostro.
Sola pruinosis horre facundia pannis.*²

¹ BUCHANAN, *Elegies*.

² PETRONIUS, *Satyricon*, ch. 83.

A merchant's gain is great, that goes to sea;

A soldier embossed all in gold:

A flatterer lies foxed in brave array;

A scholar only ragged to behold.

All which our ordinary students, right well perceiving in the universities, how unprofitable these poetical, mathematical, and philosophical studies are, how little respected, how few patrons, apply themselves in all haste to those three commodious professions of law, physic, and divinity, sharing themselves between them, rejecting these arts in the meantime, history, philosophy, philology, or lightly passing them over, as pleasant toys fitting only table-talk, and to furnish them with discourse. They are not so behoveful: he that can tell his money hath arithmetic enough: he is a true geometer, can measure out a good fortune to himself; a perfect astrologer, that can cast the rise and fall of others, and mark their errant motions to his own use. The best optics are, to reflect the beams of some great man's favor and grace to shine upon him. He is a good engineer that alone can make an instrument to get preferment. This was the common tenent and practice of Poland, as Cromerus observed not long since, in the first book of his history; their universities were generally base; not a philosopher, a mathematician, an antiquary, etc., to be found of any note amongst them, because they had no set reward or stipend, but every man betook himself to divinity, *hoc solum in votis habens, optimum sacerdotium*, a good parsonage was their aim. This was the practice of some of our near neighbors, as Lipsius inveighs; "they thrust their children to the study of law and divinity, before they be informed aright or capable of such studies." *Scilicet omnibus artibus antestat spes lucri, et formosior est cumulus auri, quam*

*quicquid Græci Latinique delirantes scripserunt. Ex hoc numero deinde veniunt ad gubernacula reipub. intersunt at præsumt consiliis regum. O pater! O patria!*¹ so he complained, and so may others. For even so we find, to serve a great man, to get an office in some bishop's court (to practice in some good town), or compass a benefice, is the mark we shoot at as being so advantageous, the highway to preferment.

Although many times, for aught I can see, these men fail as often as the rest in their projects, and are as usually frustrate of their hopes. For let him be a doctor of the law, an excellent civilian of good worth, where shall he practice and expatiate? Their fields are so scant, the civil law with us so contracted with prohibitions, so few causes, by reason of those all-devouring municipal laws, *quibus nihil illiteratius*, saith Erasmus,² an illiterate and a barbarous study (for though they be never so well learned in it, I can hardly vouchsafe them the name of scholars, except they be otherwise qualified), and so few courts are left to that profession, such slender offices, and those commonly to be compassed at such dear rates, that I know not how an ingenious man should thrive amongst them. Now for physicians, there are in every village so many mountebanks, empirics, quacksalvers, Paracelsians, as they call themselves, *Causifici et sanicidæ*, so Clenard terms them, wizards, alchemists, poor vicars, cast apothecaries, physicians' men, barbers, and good wives, professing great skill, that I make great doubt how they shall be maintained, or who shall be their patients. Besides, there are so

¹ The hope of gain stands before all the arts, and a heap of gold is more beautiful than all that Greeks and Romans have written in their frenzy. Such men arrive at the government of state and have a prominent part in the counsels of kings. O father, O fatherland.—*Epist. Quest. IV, 21.*

² *Ciceronianus*.

many of both sorts, and some of them such harpies, so covetous, so clamorous, so impudent; and as he said, litigious idiots,

*Quibus loquacis affatim arrogantiae est,
Peritiæ parum aut nihil,
Nec ulla mica literarii salis;
Crumenimulga natio,
Loquuteleia turba, litium strophæ
Maligna litigantium
Cohors, togati vultures,
Lavernæ alumni, Agyrtæ, etc.*¹

Which have no skill but prating arrogance,
No learning, such a purse-milking nation:
Gown'ed vultures, thieves, and a litigious rout
Of cozeners, that haunt this occupation,

that they cannot well tell how to live one by another, but as he jested, in the comedy, of clocks, they were so many, *major pars populi arida reptant fame*,² they are almost starved, a great part of them, and ready to devour their fellows, *et noxia callidate se corripere*,³ such a multitude of pettifoggers and empirics, such impostors, that an honest man knows not in what sort to compose and behave himself in their society, to carry himself with credit in so vile a rout, *scientiæ nomen, tot sumptibus partum et vigiliis, profiteri dispudeat, postquam, etc.*⁴

Last of all to come to our divines, the most noble profession and worthy of double honor, but of all others the most distressed and miserable. If you will not believe me, hear a brief of it, as it was not many years

¹ Ja. Dousa, *Epodes*, II, 2.

² PLAUTUS, Fragment from *Bæotia*.

³ BARCLAY, *Argenis*, Bk. III.

⁴ They are ashamed to acknowledge the reputation of learning, gained with such great cost and toil.

since publicly preached at Paul's cross,¹ by a grave minister then, and now a reverend bishop of this land: "We that are bred up in learning, and destinated by our parents to this end, we suffer our childhood in the grammar-school, which Austin calls *magnum tyrannidem et grave malum*, and compares it to the torments of martyrdom; when we come to the university, if we live of the college allowance, as Pharlaris objected to the Leontines, *παντων ενδεεις πλην του λιμον και φοβον*, needy of all things but hunger and fear, or if we be maintained but partly by our parents' cost, do expend in unnecessary maintenance, books and degrees, before we come to any perfection, five hundred pounds, or a thousand marks. If by this price of the expense of time, our bodies and spirits, our substance and patrimonies, we cannot purchase those small rewards, which are ours by law and the right of inheritance, a poor parsonage, or a vicarage of fifty pounds per annum, but we must pay to the patron for the lease of a life (a spent and out-worn life) either in annual pension, or above the rate of a copyhold, and that with the hazard and loss of our souls, by simony and perjury, and the forfeiture of all our spiritual preferments, in *esse* and *posse*, both present and to come; what father after a while will be so improvident to bring up his son, to his great charge, to this necessary beggary? What Christian will be so irreligious, to bring up his son in that course of life which by all probability and necessity *cogit ad turpia*, enforcing to sin, will entangle him in simony and perjury, when as the poet saith, *Invitatus ad haec aliquis de ponte negabit*.² a beggar's brat taken from the bridge where he sits a-begging, if he knew the inconvenience, had cause to refuse it." This

¹ John Howson, Nov. 4, 1597 (Burton's note).

² JUVENAL, XIV, 134.

being thus, have not we fished fair all this while, that are initiate divines, to find no better fruits of our labors? *Hoc est cur palles, cur quis non prandeat hoc est?*¹ do we macerate ourselves for this? Is it for this we rise so early all the year long, "leaping (as he saith) out of our beds when we hear the bell ring, as if we had heard a thunderclap?" If this be all the respect, reward and honor we shall have, *frange leves calamos, et scinde, Thalia, libellos*:² let us give over our books and betake ourselves to some other course of life; to what end should we study? *Quid me litterulas stulti docuere parentes*,³ what did our parents mean to make us scholars, to be as far to seek of preferment after twenty years' study, as we were at first? why do we take such pains? *Quid tantum insanis juvat impallescere chartis?*⁴ If there be no more hope of reward, no better encouragement, I say again, *Frangere leves calamos, et scinde, Thalia, libellos*; let's turn soldiers, sell our books, and buy swords, guns, and pikes, or stop bottles with them, turn our philosopher's gowns, as Cleanthes once did, unto millers' coats, leave all and rather betake ourselves to any other course of life, than to continue longer in this misery. *Praestat dentiscalpia radere, quam literariis monumentis magnatum favorem emendicare*.⁶

Yea, but methinks I hear some man except at these words, that though this be true which I have said of the estate of scholars, and especially of divines, that it is miserable and distressed at this time, that the church

¹ PERSIUS, III, 85.

² MARTIAL, II, 73.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ What is the use of growing pale over the crazy pages?—PERSIUS, V, 62.

⁵ Break your frail pens and tear up you books.

⁶ It is better to make toothpicks than by literary labors to try and get the favors of the great.

suffers shipwreck of her goods, and that they have just cause to complain, there is a fault, but whence proceeds it? If the cause were justly examined, it would be retorted upon ourselves; if we were cited at that tribunal of truth, we should be found guilty, and not able to excuse it. That there is a fault among us, I confess, and were there not a buyer, there would not be a seller; but to him that will consider better of it, it will more than manifestly appear, that the fountain of these miseries proceeds from these griping patrons. In accusing them, I do not altogether excuse us; both are faulty, they and we: yet in my judgment, theirs is the greater fault, more apparent causes and much to be condemned. For my part, if it be not with me as I would, or as it should, I do ascribe the cause, as Cardan did in the like case, *meo infortunio potius quam illorum sceleri*,¹ to mine own infelicity rather than their naughtiness,² although I have been baffled in my time by some of them, and have as just cause to complain as another: or rather indeed to mine own negligence; for I was ever like that Alexander in Plutarch,³ Crassus his tutor in philosophy, who, though he lived many years familiarly with rich Crassus, was even as poor when from (which many wondered at) as when he came first to him; he never asked, the other never gave him anything; when he travelled with Crassus he borrowed an hat of him, at his return restored it again. I have had some such noble friends, acquaintances and scholars, but most part (common courtesies and ordinary respects excepted) they and I parted as we met, they gave me as much as I requested, and that was—And as *Alexander ab Alexandro Genial. dier. l.*

¹ *De Consolatione*, Bk. III.

² I had no money, I wanted imprudence, I could not scramble, temporize, dissemble.—(Burton's note.)

³ *Life of Crassus*, ch. 3.

6. c. 16. made answer to Hieronimus Massainus, that wondered, *quum plures ignavos et ignobiles ad dignitates et sacerdotia promotos quotidie videret*, when other men rose, still he was in the same state, *eodem tenore et fortuna cui mercedem laborum studiorumque deberi putaret*, whom he thought to deserve as well as the rest. He made answer, that he was content with his present estate, was not ambitious, and although *objurgabundus suam segnitiam accusaret, cum obscuræ sortis homines ad sacerdotia et pontificatus evectos, etc.*, he chid him for his backwardness, yet he was still the same: and for my part (though I be not worthy perhaps to carry Alexander's books) yet by some overweening and well-wishing friends, the like speeches have been used to me; but I replied still with Alexander, that I had enough, and more peradventure than I deserved; and with Libanius Sophista, that rather chose (when honors and offices by the emperor were offered unto him) to be *talis Sophista, quam talis Magistratus*.¹ I had as lief be still Democritus junior, and *privus privatus, si mihi jam daretur optio, quam talis fortasse Doctor, talis Dominus*.—*Sed quorsum hæc?*² For the rest 'tis on both sides *facinus detestandum*,³ to buy and sell livings, to detain from the church, that which God's and men's laws have bestowed on it; but in them most, and that from the covetousness and ignorance of such as are interested in this business; I name covetousness in the first place, as the root of all these mischiefs, which, Achan-like, compels them to commit sacrilege, and to make simoniacal compacts (and what not) to their own ends, that kindles God's wrath, brings a plague, vengeance, and a heavy visitation upon themselves and

¹ A sophist rather than an official.

² A private person, if I had my choice now, rather than a doctor of divinity or a bishop. But to what end is all this?

³ An abominable deed.

others. Some out of that insatiable desire of filthy lucre, to be enriched, care not how they come by it, *per fas et nefas*, hook or crook, so they have it. And others, when they have with riot and prodigality embezzled their estates, to recover themselves, make a prey of the church, robbing it, as Julian the apostate did, spoil parsons of their revenues (in keeping half back, as a great man amongst us observes:¹) “and that maintenance on which they should live:” by means whereof, barbarism is increased, and a great decay of christian professors: for who will apply himself to these divine studies, his son, or friend, when after great pains taken, they shall have nothing whereupon to live? But with what event do they these things?

*Opesque totis viribus venamini,
At inde messis accidit miserrima.*²

They toil and moil, but what reap they? They are commonly unfortunate families that use it, accursed in their progeny, and, as common experience evinceth, accursed themselves in all their proceedings. “With what face (as he quotes out of Austin) can they expect a blessing or inheritance from Christ in heaven, that defraud Christ of his inheritance here on earth?” I would all our simoniacal patrons, and such as detain tithes, would read those judicious tracts of Sir Henry Spelman³ and Sir James Sempill, Knights; those late elaborate and learned treatises of Dr. Tilslye and Mr. Montague, which they have written of that subject. But though they should read, it would be to small purpose, *clames licet, et mare coelo confundas*;⁴ thunder, lighten, preach hell and damnation, tell them ’tis a

¹ Lord Cook, in his Reports, second part, fol. 44.—(Burton’s note.)

² You have hunted wealth with all your power but have reaped a wretched harvest.—EURIPIDES (Burton’s reference).

³ *De non temerandis ecclesiis*.—(Burton’s reference.)

⁴ JUVENAL, VI, 283.

sin, they will not believe it; denounce and terrify, they have cauterized consciences, they do not attend; as the enchanted adder, they stop their ears.¹ Call them base, irreligious, profane, barbarous, pagans, atheists, epicures (as some of them surely are), with the bawd in Plutus, *Euge, optime*,² they cry and applaud themselves with that miser, *simul ac nummos contemplor in arca*:³ say what you will, *quocunque modo rem*:⁴ as a dog barks at the moon, to no purpose are your sayings: take your heaven, let them have money. A base, profane, epicurean, hypocritical rout! For my part, let them pretend what zeal they will, counterfeit religion, blear the world's eyes, bombast themselves, and stuff out their greatness with church spoils, shine like so many peacocks; so cold is my charity, so defective in this behalf, that I shall never think better of them than that they are rotten at core, their bones are full of epicurean hypocrisy and atheistical marrow, they are worse than heathens. For as Dionysius Halicarnasseus observes (*Antiq. Rom. lib. 7. Primum locum, etc.*): "Greeks and barbarians observe all religious rites, and dare not break them for fear of offending the gods;" but our simoniacal contractors, our senseless Achans, our stupefied patrons, fear neither God nor devil, they have evasions for it, it is no sin, or not *de jure divino*, or if a sin, no great sin, etc. And though they be daily punished for it, and they do manifestly perceive that, as he said, frost and fraud come to foul ends; yet, as Chrysostom follows it, *Nulla ex pœna fit correctio, et quasi adversis malitia hominum provocetur, crescit quotidie quod puniatur*: they are rather worse than

¹ *Psalms*, lviii, 4.

² *Pseudolus*, 323.

³ All the same, I gaze at the gold in my chest.—HORACE, *Satires*, I, i, 67.

⁴ HORACE, *Epistles*, I, i, 66.

better,—*iram atque animos a crimine sumunt*, and the more they are corrected, the more they offend: but let them take their course, *Rode caper, vites*,¹ go on still as they begin, 'tis no sin, let them rejoice secure, God's vengeance will overtake them in the end, and these ill-gotten goods, as an eagle's feathers, will consume the rest of their substance; it is *aurum Tholosanum*, and will produce no better effects. "Let them lay it up safe, and make their conveyances never so close, lock and shut the door," saith Chrysostom,² "yet fraud and covetousness, two most violent thieves, are still included, and a little gain evil gotten will subvert the rest of their goods." The eagle in Æsop, seeing a piece of flesh now ready to be sacrificed, swept it away with her claws and carried it to her nest; but there was a burning coal stuck to it by chance, which unawares consumed her young ones, nest and all together. Let our simoniacal church-chopping patrons and sacrilegious harpies look for no better success.

A second cause is ignorance, and from thence contempt, *successit odium in literas ab ignorantia vulgi*; which Junius well perceived: this hatred and contempt of learning proceeds out of ignorance; as they are themselves barbarous, idiots, dull, illiterate, and proud, so they esteem others. *Sint Maecenates, non deerunt, Flacce, Marones*:³ let there be bountiful patrons, and there will be painful scholars in all sciences. But when they contemn learning, and think themselves sufficiently qualified if they can write and read, scramble at a piece of evidence, or have so much Latin as that emperor had, *qui nescit dissimulare, nescit vivere*,⁴ they are unfit to do their country service, to perform or undertake

¹ Let the goat gnaw the vines.—OVID, *Fasti*, I, 357.

² *In 5 Corinth.*

³ *Martial*, VIII, 56.

⁴ He that cannot dissemble cannot live.

any action or employment which may tend to the good of a commonwealth, except it be to fight, or to do country justice, with common sense, which every yeoman can likewise do. And so they bring up their children, rude as they are themselves, unqualified, untaught, uncivil most part. *Quis e nostra juventute legitime instituitur literis? Quis oratores aut philosophos tangit? quis historiam legit, illam rerum agendarum quasi animam? praecipitant parentes vota sua, etc.*¹ 'twas Lipsius' complaint to his illiterate countrymen, it may be ours. Now shall these men judge of a scholar's worth, that have no worth, that know not what belongs to a student's labors, that cannot distinguish between a true scholar and a drone? or him that by reason of a voluble tongue, a strong voice, a pleasing tone, and some trivantly polyanthean helps, steals and gleans a few notes from other men's harvests, and so makes a fairer show than he that is truly learned indeed: that thinks it no more to preach than to speak, "or to run away with an empty cart," as a grave man said;² and thereupon vilify us and our pains; scorn us and all learning. Because they are rich, and have other means to live, they think it concerns them not to know, or to trouble themselves with it; a fitter task for younger brothers, or poor men's sons, to be pen and inkhorn men, pedantical slaves, and no whit beseeming the calling of a gentleman; as Frenchmen and Germans commonly do, neglect therefore all human learning, what have they to do with it? Let mariners learn astronomy; merchants' factors study arithmetic; surveyors get them

¹ Who among our young men is adequately versed in literature? Who touches the orators and philosophers? Who reads history, the soul as it were of actions? Parents are in too great a hurry for their own views.—*Epist. Quest. IV, 21.*

² Dr. King in his last lecture on Jonah, sometime Right Reverend Lord Bishop of London.—(Burton's note.)

geometry; spectacle-makers optics; landleapers geography; town-clerks rhetoric; what should he do with a spade, that hath no ground to dig? or they with learning, that have no use of it? Thus they reason, and are not ashamed to let mariners, prentices, and the basest servants, be better qualified than themselves. In former times, kings, princes, and emperors, were the only scholars, excellent in all faculties.

Julius Cæsar mended the year, and writ his own Commentaries,

— *media inter prælia semper,
Stellarum cœlique plagis, superisque vacavit.*¹

Antonius, Adrian, Nero, Severus, Julian, etc., Michael the Emperor, and Isacius, were so much given to their studies, that no base fellow would take so much pains: Orion, Perseus, Alphonsus, Ptolomeus, famous astronomers; Sabor, Mithridates, Lysimachus, admired physicians: Plato's kings all: Evax, that Arabian prince, a most expert jeweller, and an exquisite philosopher; the kings of Egypt were priests of old, chosen and from thence,—*Idem rex hominum, Phœbique sacerdos*: but those heroical times are past; the Muses are now banished in this bastard age, *ad sordida tuguriola*, to meaner persons, and confined alone almost to universities. In those days, scholars were highly beloved, honored, esteemed; as old Ennius by Scipio Africanus, Virgil by Augustus, Horace by Mæcenæ: princes' companions; dear to them, as Anacreon to Polycrates, Philoxenus to Dionysius, and highly rewarded. Alexander sent Xenocrates the philosopher fifty talents, because he was poor; *visu rerum, aut eruditione præstantes viri*,

¹ Though ever fighting, yet found time to study the heavenly bodies.—LUCAN, X, 185.

mensis olim regum adhibiti,¹ as Philostratus relates of Adrian and Lampridius of Alexander Severus: famous clerks came to these princes' courts, *velut in Lycæum*, as to an university, and were admitted to their tables, *quasi divûm epulis accumbentes*;² Archilaus, that Macedonian king, would not willingly sup without Euripides (amongst the rest he drank to him at supper one night, and gave him a cup of gold for his pains), *delectatus poetæ suavi sermone*,³ and it was fit it should be so; because as Plato in his Protagoras well saith, a good philosopher as much excels other men, as a great king doth the commons of his country; and again, *quoniam illis nihil deest, et minimè egere solent, et disciplinas quas profitentur soli à contemptu vindicare possunt*, they needed not to beg so basely, as they compel scholars in our times to complain of poverty, or crouch to a rich chuff for a meal's meat, but could vindicate themselves and those arts which they professed. Now they would and cannot: for it is held by some of them as an axiom, that to keep them poor, will make them study; they must be dieted, as horses to a race, not pampered, *alendos volunt, non saginandos, ne melioris mentis flammula extinguatur*; a fat bird will not sing, a fat dog cannot hunt, and so by this depression of theirs some want means, others will, all want encouragement, as being forsaken almost, and generally contemned. 'Tis an old saying, *Sint Maecenates, non deerunt, Flacce, Marones*,⁴ and 'tis a true saying still. Yet oftentimes, I may not deny it, the main fault is in ourselves. Our academics too frequently offend in neglect-

¹ Men who excelled in observation and in learning were once admitted to the table of kings.

² VIRGIL, *Æneid*, I, 79.

³ Being delighted with the agreeable conversation of the poet.

⁴ Let there be Maecenases, and Virgils will not be lacking.—MARTIAL, IX, 73.

ing patrons, as Erasmus well taxeth,¹ or making ill choice of them; *negligimus oblatos aut amplectimur parum aptos*, or if we get a good one, *non studemus mutuis officiis favorem eius alere*, we do not ply and follow him as we should. *Idem mihi accidit adolescenti* (saith Erasmus), acknowledging his fault, *et gravissime peccavi*, and so may I say myself, I have offended in this, and so peradventure have many others.² We did not *spondere magnatum favoribus, qui cæperunt nos amplecti*, apply ourselves with that readiness we should: idleness, love of liberty, *immodicus amor libertatis effecit ut diù cum perfidis amicis*, as he confesseth, *et pertinaci pauperate colluctarer*, bashfulness, melancholy, timorousness, cause many of us to be too backward and remiss. So some offend in one extreme, but too many on the other; we are most part too forward, too solicitous, too ambitious, too impudent; we commonly complain *deesse Mæcenates*, want of encouragement, want of means, when as the true defect is in our own want of worth, our insufficiency: did Mæcenas take notice of Horace or Virgil till they had showed themselves first? or had Bavius and Mævius any patrons? *Egregium specimen dent*, saith Erasmus, let them approve themselves worthy first, sufficiently qualified for learning and manners, before they presume or impudently intrude and put themselves on great men, as too many do; with such base flattery, parasitical colloquing, such hyperbolical elogies they do usually insinuate, that it is a shame to hear and see. *Immodicæ laudes conciliant invidiam, potius quam laudem*,³ and vain commendations derogate from truth, and we think in conclusion, *non*

¹ *Dulce bellum inexpertis* (Adages, Chil. IV, Cent. I, 1).

² Had I done as others did, put myself forward, I might have haply been as great a man as many of my equals.—(Burton's note.)

³ Immoderate laudations stir envy rather than praise.

melius de laudato, pejus de laudante, ill of both, the commender and commended. So we offend, but the main fault is in their harshness, defect of patrons. How beloved of old, and how much respected was Plato to Dionysius? How dear to Alexander was Aristotle, Demeratus to Philip, Solon to Cræsus, Anaxarchus [to Alexander], and Trebatius to Augustus, Cassius to Vespasian, Plutarch to Trajan, Seneca to Nero, Simonides to Hieron! how honored!

*Sed hæc prius fuere, nunc recondita
Senent quiete,*¹

those days are gone:

*Et spes, et ratio studiorum in Cæsare tantum:*²

As he said of old, we may truly say now, he is our amulet, our sun, our sole comfort and refuge, our Ptolemy, our common Mæcenas, *Jacobus munificus, Jacobus pacificus, mysta Musarum, Rex Platonicus: Grande decus columenque nostrum:*³ a famous scholar himself, and the sole patron, pillar and sustainer of learning: but his worth in this kind is so well known, that as Paterculus of Cato, *iam ipsum laudare nefas sit:*⁴ and which Pliny to Trajan, *seria te carmina, honorque æternus annalium, non hæc brevis et pudenda prædicatio colet.*⁵ But he is now gone, the sun of ours set, and yet no night follows,

Sol occubuit, nox nulla sequuta est.

¹ *Catullus*, IV, 25.

² All our hopes and inducements to study are centered in Cæsar alone.—*JUVENAL*, VII, 1.

³ Our great ornament and support.—*HORACE*, *Odes*, II, xvii, 4.

⁴ It would be monstrous to praise him.—*VELLEIUS PATERCULUS*, II, 45.

⁵ Solemn verse and the enduring record of history, not this scant and unworthy eulogy, will foster your fame.—*Panegyric*, § 54.

We have such another in his room,

Aureus alter

*Avulsus, simili frondescit virga metallo,*¹

and long may he reign and flourish amongst us.

Let me not be malicious and lie against my genius; I may not deny but we have a sprinkling of our gentry, here and there one, excellently well learned, like those Fuggeri in Germany; Dubartus, Du Plessis, Sadael in France; Picus Mirandula, Schottus, Barotius in Italy; *Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*² But they are but few in respect of the multitude, the major part (and some again excepted that are indifferent) are wholly bent for hawks and hounds, and carried away many times with intemperate lust, gaming, and drinking. If they read a book at any time (*si quod est interim otii a venatu, poculis, alea, scortis*)³ 'tis an English chronicle of Sir Huon of Bordeaux, Amadis de Gaul, etc., a play-book or some pamphlet of news, and that at such seasons only when they cannot stir abroad, to drive away time; their sole discourse is dogs, hawks, horses, and what news? If some one have been a traveller in Italy, or as far as the Emperor's court, wintered in Orleans, and can court his mistress in broken French, wear his clothes neatly in the newest fashion, sing some choice outlandish tunes, discourse of lords, ladies, towns, palaces, and cities, he is complete and to be admired: otherwise he and they are much at one; no difference between the master and the man, but worshipful titles; wink and choose betwixt him that sits down (clothes excepted) and him that holds the trencher behind him: yet these men must be our patrons, our

¹ Another golden one, the first being taken away, flourishes with equal splendor.—VIRGIL, *Æneid*, VI, 143.

² They float far apart in the vast trough of the sea.—*Ibid.*, I, 118.

³ If they have any leisure from hunting, drinking, dicing, whoring.

governors too sometimes, statesmen, magistrates, noble, great, and wise by inheritance.

Mistake me not (I say again) *Vos, ô Patritius sanguis*,¹ you that are worthy senators, gentlemen, I honor your names and persons, and with all submissiveness, prostrate myself to your censure and service. There are amongst you, I do ingenuously confess, many well-deserving patrons and true patriots, of my knowledge, besides many hundreds which I never saw, no doubt, or heard of, pillars of our commonwealth, whose worth, bounty, learning, forwardness, true zeal in religion, and good esteem of all scholars, ought to be consecrated to all posterity;² but of your rank, there are a deboshed, corrupt, covetous, illiterate crew again, no better than stocks, *merum pecus (testor deum, non mihi videri dignos ingenui hominis appellatione)*,³ barbarous Thracians, *et quis ille Thrax qui hoc neget?*⁴ a sordid, profane, pernicious company, irreligious, impudent, and stupid, I know not what epithets to give them, enemies to learning, confounders of the church, and the ruin of a commonwealth; patrons they are by right of inheritance, and put in trust freely to dispose of such livings to the church's good; but (hard task-masters they prove) they take away their straw and compel them to make their number of brick: they commonly respect their own ends, commodity is the steer[er] of all their actions, and him they present, in conclusion, as a man of greatest gifts, that will give most; no penny, no paternoster, as the saying is. *Nisi preces auro fulcias*,

¹ PERSIUS, I, 61.

² I have often met with myself, and conferred with, divers worthy gentlemen in the country, no whit inferior, if not to be preferred for divers kinds of learning, to many of our academics.—(Burton's note.)

³ Mere cattle. I call God to witness I do not think them deserving the name of honest men.

⁴ And who would be such a Thracian as to deny it?

amplius irritas; ut Cerberus ossa,¹ their attendants and officers must be bribed, feed, and made, as Cerberus is with a sop by him that goes to hell. It was an old saying, *Omnia Romæ venalia*,² 'tis a rag of Popery, which will never be rooted out, there is no hope, no good to be done without money. A clerk may offer himself, approve his worth, learning, honesty, religion, zeal, they will commend him for it; but *probitas laudatur et alget*.³ If he be a man of extraordinary parts, they will flock afar off to hear him, as they did in Apuleius, to see Psyche: *multi mortales confluebant ad videndum sæculi decus, speculum gloriosum, laudatur ab omnibus, spectatur ab omnibus, nec quisquam non rex, non regius, cupidus eius nuptiarum petitor accedit; mirantur quidem divinam formam omnes, sed ut simulacrum fabre politum mirantur*; many mortal men came to see fair Psyche, the glory of her age, they did admire her, commend, desire her for her divine beauty, and gaze upon her, but as on a picture; none would marry her, *quod indotata*, fair Psyche had no money. So they do by learning;

— *didicit jam dives avarus*

*Tantum admirari, tantum laudare, disertos,
Ut pueri Junonis avem.*⁴

Your rich men have now learned of latter days

T' admire, commend and come together

To hear and see a worthy scholar speak,

As children do a peacock's feather.

He shall have all the good words that may be given, a proper man, and 'tis pity he hath no preferment, all good wishes, but inexorable, indurate as he is, he will

¹ VIRGIL, *Æneid*, VI, 417.

² All things are for sale at Rome.

³ Honesty is commended but not rewarded.—JUVENAL, I, 74.

⁴ *Idem.*, VII, 30.

not prefer him, though it be in his power, because he is *indotatus*, he hath no money. Or if he do give him entertainment, let him be never so well qualified, plead affinity, consanguinity, sufficiency, he shall serve seven years, as Jacob did for Rachel, before he shall have it. If he will enter at first, he must get in at that Simoniacal gate, come off soundly, and put in good security to perform all covenants, else he will not deal with, or admit him. But if some poor scholar, some parson chuff, will offer himself; some trencher chaplain, that will take it to the halves, thirds, or accept of what he will give, he is welcome; be conformable, preach as he will have him, he likes him before a million of others; for the best is always best cheap: and then as Hieron said to Cromatius, *patellá dignum operculum*,¹ such a patron, such a clerk; the cure is well supplied, and all parties pleased. So that is still verified in our age, which Chrysostom complained of in his time, *Qui opulentiores sunt, in ordinem parasitorum cogunt eos, et ipsos tanquam canes ad mensas suas enutriunt, eorumque impudentes ventres iniquarum cœnarum reliquiis differtiunt, iisdem pro arbitrio abutentes*:² Rich men keep these lecturers and fawning parasites, like so many dogs at their tables, and filling their hungry guts with the offals of their meat, they abuse them at their pleasure, and make them say what they propose. "As children do by a bird or a butterfly in a string, pull in and let him out as they list, do they by their trencher chaplains, prescribe, command their wits, let in and out as to them it seems best." If the patron be precise, so must his chaplain be; if he be papistical, his clerk must be so too, or else be turned out. These are those clerks which serve the turn, whom they commonly

¹ The cover is worthy of the pan.—*Epistles*, I, 7.

² *Contra Gentiles*, *De Babila Martyre*.

entertain and present to church livings, whilst in the meantime we that are University men, like so many hide-bound calves in a pasture, tarry out our time, wither away as a flower ungathered in a garden, and are never used; or as too many candles, illuminate ourselves alone, obscuring one another's light, and are not discerned here at all, the least of which, translated to a dark room, or to some country benefice, where it might shine apart, would give a fair light and be seen over all. Whilst we lie waiting here, as those sick men did at the Pool of Bethesda, till the Angel stirred the water, expecting a good hour, they step between and beguile us of our preferment. I have not yet said. If after long expectation, much expense, travail, earnest suit of ourselves and friends, we obtain a small benefice at last, our misery begins afresh; we are suddenly encountered with the flesh, world, and devil, with a new onset; we change a quiet life for an ocean of troubles, we come to a ruinous house, which before it be habitable, must be necessarily (to our great damage) repaired; we are compelled to sue for dilapidations, or else sued ourselves, and scarce yet settled, we are called upon for our predecessor's arrearages; first-fruits, tenths, subsidies, are instantly to be paid, benevolence, procurations, etc., and, which is most to be feared, we light upon a cracked title, as it befel Clenard of Brabant, for his rectory and charge of his *Beginæ*; he was no sooner inducted, but instantly sued, *cepimusque* (saith he) *strenuè litigare, et implacabili bello conflagere*: at length after ten years' suit, as long as Troy's siege, when he had tired himself and spent his money, he was fain to leave all for quietness' sake and give it up to his adversary. Or else we are insulted over, and trampled on by domineering officers, fleeced by those greedy harpies to get more fees; we stand in fear of

some precedent lapse; we fall amongst refractory, seditious sectaries, peevish puritans, perverse papists, a lascivious rout of atheistical Epicures, that will not be reformed, or some litigious people (those wild beasts of Ephesus must be fought with) that will not pay their dues without much repining, or compelled by long suit for *Laici clericis oppido infesti*,¹ an old axiom; all they think well gotten that is had from the church, and by such uncivil, harsh dealings, they make their poor minister weary of his place, if not his life; and put case they be quiet honest men, make the best of it, as often it falls out, from a polite and terse academic he must turn rustic, rude, melancholize alone, learn to forget, or else, as many do, become maltsters, graziers, chapmen, etc. (now banished from the academy, all commerce of the muses, and confined to a country village, as Ovid was from Rome to Pontus), and daily converse with a company of idiots and clowns.

¹ The laity hate the clergy.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE, *physician* -

[THE AUTHOR'S ADHERENCE TO THE
CHURCH OF ENGLAND]

(From *Religio Medici*, Sections 1-6.)

For my religion, though there be several circumstances that might persuade the world I have none at all, as the general scandal of my profession, the natural course of my studies, the indifferency of my behavior and discourse in matters of religion, neither violently defending one, nor with that common ardor and contention opposing another; yet in despite hereof, I dare, without usurpation, assume the honorable style of a Christian. Not that I merely owe this title to the font, my education, or the clime wherein I was born, as being bred up either to confirm those principles my parents instilled into my unwary understanding, or by a general consent proceed in the religion of my country: but having in my riper years and confirmed judgment, seen and examined all, I find myself obliged by the principles of grace, and the law of mine own reason, to embrace no other name but this: neither doth herein my zeal so far make me forget the general charity I owe unto humanity, as rather to hate than pity Turks, Infidels, and (what is worse) Jews; rather contenting myself to enjoy that happy style, than maligning those who refuse so glorious a title.

But because the name of a Christian is become too general to express our faith, there being a geography of religion as well as lands, and every clime distin-

guished not only by their laws and limits, but circumscribed by their doctrines and rules of faith; to be particular, I am of that reformed new-cast religion, wherein I dislike nothing but the name; of the same belief our Savior taught, the apostles disseminated, the fathers authorized, and the martyrs confirmed, but by the sinister ends of princes, the ambition and avarice of prelates, and the fatal corruption of times, so decayed, impaired, and fallen from its native beauty, that it required the careful and charitable hands of these times to restore it to its primitive integrity. Now the accidental occasion whereupon, the slender means whereby, the low and abject condition of the person by whom so good a work was set on foot, which in our adversaries beget contempt and scorn, fills me with wonder, and is the very same objection the insolent pagans first cast at Christ and his disciples.

Yet have I not so shaken hands with those desperate resolutions, (who had rather venture at large their decayed bottom, than bring her in to be new trimmed in the dock; who had rather promiscuously retain all, than abridge any, and obstinately be what they are, than what they have been,) as to stand in diameter and swords point with them. We have reformed from them, not against them; for omitting those impropriations and terms of scurrility betwixt us, which only difference our affections, and not our cause, there is between us one common name and appellation, one faith and necessary body of principles common to us both. And therefore I am not scrupulous to converse and live with them, to enter their churches in defect of ours, and either pray with them, or for them. I could never perceive any rational consequence from those many texts which prohibit the Children of Israel to pollute themselves with the temples of the heathens;

we being all Christians, and not divided by such detested impieties as might profane our prayers, or the place wherein we make them; or that a resolved conscience may not adore her Creator anywhere, especially in places devoted to his service; where, if their devotions offend him, mine may please him; if theirs profane it, mine may hallow it. Holy-water and crucifix (dangerous to the common people) deceive not my judgment, nor abuse my devotion at all. I am, I confess, naturally inclined to that which misguided zeal terms superstition; my common conversation I do acknowledge austere, my behavior full of rigor, sometimes not without morosity; yet at my devotion I love to use the civility of my knee, my hat, and hand, with all those outward and sensible motions which may express or promote my invisible devotion. I should violate my own arm rather than a church, nor willingly deface the name of saint or martyr. At the sight of a cross or crucifix I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Savior: I cannot laugh at, but rather pity, the fruitless journeys of pilgrims, or condemn the miserable condition of friars; for though misplaced in circumstances, there is something in it of devotion. I could never hear the Ave-Mary bell without an elevation, or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all, that is, in silence and dumb contempt. Whilst therefore they directed their devotions to her, I offered mine to God, and rectified the errors of their prayers, by rightly ordering mine own. At a solemn procession I have wept abundantly, while my consorts, blind with opposition and prejudice, have fallen into an excess of scorn and laughter. There are questionless both in Greek, Roman, and African churches, solemnities and ceremonies, whereof the wiser zeals do make a Christian

use, and stand condemned by us, not as evil in themselves, but as allurements and baits of superstition to those vulgar heads that look askint on the face of truth, and those unstable judgments that cannot consist in the narrow point and center of virtue without a reel or stagger to the circumference.

As there were many reformers, so likewise many reformatations; every country proceeding in a particular way and method, according as their national interest, together with their constitution and clime inclined them; some angrily, and with extremity; others calmly, and with mediocrity; not rending, but easily dividing the community, and leaving an honest possibility of a reconciliation; which though peaceable spirits do desire, and may conceive that revolution of time and the mercies of God may effect, yet that judgment that shall consider the present antipathies between the two extremes, their contrarieties in condition, affection, and opinion, may with the same hopes expect an union in the poles of heaven.

But (to difference myself nearer, and draw into a lesser circle), there is no church, whose every part so squares unto my conscience; whose articles, constitutions, and customs, seem so consonant unto reason, and as it were framed to my particular devotion, as this whereof I hold my belief, the Church of England; to whose faith I am a sworn subject, and therefore in a double obligation subscribe unto her articles, and endeavor to observe her constitutions. Whatsoever is beyond, as points idifferent, I observe according to the rules of my private reason, or the humor and fashion of my devotion; neither believing this, because Luther affirmed it, or disproving that, because Calvin hath disavouched it. I condemn not all things in the Council of Trent, nor approve all in the Synod of

Dort. In brief, where the Scripture is silent, the church is my text; where that speaks, 'tis but my comment: where there is a joint silence of both, I borrow not the rules of my religion from Rome or Geneva, but the dictates of my own reason. It is an unjust scandal of our adversaries, and a gross error in ourselves, to compute the nativity of our religion from Henry the Eighth, who though he rejected the Pope, refused not the faith of Rome, and effected no more than what his own predecessors desired and assayed in ages past, and was conceived the state of Venice would have attempted in our days. It is as uncharitable a point in us to fall upon those popular scurrilities and opprobrious scoffs of the Bishop of Rome, to whom, as a temporal prince, we owe the duty of good language. I confess there is cause of passion between us; by his sentence I stand excommunicated; *heretic* is the best language he affords me; yet can no ear witness, I ever returned him the name of Antichrist, Man of Sin, or Whore of Babylon. It is the method of charity to suffer without reaction: those usual satires and invectives of the pulpit may perchance produce a good effect on the vulgar, whose ears are opener to rhetoric than logic; yet do they in no wise confirm the faith of wiser believers, who know that a good cause needs not to be patroned by passion, but can sustain itself upon a temperate dispute.

I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which within a few days I should dissent myself. I have no genius to disputes in religion, and have often thought it wisdom to decline them, especially upon a disadvantage, or when the cause of truth might suffer in the weakness of my patronage. Where we desire to be

informed, 'tis good to contest with men above ourselves; but to confirm and establish our opinions, 'tis best to argue with judgments below our own, that the frequent spoils and victories over their reasons, may settle in ourselves an esteem and confirmed opinion of our own. Every man is not a proper champion for truth, nor fit to take up the gauntlet in the cause of verity. Many, from the ignorance of these maxims, and an inconsiderate zeal unto truth, have too rashly charged the troops of error, and remain as trophies unto the enemies of truth. A man may be in as just possession of truth as of a city, and yet be forced to surrender; 'tis therefore far better to enjoy her with peace, than to hazard her on a battle. If therefore there rise any doubts in my way, I do forget them, or at least defer them, till my better settled judgment and more manly reason be able to resolve them; for I perceive every man's own reason is his best *Cedipus*, and will upon a reasonable truce find a way to loose those bonds wherewith the subtleties of error have enchained our more flexible and tender judgments. In philosophy, where truth seems double-faced, there is no man more paradoxical than myself; but in divinity I love to keep the road; and though not in an implicit, yet an humble faith, follow the great wheel of the church, by which I move, not reserving any proper poles or motion from the epicycle of my own brain. By this means I leave no gap for heresies, schisms, or errors, of which at present I hope I shall not injure truth to say I have no taint or tincture. I must confess my greener studies have been polluted with two or three, not any begotten in the latter centuries, but old and obsolete, such as could never have been revived but by such extravagant and irregular heads as mine. For indeed heresies perish not with their authors, but like the river *Arethusa*,

though they lose their currents in one place, they rise up again in another. One general council is not able to extirpate one single heresy; it may be cancelled for the present, but revolution of time, and the like aspects from heaven, will restore it, when it will flourish till it be condemned again. For as though there were metempsychosis, and the soul of one man passed into another, opinions do find after certain revolutions men and minds like those that first begat them. To see ourselves again, we need not look for Plato's year: every man is not only himself; there hath been many Diogenes, and as many Timons, though but few of that name; men are lived over again, the world is now as it was in ages past; there was none then, but there hath been some one since that parallels him, and is, as it were, his revived self.

[FAITH IN MYSTERIES]

(*Religio Medici*, Section 9)

As for those wingy mysteries in divinity, and airy subtleties in religion, which have unhinged the brains of better heads, they never stretched the *pia mater* of mine. Methinks there be not impossibilities enough in religion for an active faith; the deepest mysteries ours contains have not only been illustrated, but maintained by syllogism and the rule of reason. I love to lose myself in a mystery, to pursue my reason to an *O altitudo!* 'Tis my solitary recreation to pose my apprehension with those involved enigmas and riddles of the trinity, with incarnation and resurrection. I can answer all the objections of Satan and my rebellious reason, with that odd resolution I learned of Tertullian, *Certum est quia impossibile est.*¹ I desire

¹ It is certain because it is impossible.—*De Carne Christi*, ch. 5.

to exercise my faith in the difficultest point; for to credit ordinary and visible objects, is not faith, but persuasion. Some believe the better for seeing Christ's sepulchre; and when they have seen the Red Sea, doubt not of the miracle. Now contrarily, I bless myself, and am thankful that I lived not in the days of miracles, that I never saw Christ nor his disciples. I would not have been one of those Israelites that passed the Red Sea, nor one of Christ's patients on whom he wrought his wonders; then had my faith been thrust upon me, nor should I enjoy that greater blessing pronounced to all that believe and saw not. 'Tis an easy and necessary belief, to credit what our eye and sense hath examined: I believe He was dead and buried, and rose again; and desire to see Him in His glory, rather than to contemplate Him in His cenotaph or sepulchre. Nor is this much to believe; as we have reason, we owe this faith unto history: they only had the advantage of a bold and noble faith, who lived before his coming, who upon obscure prophecies and mystical types could raise a belief, and expect apparent impossibilities.

[GOD'S PROVIDENCE IN NATURE AND IN FORTUNE]

(*Religio Medici*, Sections 15–18)

Natura nihil agit frustra,¹ is the only undisputed axiom in philosophy. There are no grotesques in nature; not anything framed to fill up empty cantons and unnecessary spaces. In the most imperfect creatures, and such as were not preserved in the ark, but, having their seeds and principles in the womb of Nature, are everywhere where the power of the sun is, in these is the wisdom of His hand discovered. Out

¹ Nature does nothing in vain.—*Aristotle. De Coelo*, I, 4.

of this rank Solomon chose the object of his admiration. Indeed, what reason may not go to school to the wisdom of bees, ants, and spiders? what wise hand teacheth *them* to do what reason cannot teach *us*? Ruder heads stand amazed at those prodigious pieces of nature, whales, elephants, dromedaries and camels; these, I confess, are the colossus and majestic pieces of her hand: but in these narrow engines there is more curious mathematics; and the civility of these little citizens more neatly sets forth the wisdom of their maker. Who admires not Regio-Montanus his fly beyond his eagle, or wonders not more at the operation of two souls in those little bodies, than but one in the trunk of a cedar? I could never content my contemplation with those general pieces of wonder, the flux and reflux of the sea, the increase of Nile, the conversion of the needle to the north; and have studied to match and parallel those in the more obvious and neglected pieces of nature, which without further travel I can do in the cosmography of myself. We carry with us the wonders we seek without us: there is all Africa and her prodigies in us; we are that bold and adventurous piece of nature, which he that studies wisely learns in a compendium what others labor at in a divided piece and endless volume.

Thus there are two books from whence I collect my divinity; besides that written one of God, another of his servant, Nature, that universal and public manuscript, that lies expanded unto the eyes of all: those that never saw him in the one, have discovered him in the other. This was the scripture and theology of the heathens: the natural motion of the sun made *them* more admire him than its supernatural station did the Children of Israel; the ordinary effects of nature wrought more admiration in *them* than in the other

all his miracles. Surely the heathens knew better how to join and read these mystical letters than we Christians, who cast a more careless eye on these common hieroglyphicks, and disdain to suck divinity from the flowers of nature. Nor do I so forget God as to adore the name of nature; which I define not, with the schools, to be the principle of motion and rest, but that straight and regular line, that settled and constant course the wisdom of God hath ordained the actions of his creatures, according to their several kinds. To make a revolution every day is the nature of the sun, because of that necessary course which God hath ordained it, from which it cannot swerve but by a faculty from that voice which first did give it motion. Now this course of nature God seldom alters or perverts, but, like an excellent artist, hath so contrived his work, that with the self same instrument, without a new creation, he may effect his obscurest designs. Thus he sweeteneth the water with a wood, preserveth the creatures in the ark, which the blast of his mouth might have as easily created; for God is like a skilful geometriician, who, when more easily and with one stroke of his compass he might describe or divide a right line, had yet rather do this in a circle or longer way, according to the constituted and fore-laid principles of his art. Yet this rule of his he doth sometimes pervert, to acquaint the world with his prerogative, lest the arrogancy of our reason should question his power, and conclude he could not. And thus I call the effects of nature the works of God, whose hand and instrument she only is; and therefore to ascribe his actions unto her, is to devolve the honor of the principal agent upon the instrument; which if with reason we may do, then let our hammers rise up and boast they have built our houses, and our pens receive the honor of our writings.

I hold there is a general beauty in the works of God, and therefore no deformity in any kind or species of creature whatsoever. I cannot tell by what logic we call a toad, a bear, or an elephant ugly; they being created in those outward shapes and figures which best express the actions of their inward forms, and having passed that general visitation of God, who saw that all that he had made was good, that is, conformable to his will, which abhors deformity, and is the rule of order and beauty. There is no deformity but in monstrosity; wherein, notwithstanding, there is a kind of beauty; nature so ingeniously contriving the irregular parts, as they become sometimes more remarkable than the principal fabric. To speak yet more narrowly, there was never anything ugly or mis-shapen, but the chaos; wherein, notwithstanding (to speak strictly), there was no deformity, because no form; nor was it yet impregnant by the voice of God. Now nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature, they being both servants of his providence. Art is the perfection of nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God.

This is the ordinary and open way of his providence, which art and industry have in a good part discovered; whose effects we may foretell without an oracle: to foreshow these, is not prophesy, but prognostication. There is another way, full of meanders and labyrinths, whereof the devil and spirits have no exact ephemerides; and that is a more particular and obscure method of his providence, directing the operations of individuals and single essences: this we call *Fortune*, that serpentine and crooked line, whereby he draws those actions his wisdom intends, in a more unknown and secret

way. This cryptic and involved method of his providence have I ever admired; nor can I relate the history of my life, the occurrences of my days, the escapes of dangers, and hits of chance, with a *Bezo las Manos* to fortune, or a bare *Gramercy* to my good stars. Abraham might have thought the ram in the thicket came thither by accident; human reason would have said that mere chance conveyed Moses in the ark to the sight of Pharaoh's daughter: what a labyrinth is there in the story of Joseph, able to convert a Stoic! Surely there are in every man's life certain rubs, doublings, and wrenches, which pass a while under the effects of chance, but at the last, well examined, prove the mere hand of God. 'Twas not dumb chance, that, to discover the fougade or powder-plot, contrived a miscarriage in the letter. I like the victory of '88 the better for that one occurrence, which our enemies imputed to our dishonor and the partiality of fortune, to wit, the tempests and contrariety of winds. King Philip did not detract from the nation, when he said, *he sent his armado to fight with men, and not to combat with the winds*. Where there is a manifest disproportion between the powers and forces of two several agents, upon a maxim of reason we may promise the victory to the superior; but when unexpected accidents slip in, and unthought-of occurrences intervene, these must proceed from a power that owes no obedience to those axioms; where, as in the writing upon the wall, we may behold the hand, but see not the spring that moves it. The success of that petty province of Holland (of which the Grand Seigneur proudly said, *if they should trouble him as they did the Spaniard, he would send his men with shovels and pick-axes, and throw it into the sea*), I cannot altogether ascribe to the ingenuity and industry of the people, but the mercy of

God, that hath disposed them to such a thriving genius; and to the will of his providence, that disposeth her favor to each country in their pre-ordinate season. All cannot be happy at once; for, because the glory of one state depends upon the ruin of another, there is a revolution and vicissitude of their greatness, and must obey the swing of that wheel, not moved by intelligences, but by the hand of God, whereby all estates arise to their zenith and vertical points according to their predestinated periods. For the lives, not only of men, but of commonwealths, and the whole world, run not upon an helix that still enlargeth, but on a circle, where, arriving to their meridian, they decline in obscurity, and fall under the horizon again.

These must not therefore be named the effects of fortune, but in a relative way, and as we term the works of nature. It was the ignorance of man's reason that begat this very name, and by a careless term miscalled the Providence of God; for there is no liberty for causes to operate in a loose and straggling way; nor any effect whatsoever, but hath its warrant from some universal or superior cause. 'Tis not a ridiculous devotion to say a prayer before a game at tables; for even in *sortilegies* and matters of greatest uncertainty, there is a settled and pre-ordered course of effects. It is we that are blind, not fortune: because our eye is too dim to discover the mystery of her effects, we foolishly paint her blind, and hoodwink the providence of the Almighty. I cannot justify that contemptible proverb, *That fools only are fortunate*, or that insolent paradox, *That a wise man is out of the reach of fortune*; much less those opprobrious epithets of poets, *Whore*, *Bawd*, and *Strumpet*. 'Tis, I confess, the common fate of men of singular gifts of mind to be destitute of those of fortune, which doth not any way deject

the spirit of wiser judgments, who thoroughly understand the justice of this proceeding; and being enriched with higher donatives, cast a more careless eye on these vulgar parts of felicity. It is a most unjust ambition to desire to engross the mercies of the Almighty, not to be content with the goods of mind, without a possession of those of body or fortune; and it is an error worse than heresy, to adore these complementary and circumstantial pieces of felicity, and undervalue those perfections and essential points of happiness wherein we resemble our maker. To wiser desires it is satisfaction enough to deserve, though not to enjoy, the favors of fortune: let Providence provide for fools. 'Tis not partiality, but equity in God, who deals with us but as our natural parents: those that are able of body and mind he leaves to their deserts; to those of weaker merits he imparts a larger portion, and pieces out the defect of one by the excess of the other. Thus have we no just quarrel with nature for leaving us naked; or to envy the horns, hoofs, skins, and furs of other creatures, being provided with reason, that can supply them all. We need not labor with so many arguments to confute judicial astrology; for, if there be a truth therein, it doth not injure divinity. If to be born under Mercury disposeth us to be witty, under Jupiter to be wealthy, I do not owe a Knee unto these, but unto that merciful hand that hath ordered my indifferent and uncertain nativity unto such benevolent aspects. Those that hold that all things are governed by fortune, had not erred, had they not persisted there. The Romans, that erected a temple to Fortune, acknowledged therein, though in a blinder way, somewhat of Divinity; for, in a wise supputation, all things begin and end in the Almighty. There is a nearer way to heaven than Homer's chain; an easy

logic may conjoin heaven and earth in one argument, and with less than a *sorites* resolve all things into God. For though we christen effects by their most sensible and nearest causes, yet is God the true and infallible cause of all; whose concourse, though it be general, yet doth it subdivide itself into the particular actions of every thing, and is that spirit, by which each singular essence not only subsists, but performs its operation.

[THOUGHTS ON THE DURATION OF LIFE]

(*Religio Medici*, Sections 37–43)

Now, for these walls of flesh, wherein the soul doth seem to be immured before the resurrection, it is nothing but an elemental composition, and a fabric that must fall to ashes. *All flesh is grass*,¹ is not only metaphorically, but literally, true; for all those creatures we behold are but the herbs of the field, digested into flesh in them, or more remotely carnified in ourselves. Nay further, we are what we all abhor, anthropophagi and cannibals, devourers not only of men, but of ourselves; and that not in an allegory, but a positive truth; for all this mass of flesh which we behold, came in at our mouths; this frame we look upon, hath been upon our trenchers; in brief, we have devoured ourselves. I cannot believe the wisdom of Pythagoras did ever positively, and in a literal sense, affirm his metempsychosis, or impossible transmigration of the souls of men into beasts. Of all metamorphoses or transmigrations, I believe only one, that is of Lot's wife; for that of Nebuchodonosor proceeded not so far: in all others I conceive there is no further verity than is contained in their implicit sense and morality. I believe that the whole frame of a beast doth perish, and is left in the

¹ *Isaiah*, xl, 6.

same state after death as before it was materialled unto life: that the souls of men know neither contrary nor corruption; that they subsist beyond the body, and outlive death by the privilege of their proper natures, and without a miracle; that the souls of the faithful, as they leave earth, take possession of heaven: that those apparitions and ghosts of departed persons are not the wandering souls of men, but the unquiet walks of devils, prompting and suggesting us unto mischief, blood, and villainy; instilling and stealing into our hearts that the blessed spirits are not at rest in their graves, but wander solicitous of the affairs of the world. But that those phantasms appear often, and do frequent cemeteries, charnel-houses, and churches, it is because those are the dormitories of the dead, where the devil, like an insolent champion, beholds with pride the spoils and trophies of his victory over Adam.

This is that dismal conquest we all deplore, that makes us so often cry, *O Adam, quid fecisti?*¹ I thank God I have not those strait ligaments, or narrow obligations to the world, as to dote on life, or be convulst and tremble at the name of death. Not that I am insensible of the dread and horror thereof; or by raking into the bowels of the deceased, continual sight of anatomies, skeletons, or cadaverous reliques, like vespilloes, or grave-makers, I am become stupid, or have forgot the apprehension of mortality; but that, marshalling all the horrors, and contemplating the extremities thereof, I find not anything therein able to daunt the courage of a man, much less a well-resolved Christian; and therefore am not angry at the error of our first parents, or unwilling to bear a part of this common fate, and like the best of them to die, that is, to cease to breathe, to take a farewell of the elements, to be a

¹ O Adam, what hast thou done?

kind of nothing for a moment, to be within one instant of a spirit. When I take a full view and circle of myself without this reasonable moderator, and equal piece of justice, death, I do conceive myself the miserablest person extant. Were there not another life that I hope for, all the vanities of this world should not entreat a moment's breath from me: could the devil work my belief to imagine I could never die, I would not outlive that very thought. I have so abject a conceit of this common way of existence, this retaining to the sun and elements, I cannot think this is to be a man, or to live according to the dignity of humanity. In expectation of a better, I can with patience embrace this life, yet in my best meditations do often defy death; I honor any man that contemns it, nor can I highly love any that is afraid of it: this makes me naturally love a soldier, and honor those tattered and contemptible regiments that will die at the command of a sergeant. For a pagan there may be some motives to be in love with life; but for a Christian to be amazed at death, I see not how he can escape this dilemma, that he is too sensible of this life, or hopeless of the life to come.

Some divines count Adam thirty years old at his creation, because they suppose him created in the perfect age and stature of man. And surely we are all out of the computation of our age, and every man is some months elder than he bethinks him; for we live, move, have a being, and are subject to the actions of the elements, and the malice of diseases, in that other world, the truest microcosm, the womb of our mother. For besides that general and common existence we are conceived to hold in our chaos, and whilst we sleep within the bosom of our causes, we enjoy a being and life in three distinct worlds, wherein we receive most

manifest graduations. In that obscure world and womb of our mother, our time is short, computed by the moon, yet longer than the days of many creatures that behold the sun; ourselves being not yet without life, sense, and reason; though for the manifestation of its actions, it awaits the opportunity of objects, and seems to live there but in its root and soul of vegetation. Entering afterwards upon the scene of the world, we arise up and become another creature, performing the reasonable actions of man, and obscurely manifesting that part of divinity in us; but not in complement and perfection, till we have once more cast our secondine, that is, this slough of flesh, and are delivered into the last world, that is, that ineffable place of Paul, that proper *ubi* of Spirits.¹ The smattering I have of the philosopher's stone (which is something more than the perfect exaltation of gold,) hath taught me a great deal of divinity, and instructed my belief, how that immortal spirit and incorruptible substance of my soul may lie obscure, and sleep a while within this house of flesh. Those strange and mystical transmigrations that I have observed in silkworms, turned my philosophy into divinity. There is in these works of nature, which seem to puzzle reason, something divine, and hath more in it than the eye of a common spectator doth discover.

I am naturally bashful; nor hath conversation, age, or travel, been able to effront, or enharden me; yet I have one part of modesty which I have seldom discovered in another, that is (to speak truly), I am not so much afraid of death, as ashamed thereof. 'Tis the very disgrace and ignominy of our natures, that in a moment can so disfigure us, that our nearest friends, wife, and children, stand afraid and start at us: the birds and beasts of the field, that before in a natural

¹ I Corinthians, xii, 4.

fear obeyed us, forgetting all allegiance, begin to prey upon us. This very conceit hath in a tempest disposed and left me willing to be swallowed up in the abyss of waters, wherein I had perished unseen, unpitied, without wondering eyes, tears of pity, lectures of mortality, and none had said, *Quantam mutatus ab illo!*¹ Not that I am ashamed of the anatomy of my parts, or can accuse nature for playing the bungler in any part of me, or my own vicious life for contracting any shameful disease upon me, whereby I might not call myself as wholesome a morsel for the worms as any.

Some, upon the courage of a fruitful issue, wherein, as in the truest chronicle, they seem to outlive themselves, can with greater patience away with death. This conceit and counterfeit subsisting in our progenies seems to me a mere fallacy, unworthy the desires of a man that can but conceive a thought of the next world; who, in a nobler ambition, should desire to live in his substance in heaven, rather than his name and shadow in the earth. And therefore at my death I mean to take a total adieu of the world, not caring for a monument, history, or epitaph, not so much as the bare memory of my name to be found anywhere but in the universal register of God. I am not yet so cynical as to approve the testament of Diogenes; nor do I altogether allow that *rodomontado* of Lucan,

— *Cælo tegitur, qui non habet urnam.*²

He that unburied lies wants not his hearse,
For unto him a tomb's the universe.

but commend in my calmer judgment those ingenuous intentions that desire to sleep by the urns of their fathers, and strive to go the neatest way unto corrup-

¹ How changed from what he was.—VIRGIL, *Æneid*, II, 274.

² VII, 819.

tion. I do not envy the temper of crows and daws, nor the numerous and weary days of our fathers before the flood. If there be any truth in astrology, I may outlive a jubilee: as yet I have not seen one revolution of Saturn, nor hath my pulse beat thirty years; and yet, excepting one, have seen the ashes and left under ground all the kings of Europe; have been contemporary to three emperors, four Grand Signiors, and as many popes. Methinks I have outlived myself, and begin to be weary of the sun; I have shaken hands with delight, in my warm blood and canicular days, I perceive I do anticipate the vices of age; the world to me is but a dream or mock-show, and we all therein but pantalonies and antics, to my severer contemplations.

It is not, I confess, an unlawful prayer to desire to surpass the days of our Savior, or wish to outlive that age wherein he thought fittest to die; yet if (as divinity affirms,) there shall be no gray hairs in heaven, but all shall rise in the perfect state of men, we do but outlive those perfections in this world, to be recalled unto them by a greater miracle in the next, and run on here but to be retrograde hereafter. Were there any hopes to outlive vice, or a point to be superannuated from sin, it were worthy our knees to implore the days of Methuselah. But age doth not rectify, but incurvate our natures, turning bad dispositions into worsen habits, and (like diseases,) brings on incurable vices; for every day as we grow weaker in age, we grow stronger in sin, and the number of our days doth but make our sins innumerable. The same vice committed at sixteen, is not the same, though it agree in all other circumstances, at forty, but swells and doubles from the circumstance of our ages; wherein, besides the constant and inexcusable habit of transgressing, the maturity of our judgment cuts off pretence unto excuse or pardon.

Every sin, the oftener it is committed, the more it acquireth in the quality of evil; as it succeeds in time, so it proceeds in degrees of badness; for as they proceed they ever multiply, and, like figures in arithmetic, the last stands for more than all that went before it. And though I think no man can live well once, but he that could live twice, yet for my own part I would not live over my hours past, or begin again the thread of my days: not upon Cicero's ground, because I have lived them well, but for fear I should live them worse.¹ I find my growing judgment daily instruct me how to be better, but my untamed affections and confirmed vitiosity makes me daily do worse. I find in my confirmed age the same sins I discovered in my youth; I committed many then, because I was a child; and because I commit them still, I am yet an infant. Therefore I perceive a man may be twice a child, before the days of dotage; and stand in need of Æson's bath before threescore.

And truly there goes a great deal of providence to produce a man's life unto threescore: there is more required than an able temper for those years; though the radical humor contain in it sufficient oil for seventy, yet I perceive in some it gives no light past thirty: men assign not all the causes of long life, that write whole books thereof. They that found themselves on the radical balsam, or vital sulphur of the parts, determine not why Abel lived not so long as Adam. There is therefore a secret glome or bottom of our days: 'twas His wisdom to determine them, but His perpetual and waking providence that fulfills and accomplisheth them; wherein the spirits, ourselves, and all the creatures of God in a secret and disputed way do execute His will. Let them not therefore complain of imma-

¹ Cf. *De Senectute*, ch. 23.

turity that die about thirty; they fall but like the whole world, whose solid and well composed substance must not expect the duration and period of its constitution: when all things are completed in it, its age is accomplished; and the last and general fever may as naturally destroy it before six thousand, as me before forty. There is therefore some other hand that twines the thread of life than that of nature: we are not only ignorant in antipathies and occult qualities; our ends are as obscure as our beginnings; the line of our days is drawn by night, and the various effects therein by a pencil that is invisible; wherein though we confess our ignorance, I am sure we do not err if we say it is the hand of God.

[THE AUTHOR DISCOURSES OF HIS DISPOSITION AND INCLINATIONS]

(*Religio Medici*, The Second Part)

Now for that other virtue of charity, without which faith is a mere notion, and of no existence, I have ever endeavored to nourish the merciful disposition and humane inclination I borrowed from my parents, and regulate it to the written and prescribed laws of charity. And if I hold the true anatomy of myself, I am delineated and naturally framed to such a piece of virtue; for I am of a constitution so general, that it consorts and sympathiseth with all things. I have no antipathy, or rather idiosyncrasy, in diet, humor, air, anything. I wonder not at the French for their dishes of frogs, snails and toadstools, nor at the Jews for locusts and grasshoppers; but being amongst them, make them my common viands, and I find they agree with my stomach as well as theirs. I could digest a salad gathered in a church-yard, as well as in a garden.

I cannot start at the presence of a serpent, scorpion, lizard, or salamander: at the sight of a toad or viper, I find in me no desire to take up a stone to destroy them. I feel not in myself those common antipathies that I can discover in others: those national repugnances do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian, Spaniard, or Dutch: but where I find their actions in balance with my countrymen's, I honor, love, and embrace them in the same degree. I was born in the eighth climate, but seem for to be framed and constellated unto all. I am no plant that will not prosper out of a garden. All places, all airs, make unto me one country; I am in England everywhere, and under any meridian. I have been shipwrecked, yet am not enemy with the sea or winds; I can study, play, or sleep in a tempest. In brief, I am averse from nothing: my conscience would give me the lie if I should say I absolutely detest or hate any essence but the devil; or so at least abhor anything, but that we might come to composition. If there be any among those common objects of hatred I do contemn and laugh at, it is that great enemy of reason, virtue and religion, the multitude: that numerous piece of monstrosity, which, taken asunder, seem men, and the reasonable creatures of God; but, confused together, make but one great beast, and a monstrosity more prodigious than hydra. It is no breach of charity to call these fools; it is the style all holy writers have afforded them, set down by Solomon in canonical Scripture,¹ and a point of our faith to believe so. Neither in the name of multitude do I only include the base and minor sort of people; there is a rabble even amongst the gentry, a sort of plebeian heads, whose fancy moves with the same wheel as these; men in the same level

¹ *Proverbs*, i, 7, etc.

with mechanics, though their fortunes do somewhat gild their infirmities, and their purses compound for their follies. But as, in casting account, three or four men together come short in account of one man placed by himself below them; so neither are a troop of these ignorant doradoes of that true esteem and value, as many a forlorn person, whose condition doth place him below their feet. Let us speak like politicians: there is a nobility without heraldry, a natural dignity, whereby one man is ranked with another, another filed before him, according to the quality of his desert, and preeminence of his good parts. Though the corruption of these times and the bias of present practice wheel another way, thus it was in the first and primitive commonwealths, and is yet in the integrity and cradle of well-ordered polities, till corruption getteth ground; ruder desires laboring after that which wiser considerations condemn, every one having a liberty to amass and heap up riches, and they a license or faculty to do or purchase anything.

This general and indifferent temper of mine doth more nearly dispose me to this noble virtue. It is a happiness to be born and framed unto virtue, and to grow up from the seeds of nature, rather than the inoculation and forced graffs of education: yet if we are directed only by our particular natures, and regulate our inclinations by no higher rule than that of our reasons, we are but moralists; divinity will still call us heathens. Therefore this great work of charity must have other motives, ends, and impulsions. I give no alms only to satisfy the hunger of my brother, but to fulfill and accomplish the will and command of my God: I draw not my purse for his sake that demands it, but His that enjoined it: I relieve no man upon the rhetoric of his miseries, nor to content mine own

commiserating disposition; for this is still but moral charity, and an act that oweth more to passion than reason. He that relieves another upon the bare suggestion and bowels of pity, doth not this so much for his sake as for his own; for by compassion we make others' misery our own, and so, by relieving them, we relieve ourselves also. It is as erroneous a conceit to redress other men's misfortunes upon the common considerations of merciful natures, that it may be one day our own case; for this is a sinister and politic kind of charity, whereby we seem to bespeak the pities of men in the like occasions. And truly I have observed that those professed eleemosynaries, though in a crowd or multitude, do yet direct and place their petitions on a few and selected persons: there is surely a physiognomy, which those experienced and master mendicants observe, whereby they instantly discover a merciful aspect, and will single out a face wherein they spy the signatures and marks of mercy. For there are mystically in our faces certain characters which carry in them the motto of our souls, wherein he that cannot read A. B. C. may read our natures. I hold moreover that there is a phytognomy, or physiognomy, not only of men, but of plants and vegetables; and in every one of them some outward figures which hang as signs or bushes of their inward forms. The finger of God hath left an inscription upon all his works, not graphical or composed of letters, but of their several forms, constitutions, parts, and operations, which, aptly joined together, do make one word that doth express their natures. By these letters God calls the stars by their names; and by this alphabet Adam assigned to every creature a name peculiar to its nature. Now there are, besides these characters 'in our faces, certain mystical figures in our hands, which I dare not call

mere dashes, strokes *à la volée*, or at random, because delineated by a pencil that never works in vain; and hereof I take more particular notice, because I carry that in mine own hand which I could never read of nor discover in another. Aristotle, I confess, in his acute and singular book of physiognomy, hath made no mention of chiromancy; yet I believe the Egyptians, who were nearer addicted to those abstruse and mystical sciences, had a knowledge therein, to which those vagabond and counterfeit Egyptians did after pretend, and perhaps retained a few corrupted principles, which sometimes might verify their prognostics.

It is the common wonder of all men, how among so many millions of faces, there should be none alike: now contrary, I wonder as much how there should be any. He that shall consider how many thousand several words have been carelessly and without study composed out of twenty-four letters; withal, how many hundred lines there are to be drawn in the fabric of one man, shall easily find that this variety is necessary; and it will be very hard that they shall so concur as to make one portrait like another. Let a painter carelessly limn out a million of faces, and you shall find them all different; yea, let him have his copy before him, yet after all his art there will remain a sensible distinction; for the pattern or example of everything is the perfectest in that kind, whereof we still come short, though we transcend or go beyond it, because herein it is wide, and agrees not in all points unto the copy. Nor doth the similitude of creatures disparage the variety of nature, nor any way confound the works of God. For even in things alike there is diversity; and those that do seem to accord do manifestly disagree. And thus is man like God; for in the same things that we resemble him, we are utterly different from him. There was

never anything so like another as in all points to concur: there will ever some reserved difference slip in, to prevent the identity; without which, two several things would not be alike, but the same, which is impossible.

But to return from philosophy to charity: I hold not so narrow a conceit of this virtue, as to conceive that to give alms is only to be charitable, or think a piece of liberality can comprehend the total of charity. Divinity hath wisely divided the act thereof into many branches, and hath taught us in this narrow way many paths unto goodness; as many ways as we may do good, so many ways we may be charitable. There are infirmities not only of body, but of soul, and fortunes, which do require the merciful hand of our abilities. I cannot condemn a man for ignorance, but behold him with as much pity as I do Lazarus. It is no greater charity to clothe his body, than apparel the nakedness of his soul. It is an honorable object to see the reasons of other men wear our liveries, and their borrowed understandings do homage to the bounty of ours: it is the cheapest way of beneficence, and, like the natural charity of the sun, illuminates another without obscuring itself. To be reserved and caitiff in this part of goodness, is the sordidest piece of covetousness, and more contemptible than pecuniary avarice. To this (as calling myself a scholar,) I am obliged by the duty of my condition: I make not therefore my head a grave, but a treasure, of knowledge; I intend no monopoly, but a community, in learning; I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves. I envy no man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less. I instruct no man as an exercise of my knowledge, or with an intent rather to nourish and keep it alive in mine own head than beget and

propagate it in his: and in the midst of all my endeavors there is but one thought that dejects me, that my acquired parts must perish with myself, nor can be legacied among my honored friends. I cannot fall out or condemn a man for an error, or conceive why a difference in opinion should divide an affection; for controversies, disputes, and argumentations, both in philosophy and in divinity, if they meet with discreet and peaceable natures, do not infringe the laws of charity. In all disputes, so much as there is of passion, so much there is of nothing to the purpose; for then reason, like a bad hound, spends upon a false scent, and forsakes the question first started. And this is one reason why controversies are never determined; for, though they be amply proposed, they are scarce at all handled, they do so swell with unnecessary digressions; and the parenthesis on the party is often as large as the main discourse upon the subject. The foundations of religion are already established, and the principles of salvation subscribed unto by all: there remains not many controversies worth a passion; and yet never any disputed without, not only in divinity, but in inferior arts. What a *βατραχομνομαχία*¹ and hot skirmish is betwixt S. and T. in Lucian! How do grammarians hack and slash for the genitive case in *Jupiter*! How do they break their own pates to salve that of Priscian!

*Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus.*²

Yea, even amongst wiser militants, how many wounds have been given, and credits slain, for the poor victory of an opinion, or beggarly conquest of a distinction! Scholars are men of peace, they bear no arms, but

¹ Battle of frogs and mice.

² If he were on earth, how Democritus would laugh.—HORACE, *Epistles*, II, i, 194.

their tongues are sharper than Actius his razor; their pens carry farther, and give a louder report than thunder: I had rather stand the shock of a basilisco, than the fury of a merciless pen. It is not mere zeal to learning, or devotion to the Muses, that wiser princes patron the arts, and carry an indulgent aspect unto scholars; but a desire to have their names eternized by the memory of their writings, and a fear of the revengeful pen of succeeding ages; for these are the men, that, when they have played their parts, and had their exits, must step out and give the moral of their scenes, and deliver unto posterity an inventory of their virtues and vices. And surely there goes a great deal of conscience to the compiling of an history: there is no reproach to the scandal of a story; it is such an authentic kind of falsehood that with authority belies our good names to all nations and posterity.

There is another offense unto charity, which no author hath ever written of, and few take notice of; and that's the reproach, not of whole professions, mysteries, and conditions, but of whole nations, wherein by opprobrious epithets we miscall each other, and by an uncharitable logic, from a disposition in a few, conclude a habit in all.

*Le mutin Anglois, et le bravache Escossois,
Et le fol François,
Le poultron Romain, le larron de Gascongne,
L'Espagnol superbe, et l'Aleman yvrongne.*¹

St. Paul, that calls the Cretians liars, doth it but indirectly, and upon quotation of their own poet. It is as bloody a thought in one way, as Nero's was in another; for by a word we wound a thousand, and at

¹ The roistering Englishman, the swaggering Scotchman, and the mad Frenchman, the Roman coward, the Gascon thief, the haughty Spaniard and the drunken German.

one blow assassine the honor of a nation. It is as complete a piece of madness to miscall and rave against the times, or think to recall men to reason by a fit of passion. Democritus, that thought to laugh the times into goodness, seems to me as deeply hypochondriac as Heraclitus, that bewailed them. It moves not my spleen to behold the multitude in their proper humors, that is, in their fits of folly and madness; as well understanding that wisdom is not profaned unto the world, and 'tis the privilege of a few to be virtuous. They that endeavor to abolish vice, destroy also virtue; for contraries, though they destroy one another, are yet the life of one another. Thus virtue (abolish vice,) is an idea. Again, the community of sin doth not disparage goodness; for when vice gains upon the major part, virtue, in whom it remains, becomes more excellent; and being lost in some, multiplies its goodness in others which remain untouched and persist entire in the general inundation. I can, therefore behold vice without a satire, content only with an admonition, or instructive reprehension; for noble natures, and such as are capable of goodness, are railed into vice, that might as easily be admonished into virtue; and we should all be so far the orators of goodness, as to protect her from the power of vice, and maintain the cause of injured truth. No man can justly censure or condemn another, because indeed no man truly knows another. This I perceive in myself; for I am in the dark to all the world, and my nearest friends behold me but in a cloud. Those that know me but superficially, think less of me than I do of myself; those of my near acquaintance think more; God, who truly knows me, knows that I am nothing; for he only beholds me and all the world, who looks not on us through a derived ray, or a trajection of a sensible

species, but beholds the substance without the helps of accidents, and the forms of things as we their operations. Further, no man can judge another, because no man knows himself: for we censure others but as they disagree from that humor which we fancy laudable in ourselves, and commend others but for that wherein they seem to quadrate and consent with us. So that, in conclusion, all is but that we all condemn, self-love. 'Tis the general complaint of these times, and perhaps of those past, that charity grows cold; which I perceive most verified in those which most do manifest the fires and flames of zeal; for it is a virtue that best agrees with coldest natures, and such as are complexioned for humility. But how shall we expect charity towards others, when we are uncharitable to ourselves? *Charity begins at home*, is the voice of the world; yet is every man his greatest enemy, and, as it were, his own executioner. *Non occides*,¹ is the Commandment of God, yet scarce observed by any man; for I perceive every man is his own *Atropos*, and lends a hand to cut the thread of his own days. Cain was not therefore the first murderer, but Adam, who brought in death; whereof he beheld the practice and example in his own son Abel, and saw that verified in the experience of another, which faith could not persuade him in the theory of himself.

There is, I think, no man that apprehends his own miseries less than myself, and no man that so nearly apprehends another's. I could lose an arm without a tear, and with few groans, methinks, be quartered into pieces; yet can I weep most seriously at a play, and receive with true passion the counterfeit grief of those known and professed impostures. It is a barbarous part of inhumanity to add unto any afflicted party's

¹ Thou shalt not kill.

misery, or endeavor to multiply in any man a passion whose single nature is already above his patience. This was the greatest affliction of Job, and those oblique expostulations of his friends a deeper injury than the down-right blows of the devil. It is not the tears of our own eyes only, but of our friends also, that do exhaust the current of our sorrows; which, falling into many streams, runs more peaceably, and is contented with a narrower channel. It is an act within the power of charity, to translate a passion out of one breast into another, and to divide a sorrow almost out of itself; for an affliction, like a dimension, may be so divided, as, if not indivisible, at least to become insensible. Now with my friend I desire not to share or participate, but to engross, his sorrows; that, by making them mine own, I may more easily discuss them; for in mine own reason, and within myself, I can command that which I cannot entreat without myself, and within the circle of another. I have often thought those noble pairs and examples of friendship not so truly histories of what had been, as fictions of what should be; but I now perceive nothing in them but possibilities, nor anything in the heroic examples of Damon and Pythias, Achilles and Patroclus, which methinks upon some grounds I could not perform within the narrow compass of myself. That a man should lay down his life for his friend, seems strange to vulgar affections, and such as confine themselves within that worldly principle, *Charity begins at home*. For mine own part I could never remember the relations that I held unto myself, nor the respect that I owe unto my own nature, in the cause of God, my country, and my friends. Next to these three, I do embrace myself. I confess I do not observe that order that the schools ordain our affections, to love our parents, wives, children, and then our

friends; for, excepting the injunctions of religion, I do not find in myself such a necessary and indissoluble sympathy to all those of my blood. I hope I do not break the fifth commandment, if I conceive I may love my friend before the nearest of my blood, even those to whom I owe the principles of life. I never yet cast a true affection on a woman; but I have loved my friend as I do virtue, my soul, my God. From hence methinks I do conceive how God loves man, what happiness there is in the love of God. Omitting all other, there are three most mystical unions: (1) two natures in one person; (2) three persons in one nature; (3) one soul in two bodies; for though indeed they be really divided, yet are they so united, as they seem but one, and make rather a duality than two distinct souls.

There are wonders in true affection; it is a body of enigmas, mysteries, and riddles; wherein two so become one, as they both become two. I love my friend before myself, and yet methinks I do not love him enough: some few months hence my multiplied affection will make me believe I have not loved him at all. When I am from him, I am dead till I be with him; when I am with him, I am not satisfied, but would still be nearer him. United souls are not satisfied with embraces, but desire to be truly each other; which being impossible, their desires are infinite, and must proceed without a possibility of satisfaction. Another misery there is in affection, that whom we truly love like our own selves, we forget their looks, nor can our memory retain the idea of their faces; and it is no wonder, for they are ourselves, and our affection makes their looks our own. This noble affection falls not on vulgar and common constitutions, but on such as are marked for virtue: he that can love his friend with this noble ardor, will in a competent degree affect all. Now, if

we can bring our affections to look beyond the body, and cast an eye upon the soul, we have found out the true object, not only of friendship, but charity; and the greatest happiness that we can bequeath the soul, is that wherein we all do place our last felicity, salvation; which though it be not in our power to bestow, it is in our charity and pious invocations to desire, if not procure and further. I cannot contentedly frame a prayer for myself in particular, without a catalogue for my friends; nor request a happiness, wherein my sociable disposition doth not desire the fellowship of my neighbor. I never hear the toll of a passing bell, though in my mirth, without my prayers and best wishes for the departing spirit; I cannot go to cure the body of my patient, but I forget my profession, and call unto God for his soul; I cannot see one say his prayers, but, instead of imitating him, I fall into a supplication for him, who perhaps is no more to me than a common nature: and if God hath vouchsafed an ear to my supplications, there are surely many happy that never saw me, and enjoy the blessing of mine unknown devotions. To pray for enemies, that is, for their salvation, is no harsh precept, but the practice of our daily and ordinary devotions. I cannot believe the story of the Italian:¹ our bad wishes and uncharitable desires proceed no further than this life; it is the devil, and the uncharitable votes of hell, that desire our misery in the world to come.

To do no injury, nor take none, was a principle, which to my former years and impatient affections seemed to contain enough of morality; but my more settled years and christian constitution have fallen upon

¹ In the *Pseudodoxia* (Bk. 7, ch. 19), Browne refers more specifically to this Italian, "who after he had inveigled his enemy to disdain his faith for the redemption of his life, did presently poyniard him, to prevent repentance, and assure his eternal death."

severer resolutions. I can hold there is no such thing as injury; that, if there be, there is no such injury as revenge, and no such revenge as the contempt of an injury; that to hate another, is to malign himself; that the truest way to love another, is to despise ourselves. I were unjust unto mine own conscience, if I should say I am at variance with anything like myself. I find there are many pieces in this one fabric of man; this frame is raised upon a mass of antipathies. I am one, methinks, but as the world; wherein notwithstanding there are a swarm of distinct essences, and in them another world of contrarieties; we carry private and domestic enemies within, public and more hostile adversaries without. The devil, that did buffet St. Paul, plays methinks at sharp with me.¹ Let me be nothing, if within the compass of myself I do not find the battle of Lepanto, passion against reason, reason against faith, faith against the devil, and my conscience against all. There is another man within me, that's angry with me, rebukes, commands, and dastards me. I have no conscience of marble to resist the hammer of more heavy offenses; nor yet so soft and waxen, as to take the impression of each single peccadillo or scape of infirmity. I am of a strange belief, that it is as easy to be forgiven some sins, as to commit some others. For my original sin, I hold it to be washed away in my baptism: for my actual transgressions, I compute and reckon with God but from my last repentance, sacrament, or general absolution; and therefore am not terrified with the sins or madness of my youth. I thank the goodness of God, I have no sins that want a name; I am not singular in offenses; my transgressions are epidemical, and from the common breath of our corruption. For there are certain tempers of body, which,

¹ II Corinthians, xii, 7.

matched with an humorous depravity of mind, do hatch and produce vitiosities, whose newness and monstrosity of nature admits no name: this was the temper of that lecher that fell in love with a statua,¹ and the constitution of Nero in his spintrian recreations.² For the heavens are not only fruitful in new and unheard-of stars, the earth in plants and animals, but men's minds also in villainy and vices. Now the dullness of my reason, and the vulgarity of my disposition, never prompted my invention, nor solicited my affection unto any of these; yet even those common and quotidian infirmities that so necessarily attend me, and do seem to be my very nature, have so dejected me, so broken the estimation that I should have otherwise of myself, that I repute myself the most abjectest piece of mortality. Divines prescribe a fit of sorrow to repentance: there goes indignation, anger, sorrow, hatred, into mine; passions of a contrary nature, which neither seem to suit with this action, nor my proper constitution. It is no breach of charity to ourselves, to be at variance with our vices, nor to abhor that part of us which is an enemy to the ground of charity, our God; wherein we do but imitate our great selves, the world, whose divided antipathies and contrary faces do yet carry a charitable regard unto the whole, by their particular discords preserving the common harmony, and keeping in fetters those powers, whose rebellions, once masters, might be the ruin of all.

I thank God, amongst those millions of vices I do inherit and hold from Adam, I have escaped one, and that a mortal enemy to charity, the first and father-sin, not only of man, but of the devil, pride: a vice whose name is comprehended in a monosyllable, but in its

¹ PLINY, *Natural History*, XXXVI, 4.

² TACITUS, *Annals*, VI, 1, SÜETONIUS, *Life of Tiberius*, ch. 43.

nature not circumscribed with a world. I have escaped it in a condition that can hardly avoid it. Those petty acquisitions and reputed perfections that advance and elevate the conceits of other men, add no feathers unto mine. I have seen a grammarian tower and plume himself over a single line in Horace, and show more pride in the construction of one ode, than the author in the composure of the whole book. For my own part, besides the jargon and patois of several provinces, I understand no less than six languages; yet I protest I have no higher conceit of myself, than had our fathers before the confusion of Babel, when there was but one language in the world, and none to boast himself either linguist or critic. I have not only seen several countries, beheld the nature of their climes, the chorography of their provinces, topography of their cities, but understood their several laws, customs, and policies; yet cannot all this persuade the dullness of my spirit unto such an opinion of myself, as I behold in nimbler and conceited heads that never looked a degree beyond their nests. I know the names, and somewhat more, of all the constellations in my horizon; yet I have seen a prating mariner, that could only name the pointers and the North Star, out-talk me, and conceit himself a whole sphere above me. I know most of the plants of my country, and of those about me; yet methinks I do not know so many as when I did but know a hundred, and had scarcely ever simplified further than Cheapside. For, indeed, heads of capacity, and such as are not full with a handful or easy measure of knowledge, think they know nothing till they know all; which being impossible, they fall upon the opinion of Socrates, and only know they know not anything. I cannot think that Homer pined away upon the riddle of the fishermen; or that Aristotle, who understood the uncer-

tainty of knowledge, and confessed so often the reason of man too weak for the works of nature, did ever drown himself upon the flux and reflux of Euripus. We do but learn today what our better advanced judgments will unteach tomorrow; and Aristotle doth but instruct us, as Plato did him; that is, to confute himself. I have run through all sorts, yet find no rest in any: though our first studies and junior endeavors may style us Peripatetics, Stoics, or Academics; yet I perceive the wisest heads prove, at last, almost all Sceptics, and stand like Janus in the field of knowledge. I have therefore one common and authentic philosophy I learned in the schools, whereby I discourse and satisfy the reason of other men; another more reserved, and drawn from experience, whereby I content mine own. Solomon, that complained of ignorance in the height of knowledge,¹ hath not only humbled my conceits, but discouraged my endeavors. There is yet another conceit that hath sometimes made me shut my books, which tells me it is a vanity to waste our days in the blind pursuit of knowledge; it is but attending a little longer, and we shall enjoy that by instinct and infusion, which we endeavor at here by labor and inquisition. It is better to sit down in a modest ignorance and rest contented with the natural blessing of our own reasons, than buy the uncertain knowledge of this life with sweat and vexation, which death gives every fool *gratis*, and is an accessory of our glorification.

I was never yet once, and commend their resolutions who never marry twice: not that I disallow of second marriage; as neither, in all cases, of polygamy, which, considering some times, and the unequal number of both sexes, may be also necessary. The whole world was made for man, but the twelfth part of man for

woman: man is the whole world, and the breath of God; woman the rib and crooked piece of man. I could be content that we might procreate like trees, without conjunction, or that there were any way to perpetuate the world without this trivial and vulgar way of union: it is the foolishhest act a wise man commits in all his life; nor is there anything that will more deject his cooled imagination, when he shall consider what an odd and unworthy piece of folly he hath committed. I speak not in prejudice, nor am averse from that sweet sex, but naturally amorous of all that is beautiful. I can look a whole day with delight upon a handsome picture, though it be but of an horse. It is my temper, and I like it the better, to affect all harmony; and sure there is music even in the beauty and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument. For there is a music wherever there is a harmony, order, or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres; for those well-ordered motions, and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony. Whosoever is harmonically composed, delights in harmony; which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all church-music. For myself, not only from my obedience, but my particular genius, I do embrace it: for even that vulgar and tavern-music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer. There is something in it of divinity more than the ear discovers: it is an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world, and creatures of God; such a melody to the ear, as the whole world, well understood, would afford the understanding. In brief,

it is a sensible fit of that harmony which intellectually sounds in the ears of God. I will not say, with Plato, the soul is an harmony, but harmonical, and hath its nearest sympathy unto music; thus some, whose temper of body agrees and humors the constitution of their souls, are born poets, though indeed all are naturally inclined unto rhythm. This made Tacitus, in the very first line of his story,¹ fall upon a verse; and Cicero, the worst of poets, but declaiming for a poet, falls in the very first sentence upon a perfect hexameter.² I feel not in me those sordid and unchristian desires of my profession; I do not secretly implore and wish for plagues, rejoice at famines, revolve ephemerides and almanacs in expectation of malignant aspects, fatal conjunctions, and eclipses. I rejoice not at unwholesome springs, nor unseasonable winters: my prayer goes with the husbandman's; I desire everything in its proper season, that neither men nor the times be put out of temper. Let me be sick myself, if sometimes the malady of my patient be not a disease unto me. I desire rather to cure his infirmities than my own necessities. Where I do him no good, methinks it is scarce honest gain; though I confess 'tis but the worthy salary of our well-intended endeavors. I am not only ashamed, but heartily sorry, that, besides death, there are diseases incurable: yet not for my own sake, or that they be beyond my art, but for the general cause and sake of humanity, whose common cause I apprehend as mine own. And to speak more generally, those three noble professions which all civil commonwealths do honor, are raised upon the fall of Adam, and are not any way

¹ *The Annals.*

² *Pro Archia.*

exempt from their infirmities; there are not only diseases incurable in physic, but cases indissolvable in laws, vices incorrigible in divinity. If general councils may err, I do not see why particular courts should be infallible: their perfectest rules are raised upon the erroneous reasons of man, and the laws of one do but condemn the rules of another; as Aristotle oft-times the opinions of his predecessors, because, though agreeable to reason, yet were not consonant to his own rules, and the logic of his proper principles. Again (to speak nothing of the sin against the Holy Ghost, whose cure not only, but whose nature is unknown,) I can cure the gout or stone in some, sooner than divinity, pride, or avarice in others. I can cure vices by physic when they remain incurable by divinity, and shall obey my pills when they condemn their precepts. I boast nothing, but plainly say, we all labor against our own cure; for death is the cure of all diseases. There is no *catholicon* or universal remedy I know, but this; which, though nauseous to queasy stomachs, yet to prepared appetites is nectar, and a pleasant potion of immortality.

For my conversation, it is like the sun's, with all men, and with a friendly aspect to good and bad. Methinks there is no man bad, and the worst, best; that is, while they are kept within the circle of those qualities wherein they are good: there is no man's mind of such discordant and jarring a temper, to which a tunable disposition may not strike a harmony. *Magnæ virtutes, nec minora vitia*,¹ it is the posie of the best natures, and may be inverted on the worst; there are in the most depraved and venomous dispositions, certain pieces that remain untouched, which by an *antiperistasis* become more

¹ Great virtues, and no smaller vices.

excellent, or by the excellency of their antipathies are able to preserve themselves from the contagion of their enemy vices, and persist entire beyond the general corruption. For it is also thus in nature: the greatest balsams do lie enveloped in the bodies of most powerful corrosives. I say, moreover, and I ground upon experience, that poisons contain within themselves their own antidote and that which preserves them from the venom of themselves, without which they were not deleterious to others only, but to themselves also. But it is the corruption that I fear within me, not the contagion of commerce without me. 'Tis that unruly regiment within me, that will destroy me; 'tis I that do infect myself; the man without a navel yet lives in me; I feel that original canker corrode and devour me; and therefore *Defenda me Dios de me*, "Lord deliver me from myself," is a part of my Litany and the first voice of my retired imaginations. There is no man alone, because every man is a microcosm, and carries the whole world about him. *Nunquam minus solus quam cum solus*,¹ though it be the apothegm of a wise man, is yet true in the mouth of a fool. Indeed, though in a wilderness, a man is never alone, not only because he is with himself and his own thoughts, but because he is with the devil, who ever consorts with our solitude and is that unruly rebel that musters up those disordered motions which accompany our sequestered imaginations. And to speak more narrowly, there is no such thing as solitude, nor anything that can be said to be alone and by itself, but God, who is his own circle and can subsist by himself; all others, besides their dissimilary and heterogeneous parts, which in a manner multiply their natures, cannot subsist without the concurrence of God,

¹ Never less alone than when alone.—*De Officiis*, III, 1.

and the society of that hand which doth uphold their natures. In brief, there can be nothing truly alone and by itself, which is not truly one; and such is only God; all others do transcend an unity, and so by consequence are many.

Now for my life, it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate, were not a history, but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable. For the world, I count it not an inn, but an hospital; and a place not to live, but to die in. The world that I regard is myself; it is the microcosm of my own frame that I cast mine eye on; for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. Men that look upon my outside, perusing only my condition and fortunes, do err in my altitude; for I am above Atlas his shoulders. The earth is a point not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us; that mass of flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my mind: that surface that tells the heavens it hath an end, cannot persuade me I have any: I take my circle to be above three hundred and sixty; though the number of the arc do measure my body, it comprehendeth not my mind: whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm, or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity in us, something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun. Nature tells me I am the image of God, as well as Scripture: he that understands not thus much, hath not his introduction or first lesson, and is yet to begin the alphabet of man. Let me not injure the felicity of others, if I say I am as happy as any: *Ruat cælum, fiat voluntas, tua,*¹ salveth all; so that

¹ Though the heavens fall, let thy will be done.

whatsoever happens, it is but what our daily prayers desire. In brief, I am content; and what should providence add more? Surely this is it we call happiness, and this do I enjoy; with this I am happy in a dream, and as content to enjoy a happiness in a fancy as others in a more apparent truth and realty. There is surely a nearer apprehension of anything that delights us in our dreams than in our waked senses: without this I were unhappy; for my awaked judgment discontents me, ever whispering unto me, that I am from my friend; but my friendly dreams in the night requite me, and make me think I am within his arms. I thank God for my happy dreams, as I do for my good rest; for there is a satisfaction in them unto reasonable desires, and such as can be content with a fit of happiness: and surely it is not a melancholy conceit to think we are all asleep in this world, and that the conceits of this life are as mere dreams to those of the next; as the phantasms of the night to the conceits of the day. There is an equal delusion in both, and the one doth but seem to be the emblem or picture of the other: we are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. At my nativity my ascendant was the watery sign of Scorpius; I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams;

and this time also would I choose for my devotions: but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings, that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awakened souls a confused and broken tale of that that hath passed. Aristotle, who hath written a singular tract *Of Sleep*, hath not, methinks, thoroughly defined it; nor yet Galen, though he seem to have corrected it; for those noctambuloes and night-walkers, though in their sleep, do yet enjoy the action of their senses. We must therefore say that there is something in us that is not in the jurisdiction of Morpheus; and that those abstracted and ecstatic souls do walk about in their own corps, as spirits with the bodies they assume, wherein they seem to hear, see, and feel, though indeed the organs are destitute of sense, and their natures of those faculties that should inform them. Thus it is observed, that men sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves; for then the soul, beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality.

We term sleep a death; and yet it is waking that kills us and destroys those spirits that are the house of life. 'Tis indeed a part of life that best expresseth death; for every man truly lives, so long as he acts his nature, or some way makes good the faculties of himself. Themistocles, therefore, that slew his soldier in his sleep, was a merciful executioner: 'tis a kind of punishment the mildness of no laws hath invented: I wonder the fancy of Lucan and Seneca did not discover it. It is that death by which we may be literally said to die daily; a death which Adam died before his mortality; a death whereby we live a middle and moderating point between life and death: in fine, so like death, I

dare not trust it without my prayers, and an half adieu unto the world, and take my farewell in a colloquy with God.

The night is come, like to the day,
 Depart not thou, great God, away.
 Let not my sins, black as the night,
 Eclipse the luster of thy light:
 Keep still in my horizon; for to me
 The sun makes not the day, but Thee.
 Thou, whose nature cannot sleep,
 On my temples sentry keep;
 Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,
 Whose eyes are open while mine close.
 Let no dreams my head infest,
 But such as Jacob's temples blest.
 While I do rest, my soul advance;
 Make my sleep a holy trance;
 That I may, my rest being wrought,
 Awake into some holy thought;
 And with as active vigor run
 My course, as doth the nimble sun.
 Sleep is a death; O make me try,
 By sleeping, what it is to die;
 And as gently lay my head
 On my grave, as now my bed.
 Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
 Awake again at last with Thee;
 And thus assur'd, behold I lie
 Securely, or to awake or die.
 These are my drowsy days; in vain
 I do now wake to sleep again:
 O come that hour, when I shall never
 Sleep again, but wake forever.

This is the dormitive I take to bedward; I need no other laudanum than this to make me sleep; after which I close mine eyes in security, content to take my leave of the sun, and sleep unto the resurrection.

The method I should use in distributive justice, I often observe in commutative; and keep a geometrical proportion in both, whereby becoming equable to others, I become unjust to myself, and supererogate in that common principle, *Do unto others as thou wouldst be*

done unto thyself. I was not born unto riches, neither is it, I think, my star to be wealthy; or, if it were, the freedom of my mind and frankness of my disposition were able to contradict and cross my fates: for to me, avarice seems not so much a vice, as a deplorable piece of madness; to conceive ourselves pipkins, or be persuaded that we are dead, is not so ridiculous nor so many degrees beyond the power of hellebore, as this. The opinions of theory, and positions of men, are not so void of reason as their practiced conclusions. Some have held that snow is black, that the earth moves, that the soul is air, fire, water; but all this is philosophy, and there is no delirium, if we do but speculate the folly and indisputable dotage of avarice to that subterraneous idol and God of the earth. I do confess I am an atheist; I cannot persuade myself to honor that the world adores; whatsoever virtue its prepared substance may have within my body, it hath no influence nor operation without. I would not entertain a base design, or an action that should call me villain, for the Indies; and for this only do I love and honor my own soul, and have methinks two arms too few to embrace myself. Aristotle is too severe, that will not allow us to be truly liberal without wealth, and the bountiful hand of fortune.¹ If this be true, I must confess I am charitable only in my liberal intentions, and bountiful well-wishes; but if the example of the mite be not only an act of wonder but an example of the noblest charity, surely poor men may also build hospitals, and the rich alone have not erected cathedrals. I have a private method which others observe not; I take the opportunity of myself to do good; I borrow occasion of charity from mine own necessities, and supply the wants of others, when I am in most need

¹ Cf. *Ethics*, IV, 2, § 3.

myself: for it is an honest stratagem to take advantage of ourselves, and so to husband the acts of virtue, that, where they are defective in one circumstance, they may repay their want and multiply their goodness in another. I have not Peru in my desires, but a competence and ability to perform those good works to which he hath inclined my nature. He is rich, who hath enough to be charitable; and it is hard to be so poor that a noble mind may not find a way to this piece of goodness. *He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord:*¹ there is more rhetoric in that one sentence than in a library of sermons; and indeed, if those sentences were understood by the reader with the same emphasis as they are delivered by the author, we needed not those volumes of instructions but might be honest by an epitome. Upon this motive only I cannot behold a beggar without relieving his necessities with my purse, or his soul with my prayers; these scenical and accidental differences between us cannot make me forget that common and untouched part of us both: there is under these *centoes* and miserable outsides, these mutilate and semi-bodies, a soul of the same alloy with our own, whose genealogy is God as well as ours, and in as fair a way to salvation as ourselves. Statists that labor to contrive a commonwealth without poverty, take away the object of charity, not understanding only the commonwealth of a Christian, but forgetting the prophecy of Christ.

Now, there is another part of charity, which is the basis and pillar of this, and that is the love of God, for whom we love our neighbor; for this I think charity, to love God for himself, and our neighbor for God. All that is truly amiable is God, or as it were a divided piece of him, that retains a reflex or shadow of himself. Nor is it strange that we should place affection on

¹ *Proverbs*, xix, 17.

that which is invisible: all that we truly love is thus; what we adore under affection of our senses, deserves not the honor of so pure a title. Thus we adore virtue, though to the eyes of sense she be invisible: thus that part of our noble friends that we love, is not that part that we embrace, but that insensible part that our arms cannot embrace. God, being all goodness, can love nothing but himself; he loves us but for that part which is as it were himself, and the traduction of his holy spirit. Let us call to assize the loves of our parents, the affection of our wives and children, and they are all dumb shows and dreams, without reality, truth, or constancy. For first there is a strong bond of affection between us and our parents; yet how easily dissolved! We betake ourselves to a woman, forget our mother in a wife, and the womb that bare us in that that shall bear our image. This woman blessing us with children, our affection leaves the level it held before, and sinks from our bed unto our issue and picture of posterity, where affection holds no steady mansion. They, growing up in years, desire our ends; or applying themselves to a woman, take a lawful way to love another better than ourselves. Thus I perceive a man may be buried alive, and behold his grave in his own issue.

I conclude therefore, and say, there is no happiness under (or, as Copernicus will have it, *above*) the sun, nor any Crambe in that repeated verity and burthen of all the wisdom of Solomon, *All is vanity and vexation of spirit*.¹ There is no felicity in that the world adores. Aristotle, whilst he labors to refute the ideas of Plato, falls upon one himself; for his *summum bonum* is a chimæra, and there is no such thing as his felicity. That wherein God himself is happy, the holy Angels

¹ *Ecclesiastes*, ii, 26.

are happy, in whose defect the devils are unhappy, that dare I call happiness: whatsoever conduceth unto this, may with an easy metaphor deserve that name; whatsoever else the world terms happiness, is to me a story out of Pliny, a tale of Boccace or Malizspini, an apparition, or neat delusion, wherein there is no more of happiness than the name. Bless me in this life with but peace of my conscience, command of my affections, the love of Thyself and my dearest friends, and I shall be happy enough to pity Cæsar. These are, O Lord, the humble desires of my most reasonable ambition, and all I dare call happiness on earth; wherein I set no rule or limit to Thy hand or providence. Dispose of me according to the wisdom of Thy pleasure: Thy will be done, though in my own undoing.

[THE VANITY OF EARTHLY MONUMENTS]

(From *Urn Burial*, Chapter V) *most famous*

Now since these dead bones have already out-lasting the living ones of Methuselah, and in a yard under ground, and thin walls of clay, out-worn all the strong and specious buildings above it; and quietly rested under the drums and tramlings of three conquests; what prince can promise such diuturnity unto his reliques, or might not gladly say,

*Sic ego componi versus in ossa velim.*¹

Time which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these minor monuments. In vain we hope to be known by open and visible conservatories, when to be unknown was the

The footnotes to this selection, except what is bracketed, are the author's.

¹ [Thus, when I am turned to bones, would I be laid to rest]—TIBULLUS, [III, ii, 26.]

means of their continuation and obscurity their protection: If they died by violent hands, and were thrust into their urns, these bones become considerable, and some old philosophers would honor them,¹ whose souls they conceived most pure, which were thus snatched from their bodies; and retain a stranger propension unto them: whereas they weariedly left a languishing corpse, and with faint desires of re-union. If they fell by long and aged decay, yet wrapt up in the bundle of time, they fall into indistinction, and make but one blot with infants. If we begin to die when we live, and long life be but a prolongation of death; our life is a sad composition; we live with death, and die not in a moment. How many pulses made up the life of Methuselah, were work for Archimedes: common counters sum up the life of Moses his man.² Our days become considerable like petty sums by minute accumulations; where numerous fractions make up but small round numbers; and our days of a span long make not one little finger.³

If the nearness of our last necessity, brought a nearer conformity into it, there were a happiness in hoary hairs, and no calamity in half senses. But the long habit of living indisposeth us for dying; when avarice makes us the sport of death; when even David grew politicly cruel; and Solomon could hardly be said to be the wisest of men. But many are too early old, and before the date of age. Adversity stretcheth our days, misery makes Alcmenas nights,⁴ and time hath

¹ *Oracula Chaldaica cum scholiis Pselli et Phethonis.* Βιη λιποντων σωμα ψυχαι καθαρωταται. *Vi corpus relinquentium animæ purissimæ.*

² In the Psalm of Moses.

³ According to the ancient Arithmetic of the hand, wherein the little finger of the right hand contracted, signified an hundred.—*Pierius in Hieroglyph.*

⁴ One night as long as three.

no wings unto it. But the most tedious being is that which can unwish itself, content to be nothing, or never to have been, which was beyond the mal-content of Job, who cursed not the day of his life, but his nativity: content to have so far been, as to have a title to future being; although he had lived here but in an hidden state of life, and as it were an abortion.

What songs the sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions,¹ are not beyond all conjecture. What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead,² and slept with princes and counsellors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarianism; not to be resolved by man, nor easily perhaps by spirits, except we consult the provincial guardians, or tutelary observators. Had they made as good provision for their names, as they have done for their reliques, they had not so grosly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes, which in the oblivion of names, persons, times, and sexes, have found unto themselves, a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity, as emblems of mortal vanities; antidotes against pride, vain-glory, and madding vices. Pagan vain-glories which thought the world might last forever, had encouragement for ambition, and, finding no Atropos unto the immortality of their names, were never damp't with the necessity of oblivion. Even old ambitions had the advantage of ours, in the attempts of their vain-glories, who acting

¹ The puzzling questions of *Tiberius* unto *Grammarians*.—*Marcel. Donatus in Suet.*

² Κλυτα εθνεα νεκρων.—*Hom. Job.*

early, and before the probable meridian of time, have by this time found great accomplishment of their designs, whereby the ancient heroes have already outlasted their monuments, and mechanical preservations. But in this latter scene of time, we cannot expect such mummies unto our memories, when ambition may fear the prophecy of Elias,¹ and Charles the Fifth can never hope to live within two Methuselas of Hector.²

And therefore restless inquietude for the diuturnity of our memories unto present considerations, seems a vanity almost out of date, and superannuated piece of folly. We cannot hope to live so long in our names, as some have done in their persons, one face of Janus holds no proportion unto the other. 'Tis too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs. To extend our memories by monuments, whose death we daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope without injury to our expectations, in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our beliefs. We whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time, are providentially taken off from such imaginations; and being necessitated to eye the remaining particle of futurity, are naturally constituted unto thoughts of the next world, and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration, which maketh pyramids pillars of snow, and all that's past a moment.

Circles and right lines limit and close all bodies, and the mortal right-lined circle³ must conclude and shut up all. There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things; our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and

¹ That the world may last but six thousand years.

² Hector's fame lasting above two lives of Methuselah, before that famous prince was extant.

³ The character of death.

sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Grave-stones tell truth scarce forty years.¹ Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions like many in Gruter,² to hope for Eternity by enigmatically epithets or first letters of our names, to be studied by antiquaries, who we were, and have new names given us like many of the mummies,³ are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages.

To be content that times to come should only know there was such a man, not caring whether they knew more of him, was a frigid ambition in Cardan:⁴ disparaging his horoscopal inclination and judgment of himself, who cares to subsist like Hippocrates' patients, or Achilles' horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories, the Entelechia and soul of our subsistences. To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name, than Herodias with one. And who had not rather have been the good thief, than Pilate?

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the Temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it; time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse,

¹ Old ones being taken up, and other bodies laid under them.

² *Gruteri Inscriptiones Antiquæ.*

³ Which men show in several countries, giving them what names they please; and unto some the names of the old Egyptian kings, out of Herodotus.

⁴ *Cuperem notum esse quod sim, non opto ut sciatur qualis sim.—Card. in vita propria.*

confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations; and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best of men be known? or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favor of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired: the greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the Register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the flood, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina of life, and even pagans¹ could doubt, whether thus to live, were to die; since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes;² since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration: diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and

¹ Euripides.

² According to the custom of the Jews, who place a lighted wax-candle in a pot of ashes by the corpse.—*Leo*.

the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities, miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls.* A good way to continue their memories; while having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity,¹ feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyzes or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon: men have been deceived even in their flatteries above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names

¹*Omnia vanitas et passio venti, νομὴ ἀνεμου καὶ βοσκήσις, ut olim Aquila et Symmachus. v. Drus. Eccles.*

in heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations; Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osiris in the dogstar. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the earth; durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts: whereof beside comets and new stars, perspectives begin to tell tales. And the spots that wander about the sun, with Phaeton's favor, would make clear conviction.

There is nothing strictly immortal, but immortality; whatever hath no beginning, may be confident of no end—which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself; and the highest strain of omnipotency, to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself: all others have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction. But the sufficiency of christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death, makes a folly of posthumous memory. God who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration; and to hold long subsistence, seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing natiivities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us. A small fire sufficeth for life, great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected precious pyres, and to burn like Sardanapalus, but the wisdom of funeral laws found the folly of prodigal blazes, and reduced undoing fires unto the rule of sober

obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner, and an urn.¹

Five languages secured not the epitaph of Gordianus.² The man of God lives longer without a tomb than any by one, invisibly interred by angels, and adjudged to obscurity, though not without some marks directing human discovery. Enoch and Elias, without either tomb or burial, in an anomalous state of being, are the great examples of perpetuity, in their long and living memory, in strict account being still on this side death, and having a late part yet to act upon this stage of earth. If in the decretory term of the world we shall not all die but be changed, according to received translation; the last day will make but few graves; at least quick resurrections will anticipate lasting sepultures; some graves will be opened before they be quite closed, and Lazarus be no wonder. When many that feared to die, shall groan that they can die but once, the dismal state is the second and living death, when life puts despair on the damned; when men shall wish the coverings of mountains, not of monuments, and annihilations shall be courted.

While some have studied monuments, others have studiously declined them: and some have been so vainly boisterous, that they durst not acknowledge their graves; wherein Alaricus³ seems most subtle, who had a river turned to hide his bones at the bottom. Even Sylla, that thought himself safe in his urn, could not

¹ According to the epitaph of Rufus and Beronica, in Gruterus.

nec ex

Eorum bonis plus inventum est, quam

Quod sufficeret ad emendam pyram

Et picem quibus corpora cremarentur,

Et præfica conductæ, et olla emptæ.

² In Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Egyptian, Arabic; defaced by Licinius the emperor.

³ *Jornandes de rebus Geticis.*

prevent revenging tongues, and stones thrown at his monument. Happy are they whom privacy makes innocent, who deal so with men in this world, that they are not afraid to meet them in the next, who when they die, make no commotion among the dead, and are not touched with that poetical taunt of Isaiah.¹

Pyramids, arches, obelisks, were but the irregularities of vain-glory, and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity. But the most magnanimous resolution rests in the Christian religion, which trampleth upon pride, and sits on the neck of ambition, humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity, unto which all others must diminish their diameters, and be poorly seen in angles of contingency.²

Pious spirits who passed their days in raptures of futurity, made little more of this world, than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of pre-ordination, and night of their fore-beings. And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, extasis, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the Spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, they have already had an handsome anticipation of heaven; the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them.

To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names and predicament of chimeras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope but an evidence in noble believers; 'tis

¹ Isa. xiv.

² *Angulus contingentia*, the least of angles.

all one to lie in St. Innocent's¹ churchyard, as in the sands of Egypt: ready to be anything, in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the Moles of Adrianus.²

— *Tabesne cadavera solvat*
An rogos haud refert.—LUCAN.³

[AGAINST AFFECTATION IN THE DISDAIN OF WORLDLY GOODS]

(From *Christian Morals*, Part I, Section 26)

THOUGH a contented mind enlargeth the dimension of little things, and unto some 'tis wealth enough not to be poor, and others are well content if they be but rich enough to be honest, and to give every man his due; yet fall not into that obsolete affectation of bravery to throw away thy money, and to reject all honors or honorable stations in this courtly and splendid world. Old generosity is superannuated, and such contempt of the world out of date. No man is now likely to refuse the favor of great ones, or be content to say unto princes, Stand out of my sun. And if any there be of such antiquated resolutions, they are not likely to be tempted out of them by great ones; and 'tis fair if they escape the name of hypochondriacs from the genius of latter times, unto whom contempt of the world is the most contemptible opinion, and to be able, like Bias, to carry all they have about them were to be the eighth wise-man. However, the old tetric philosophers looked always with indignation upon such a face of things, and observing the unnatural current of

¹ In Paris, where bodies soon consume.

² A stately Mausoleum or sepulchral pyle, built by Adrianus in Rome, where now standeth the Castle of St. Angelo.

³ [VII, 810]

riches, power, and honor in the world, and withal the imperfection and demerit of persons often advanced unto them, were tempted unto angry opinions, that affairs were ordered more by stars than reason, and that things went on rather by lottery than election.

[THE HEROIC TEMPER]

(From *Christian Morals*, Part I, Section 36)

THE heroical vein of mankind runs much in the soldiery and courageous part of the world; and in that form we oftenest find men above men. History is full of the gallantry of that tribe; and when we read their notable acts, we easily find what a difference there is between a Life in Plutarch and in Laertius. Where true fortitude dwells, loyalty, bounty, friendship, and fidelity may be found. A man may confide in persons constituted for noble ends, who dare do and suffer, and who have a hand to burn for their country and their friend. Small and creeping things are the product of petty souls. He is like to be mistaken, who makes choice of a covetous man for a friend, or relieth upon the reed of narrow and poltron friendship. Pitiful things are only to be found in the cottages of such breasts; but bright thoughts, clear deeds, constancy, fidelity, bounty, and generous honesty are the gems of noble minds; wherein, to derogate from none, the true heroic English gentleman hath no peer.

[DOGMATISM]

(From *Christian Morals*, Part II, Section 3)

LET well weighed considerations, not stiff and peremptory assumptions, guide thy discourses, pen, and actions. To begin or continue our works like Trisme-

gistus of old, *verum certè verum atque verissimum est*,¹ would sound arrogantly unto present ears in this strict enquiring age, wherein, for the most part, *probably* and *perhaps*, will hardly serve to mollify the spirit of captious contradictors. If Cardan saith that a parrot is a beautiful bird, Scaliger will set his wits o' work to prove it a deformed animal.² The compage of all physical truths is not so closely jointed, but opposition may find intrusion, nor always so closely maintained, as not to suffer attrition. Many positions seem quodlibetically constituted, and like a Delphian blade, will cut on both sides. Some truths seem almost falsehoods and some falsehoods almost truths; wherein falsehood and truth seem almost equilibriously stated, and but a few grains of distinction to bear down the balance. Some have digged deep, yet glanced by the royal vein, and a man may come unto the pericardium, but not the heart of truth. Besides, many things are known, as some are seen, that is by parallaxis, or at some distance from their true and proper beings, the superficial regard of things having a different aspect from their true and central natures. And this moves sober pens unto suspensory and timorous assertions, nor presently to obtrude them as sybils' leaves, which after considerations may find to be but folious apparances, and not the central and vital interiors of truth.

[LEARNING AND JUDGMENT]

(From *Christian Morals*, Part II, Section 4)

VALUE the judicious, and let not mere acquests in minor parts of learning gain thy preexistimation. 'Tis an unjust way of compute to magnify a weak head

¹ In *Tabula Smaragdina*.—[It is true, assuredly true, and most indubitably true.]

² *De Subtilitate ad Cardanum Exerc.* 236, § 1.

for some Latin abilities, and to undervalue a solid judgment, because he knows not the genealogy of Hector. When that notable king of France¹ would have his son to know but one sentence in Latin, had it been a good one, perhaps it had been enough. Natural parts and good judgments rule the world. States are not governed by ergotisms. Many have ruled well who could not perhaps define a commonwealth, and they who understand not the globe of the earth, command a great part of it. Where natural logic prevails not, artificial too often faileth. Where nature fills the sails, the vessel goes smoothly on, and when judgment is the pilot, the insurance need not be high. When industry builds upon nature, we may expect pyramids: where that foundation is wanting, the structure must be low. They do most by books, who could do much without them, and he that chiefly owes himself unto himself, is the substantial man.

[THE ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING]

(From *Christian Morals*, Part II, Section 5)

LET thy studies be free as thy thoughts and contemplations: but fly not only upon the wings of imagination; join sense unto reason, and experiment unto speculation, and so give life unto embryon truths and verities yet in their chaos. There is nothing more acceptable unto the ingenious world, than this noble eluctation of truth; wherein, against the tenacity of prejudice and prescription, this century now prevaieth. What libraries of new volumes after times will behold, and in what a new world of knowledge the eyes of our posterity may be happy, a few ages may joyfully

¹ Lewis the Eleventh. *Qui nescit dissimulare nescit Regnare.* [He who does not know how to dissimulate does not know how to rule.]

declare; and is but a cold thought unto those, who cannot hope to behold this exantlation of truth, or that obscured virgin half out of the pit. Which might make some content with a commutation of the time of their lives, and to commend the fancy of the Pythagorean metempsychosis; whereby they might hope to enjoy this happiness in their third or fourth selves, and behold that in Pythagoras, which they now but foresee in Euphorbus.¹ The world, which took but six days to make, is like to take six thousand to make out: meanwhile old truths voted down begin to resume their places, and new ones arise upon us; wherein there is no comfort in the happiness of Tully's Elysium,² or any satisfaction from the ghosts of the ancients, who knew so little of what is now well known. Men disparage not antiquity, who prudently exalt new enquiries, and make them the judges of truth, who were but fellow enquirers of it. Who can but magnify the endeavors of Aristotle, and the noble start which learning had under him; or less than pity the slender progression made upon such advantages, while many centuries were lost in repetitions and transcriptions sealing up the book of knowledge? And therefore, rather than to swell the leaves of learning by fruitless repetitions, to sing the same song in all ages, nor adventure at essays beyond the attempt of others, many would be content that some would write like Helmont or Paracelsus; and be willing to endure the monstrosity of some opinions, for divers singular notions requiting such aberrations.

Ipsæ ego, nam meminî, Trojani tempore belli,
Panthoides Euphorbus eram.—OVID. [*Metam.* XV, 180.]

² Who comforted himself that he should there converse with the old philosophers. [*De Senectute*, ch. 23.]

JAMES HOWELL

[MEDITATIONS DURING A WALK]

(*Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ*, Section 7, Letter 50)

TO MY HONORABLE FRIEND, SIR C. C.

I WAS upon point of going abroad to steal a solitary walk, when yours of the twelfth current came to hand; the high researches and choice abstracted notions I found therein, seemed to heighten my spirits and make my fancy fitter for my intended retirement and meditation; add hereunto that the countenance of the weather invited me, for it was a still evening, it was also a clear open sky, not a speck or the least wrinkle appeared in the whole face of heaven; 'twas such a pure deep azure of all the hemisphere over that I wondered what was become of the three regions of the air with their meteors. So having got into a close field, I cast my face upward, and fell to consider what a rare prerogative the optic virtue of the eye hath, much more the intuitive virtue of the thought, that the one in a moment can reach heaven and the other go beyond it. Therefore sure that philosopher was but a kind of frantic fool that would have plucked out both his eyes because they were a hindrance to his speculations. Moreover, I began to contemplate, as I was in this posture, the vast magnitude of the universe and what proportion this poor globe of earth might bear with it, for if those numberless bodies which stick in the vast roof

of heaven, though they appear to us but as spangles, be some of them thousands of times bigger than the earth—take the sea with it to boot, for they both make but one sphere—surely the astronomers had reason to term this sphere an indivisible point and a thing of no dimension at all being compared to the whole world. I fell then to think that at the second general destruction, it is no more for God Almighty to fire this earth than for us to blow up a small squib or rather one grain of gunpowder. As I was musing thus, I spied a swarm of gnats waving up and down the air about men which I knew to be part of the universe as well as I; and methought it was a strange opinion of our Aristotle to hold that the least of those small insected ephemerans should be more noble than the sun, because it had a sensitive soul in it. I fell to think that the same proportion which those animalillios bore with me in point of bigness, the same I held with those glorious spirits which are near the throne of the Almighty: what then should we think of the magnitude of the Creator himself: doubtless 'tis beyond the reach of any human imagination to conceive it. In my private devotions I presume to compare him to a great mountain of light, and my soul seems to discern some glorious form therein, but suddenly as she would fix her eyes upon the object, her sight is presently dazzled and disgregated with the refulgency and coruscations thereof.

Walking a little further, I espied a young boisterous bull breaking over hedge and ditch to a herd of kine in the next pasture, which made me think that if that fierce, strong animal with others of that kind knew their own strength, they would never suffer man to be their master. Then looking upon them quietly grazing

up and down, I fell to consider that the flesh which is daily dished upon our tables is but concocted grass, which is recarnified in our stomachs and transmuted to another flesh. I fell also to think what advantage those innocent animals had of man, who, as soon as nature casts them into the world, find their meat dressed, the cloth laid, and the table covered; they find their drink brewed and the buttery open, their beds made and their clothes ready; and though man hath the faculty of reason to make him a compensation for the want of these advantages, yet this reason brings with it a thousand perturbations of mind and perplexities of spirit, griping cares and anguishes of thought, which those harmless silly creatures were exempted from. Going on, I came to repose myself upon the trunk of a tree, and I fell to consider further what advantage that dull vegetable had of those feeding animals, as not to be so troublesome and beholding to nature, nor to be so subject to starving, to diseases, to the inclemency of the weather, and to be far longer lived. I then spied a great stone, and sitting a while upon 't, I fell to weigh in my thoughts that that stone was in a happier condition in some respects than either those sensitive creatures or vegetables I saw before, in regard that the stone, which propagates by assimilation, as the philosophers say, needed neither grass nor hay, or any aliment for restoration of nature, nor water to refresh its roots or the heat of the sun to attract the moisture upwards to increase the growth, as the other did. As I directed my pace homeward, I spied a kite soaring high in the air, and gently gliding up and down the clear region so far above my head. I fell to envy the bird extremely and repine at his happiness that he

should have a privilege to make a nearer approach to heaven than I.

Excuse me that I trouble you thus with these rambling meditations; they are to correspond with you in some part for those accurate fancies of yours you lately sent me. So I rest your entire and true servitor,

J. H.

HOLBORN, 17 MARCH, 1639.

JEREMY TAYLOR

CONSIDERATION OF THE VANITY AND SHORTNESS OF MAN'S LIFE

(From *Holy Dying*, Chapter I, Section 1)

A MAN is a bubble, said the Greek proverb;¹ which Lucian represents with advantages and its proper circumstances, to this purpose; saying, that all the world is a storm, and men rise up in their several generations, like bubbles descending *a Jove pluvio*, from God and the dew of heaven, from a tear and drop of man, from nature and Providence: and some of these instantly sink into the deluge of their first parent, and are hidden in a sheet of water, having had no other business in the world but to be born that they might be able to die: others float up and down two or three turns, and suddenly disappear, and give their place to others: and they that live longest upon the face of the waters, are in perpetual motion, restless and uneasy; and being crushed with the great drop of a cloud sink into flatness and a froth; the change not being great, it being hardly possible it should be more a nothing than it was before. So is every man: he is born in vanity and sin; he comes into the world like morning mushrooms, soon thrusting up their heads into the air, and conversing with their kindred of the same production, and as soon they turn into dust and forgetfulness: some of them without any other interest in the affairs of the world but that they made their parents a little glad, and very sorrowful;

¹ Πομφολυξ ο ανθρωπος.

others ride longer in the storm; it may be until seven years of vanity be expired, and then peradventure the sun shines hot upon their heads, and they fall into the shades below, into the cover of death and darkness of the grave to hide them. But if the bubble stands the shock of a bigger drop, and outlives the chances of a child, of a careless nurse, of drowning in a pail of water, of being overlaid by a sleepy servant, or such little accidents, then the young man dances like a bubble, empty and gay, and shines like a dove's neck, or the image of a rainbow, which hath no substance, and whose very imagery and colors are fantastical; and so he dances out the gaiety of his youth, and is all the while in a storm, and endures only because he is not knocked on the head by a drop of bigger rain, or crushed by the pressure of a load of indigested meat, or quenched by the disorder of an ill-placed humor: and to preserve a man alive in the midst of so many chances and hostilities, is as great a miracle as to create him; to preserve him from rushing into nothing, and at first to draw him up from nothing, were equally the issues of an almighty power. And therefore the wise men of the world have contended who shall best fit man's condition with words signifying his vanity and short abode. Homer calls a man "a leaf,"¹ the smallest, the weakest piece of a short-lived unsteady plant: Pindar calls him "the dream of a shadow:"² another, "the dream of the shadow of smoke:"³ but St. James spake by a more excellent spirit, saying, "our life is but a vapor,"⁴ viz., drawn from the earth by a celestial influence; made of smoke, or the lighter parts of water, tossed with every wind, moved by the motion of a superior body, without

¹ [*Iliad*, VI, 146.]

² [*Pythian odes*, VIII, 135.]

³ ÆSCHYLUS, quoted by Stobæus, xcviij, 49.]

⁴ James iv. 14, αἶμα.

virtue in itself, lifted up on high or left below, according as it pleases the sun its foster-father. But it is lighter yet; it is but "appearing;"¹ a fantastic vapor, an apparition, nothing real: it is not so much as a mist, not the matter of a shower, nor substantial enough to make a cloud; but it is like Cassiopeia's chair, or Pelops' shoulder, or the circles of heaven, *φαινομενα*, than which you cannot have a word that can signify a verier nothing. And yet the expression is one degree more made diminutive: a "vapor," and "fantastical," or a "mere appearance," and this but for a little while neither;² the very dream, the phantasm disappears in a small time, "like the shadow that departeth;" or "like a tale that is told;" or "as a dream when one awaketh." A man is so vain, so unfixed, so perishing a creature, that he cannot long last in the scene of fancy: a man goes off, and is forgotten, like the dream of a distracted person. The sum of all is this: that thou art a man, than whom there is not in the world any greater instance of heights and declensions, of lights and shadows, of misery and folly, of laughter and tears, of groans and death.³

And because this consideration is of great usefulness and great necessity to many purposes of wisdom and the spirit; all the succession of time, all the changes in nature, all the varieties of light and darkness, the thousand thousands of accidents in the world, and every contingency to every man, and to every creature, doth preach our funeral sermon, and calls us to look and see how the old sexton Time throws up the earth, and digs a grave where we must lay our sins or our sorrows,

¹ *φαινομενη*.

² *Προς ολιγον*.

³ *το δε κεφαλαιον των λογων ανθρωποσει ου μεταβολην θαπτον προς υψος καιπαλιν ταπεινοτητα* etc. Menander [Plutarch, Consolation to Apollina].

and sow our bodies, till they rise again in a fair or in an intolerable eternity. Every revolution which the sun makes about the world, divides between life and death; and death possesses both those portions by the next morrow; and we are dead to all those months which we have already lived, and we shall never live them over again: and still God makes little periods of our age.¹ First we change our world, when we come from the womb to feel the warmth of the sun. Then we sleep and enter into the image of death, in which state we are unconcerned in all the changes of the world: and if our mothers or our nurses die, or a wild boar destroy our vineyards, or our king be sick, we regard it not, but during that state are as disinterested as if our eyes were closed with the clay that weeps in the bowels of the earth. At the end of seven years our teeth fall and die before us, representing a formal prologue to the tragedy; and still every seven years it is odds but we shall finish the last scene: and when nature, or chance, or vice, takes our body in pieces, weakening some parts and loosing others, we taste the grave and the solemnities of our own funerals, first in those parts that ministered to vice, and next in them that served for ornament, and in a short time even they that served for necessity become useless, and entangled like the wheels of a broken clock. Baldness is but a dressing to our funerals,² the proper ornament of mourning, and of a person entered very far into the regions and possession of death: and we have many more of the same signification; gray hairs, rotten teeth,

¹ Nihil sibi quisquam de futuro debet promittere; id quoque quod tenetur per manus exit, et ipsam quam premimus horam casus incidit: volvitur tempus rata quidem lege, sed per obscurum.—Seneca. [*Epistles*, 101, 5.]

² Ut mortem citius venire credas.

Scito jam capitis perisse partem. [Petronius.—*Satyricon*, ch. 109.]

dim eyes, trembling joints, short breath, stiff limbs, wrinkled skin, short memory, decayed appetite. Every day's necessity calls for a reparation of that portion which death fed on all night, when we lay in his lap, and slept in his outer chambers. The very spirits of a man prey upon the daily portion of bread and flesh, and every meal is a rescue from one death, and lays up for another; and while we think a thought, we die; and the clock strikes, and reckons on our portion of eternity: we form our words with the breath of our nostrils, we have the less to live upon for every word we speak.

Thus nature calls us to meditate of death by those things which are the instruments of acting it: and God by all the variety of His providence makes us see death everywhere, in all variety of circumstances, and dressed up for all the fancies and the expectation of every single person. Nature hath given us one harvest every year, but death hath two, and the spring and the autumn send throngs of men and women to charnel-houses; and all the summer long men are recovering from their evils of the spring, till the dog days come, and then the Sirian star makes the summer deadly; and the fruits of autumn are laid up for all the year's provision, and the man that gathers them eats and surfeits, and dies and needs them not, and himself is laid up for eternity; and he that escapes till winter only stays for another opportunity which the distempers of that quarter minister to him with great variety. Thus death reigns in all the portions of our time; the autumn with its fruits provides disorders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases, and the spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon our graves. Calentures and surfeit, cold and agues,

are the four quarters of the year, and all minister to death; and you can go no whither but you tread upon a dead man's bones.

The wild fellow in Petronius that escaped upon a broken table from the furies of a shipwreck, as he was sunning himself upon the rocky shore, espied a man rolled upon his floating bed of waves, ballasted with sand in the folds of his garment, and carried by his civil enemy, the sea, towards the shore to find a grave: and it cast him into some sad thoughts;¹ that "peradventure this man's wife in some part of the continent, safe and warm, looks next month for the good man's return; or, it may be, his son knows nothing of the tempest; or his father thinks of that affectionate kiss, which still is warm upon the good old man's cheek, even since he took a kind farewell; and he weeps with joy to think how blessed he shall be when his beloved boy returns into the circle of his father's arms. These are the thoughts of mortals, this is the end and sum of all their designs;"² a dark night and an ill guide, a boisterous sea and a broken cable, a hard rock and a rough wind, dashed in pieces the fortune of a whole family, and they that shall weep loudest for the accident are not yet entered into the storm, and yet have suffered shipwreck. Then looking upon the carcass, he knew it, and found it to be the master of the ship, who "the day before cast up the accounts of his patrimony and his trade, and named the day when he

¹ Navigationes longas, et pererratis litoribus alienis seros in patriam reditus proponimus, militiam, et castrensiū laborum tarda manupretia; procurationes, officiorumque per officia processus, cum interim ad latus mors est, quae quoniam numquam cogitatur nisi aliena, nobis subinde ingeruntur mortalitatis exempla, non diutius quam dum miramur hæsura.—Seneca. [*Epistles*, 101, 6.]

² [*Satyricon*, ch. 115.]

thought to be at home:" "see how the man swims who was so angry two days since;" his passions are becalmed with the storm, his accounts cast up, his cares at an end, his voyage done, and his gains are the strange events of death, which whether they be good or evil, the men that are alive seldom trouble themselves concerning the interest of the dead.

But seas alone do not break our vessel in pieces: everywhere we may be shipwrecked. A valiant general, when he is to reap the harvest of his crowns and triumphs, fights unprosperously; or falls into a fever with joy and wine, and changes his laurel into cypress, his triumphal chariot to a hearse, dying the night before he was appointed to perish in the drunkenness of his festival joys. It was a sad arrest of the loosenesses and wilder feasts of the French court, when their king, Henry the Second, was killed really by the sportive image of a fight. And many brides have died under the hands of paranympths and maidens, dressing them for uneasy joy, the new and undiscerned chains of marriage, according to the saying of Bensirah, the wise Jew, "the bride went into her chamber, and knew not what should befall her there." Some have been paying their vows, and giving thanks for a prosperous return to their own house, and the roof hath descended upon their heads, and turned their loud religion into the deeper silence of a grave. And how many teeming mothers have rejoiced over their swelling wombs, and pleased themselves in becoming the channels of blessing to a family, and the midwife hath quickly bound their heads and feet, and carried them forth to burial? Or else the birthday of an heir hath seen the coffin of the father brought into the house, and the divided mother

hath been forced to travail twice, with a painful birth, and a sadder death.¹

There is no state, no accident, no circumstance of our life, but it hath been soured by some sad instance of a dying friend: a friendly meeting often ends in some sad mischance, and makes an eternal parting: and when the poet Aeschylus was sitting under the walls of his house, an eagle hovering over his bald head mistook it for a stone, and let fall his oyster, hoping there to break the shell, but pierced the poor man's skull.²

Death meets us everywhere, and is procured by every instrument and in all chances, and enters in at many doors; by violence and secret influence, by the aspect of a star and the stink of a mist, by the emissions of a cloud and the meeting of a vapor, by the fall of a chariot and the stumbling at a stone, by a full meal or an empty stomach, by watching at the wine or by watching at prayers, by the sun or the moon, by a heat or a cold, by sleepless nights or sleeping days, by water frozen into the hardness and sharpness of a dagger,³ or water thawed into the floods of a river, by a hair or a raisin, by violent motion or sitting still, by severity or dissolution, by God's mercy or God's anger; by everything in providence and everything in manners, by everything in nature and everything in chance;⁴

*eripitur persona, manet res;*⁵

¹ Quin lex eadem monet omnes,

Gemitum dare sorte sub una,

Cognataque funer nobis

Aliena in morte dolere.—PRUDENTIUS, *Hymn in exeq. defunct.* [65].

² [PLINY, *Natural History*, X, 3.]

³ Aut ubi mors non est, si juglatis, aquae?—Martial, [IV, 18.]

⁴ — Currit mortalibus ævum nec nasci bis posse datur, fugit hora, rapitque Tartareus torrens, ac secum ferre sub umbras, si qua animo placuere, negat.—Sil. Ital.—[XV, 63.]

⁵ [LUCRETIUS, III, 58.]

we take pains to heap up things useful to our life, and get our death in the purchase; and the person is snatched away, and the goods remain. And all this is the law and constitution of nature; it is a punishment to our sins, the unalterable event of providence, and the decree of heaven: the chains that confine us to this condition are strong as destiny, and immutable as the eternal laws of God.

I have conversed with some men who rejoiced in the death or calamity of others, and accounted it as a judgment upon them for being on the other side, and against them in the contention: but within the revolution of a few months, the same man met with a more uneasy and unhandsome death: which when I saw, I wept, and was afraid; for I knew that it must be so with all men; for we also shall die,¹ and end our quarrels and contentions by passing to a final sentence.

¹ Τεθναθι κηρα δεγω τοτε δεξομαι, οπποτε κεν δη Ζευς εθελη τελεσαι.
—Hom. [Ibid, xxii, 365].

FRANCIS OSBORNE

STUDIES, ETC.

(From *Advice to a Son*, Part I)

7. Do not prosecute beyond a superficial knowledge any learning that moves upon no stronger legs than the tottering basis of conjecture is able to afford it; for though you may please yourself in your own conceit, it will not be so easy to satisfy others, the capacity of the ignorant lying as much below such speculations as the more knowing are above them, there remaining to all in things dubious a power to reject or admit what opinions they please. Therefore, no study is worth a man's whole employment that comes not accompanied with profit or such unanswerable reasons as are able to silence all future debate—not to be found out of the list of the mathematics, the queen of truth, that imposeth nothing upon her subjects but what she proves due to belief by infallible demonstration, the only knowledge that we can on earth gain likely to attend us to heaven. As for other human learning, so much of it as is not hewed out of this rock is nothing but lumber and forms, owned for the majesty and employment only of academies and of little better use than to find discourse by the fireside. Yet though it cannot be denied that number and measure were all the journey-men God had during his six days labor, my memory reacheth the time when the generality of people thought her most useful branches spells, and her professors limbs of the devil, converting the honor of Oxford, due

for her (though at that time slender) proficiency in this study, to her shame, not a few of our foolish gentry refusing to send their sons thither lest they should be smutted with the black art, a term found out by a no less dark ignorance, the only enemy to this angelical knowledge. Nor is this a prodigy in the circulation of time, as might easily be instanced did discretion allow the same liberty to the dissectors of the present ages as she doth for those past. Neither can you make application of any example better than of this to dissuade you from affording an immoderate proportion of benevolence or malignity in relation to anything others condemn or approve.

10. Be conversant in the speeches, declarations, and transactions occasioned by the late wars, out of which more natural and useful knowledge may be sucked than is ordinarily to be found in the mouldy records of antiquity.

When I consider with what contradiction reports arrived at us during our late civil wars, I can give the less encouragement to the reading of history—romances never acted being born purer from sophistication than actions reported to be done, by which posterity hereafter, no less than antiquity heretofore, is likely to be led into a false, or at best but a contingent belief. Cæsar, though in this happy, that he had a pen able to grave into neat language what his sword had first more roughly cut out, may in my judgment abuse his reader. For he that for the honor of his own wit doth make people speak better than can be supposed men so barbarously bred were able, may possibly report they fought worse than really they did. Of a like value are the orations of Thucydides, Livy, Tacitus, and most other historians, which doth not a little prejudice the truth of all the rest.

Were it worthy or capable to receive so much illumination from one never made welcome by it, I should tell the world, as I do you, there is as little reason to believe men know certainly all they write, as to think they write all they imagine; and as this cannot be admitted without danger, so the other, though it may in shame be denied, is altogether as true.

11. A few books well studied and thoroughly digested nourish the understanding more than hundreds but gargled in the mouth as ordinary students use. And of these choice must be had answerable to the profession you intend. For a statesman, French authors are best as most fruitful in negotiations, and memoirs left by public ministers, and by their secretaries published after their deaths; out of which you may be able to unfold the riddles of all states, none making more faithful reports of things done in all nations than ambassadors, who cannot want the best intelligence because the prince's pensioners unload in their bosoms all they can discover. And here, by way of prevention, let me inform you that some of our late ambassadors, which I could name, impaired our affairs by treating with foreign princes in the language of the place, by which they did not only descend below their master's dignity but their own discretion, betraying for want of words of gravity the intrinsic part of their employment and going beyond their commission oftener by concession than confining themselves within it or to it,—the true rule for a minister of state, not hard to be gained by a resolute contest, which if made by an interpreter, he like a medium may intercept the shame of any impertinent speech which eagerness or indiscretion may let slip. Neither is it a small advantage to gain so much time for deliberation what is fit farther to urge, it being, besides, too much an

honoring of their tongue and undervaluing your own to profess yourself a master therein, especially since they scorn to learn yours. And to show this is not grounded on my single judgment, I have often been informed that the first and wisest Earl of Pembroke did return an answer to the Spanish Ambassador in Welsh, for which I have heard him highly commended.

14. Follow not the tedious practice of such as seek wisdom only in learning, not attainable but by experience and natural parts; much reading, like a too great repletion, stopping up through a concourse of divers, sometimes contrary, opinions, the access of a nearer, newer, and quicker invention of your own. And for quotations, they resemble sugar in wine, marring the natural taste of the liquor if it be good, if bad, that of itself, such patches rather making the rent seem greater by an interruption of the style than less, if not so neatly applied as to fall in without drawing. Nor is any thief in this kind sufferable who comes not off, like a Lacedemonian, without discovery.

RELIGION

(From *Advice to a Son*, Part I)

19. KEEP then your conscience tender, but not so raw as to wince and kick at all you understand not; nor let it baffle your wit out of the bounds of discretion as such do that suffer themselves to be moved by it. To prevent which, keep reason always in your eye, whose light ought never to be lost in any worldly action and but eclipsed in what relates to heaven, the tribunal of conscience being erected in our soul to detect our miscarriages, not to betray our well-being, and therefore subordinate not only to a superlative authority, but also our honest, safe, and wholesome

conveniences. Neither is conscience seldom misled by education, custom, and the false representation of teachers who, benighted in the dark interests of covetousness and ambition, seek to lodge others under the roof of such institutes as they believe not themselves, yet employ all their art, sufficiency, and endeavor to make them pass for authentic and the pure mind of God; like jugglers that beguile our senses with what is not, to have the better opportunity to pick our pockets of what is really useful to themselves. For as the more subtle wind, got into the narrow and delicate parts of our body, is able to act the stone, gout, and other most acute diseases not really present, so doth superstition represent in this changeable and concave-glass of a suborned conscience things for sinful that are indeed but natural and indifferent, and others pious that are really vain and destructive; the prosecution of which leads readily to atheism or an over-biassed holiness which prosecutes all that carry the impress of any contrary tenets.

28. Be not easily drawn to lay the foul imputation of witchcraft upon any, much less to assist at their condemnation, too common among us. For who is sufficient for these things, since we are as ignorant in the benevolences as malignities of nature, madmen presenting in their melancholy ecstasies as prodigious confessions and gestures as are objected to these no less infatuated people? And if this humor hath so far prevailed with some as to take themselves for urinals, wolves, and what not, can it seem impossible for those invaded by all the causes of discontent to imagine themselves authors of what they never did, most of these strange miracles they suppose being hatched by the heat of imagination or snatched out of the huge mass of contingencies such a multitude of individuals

as the world produceth cannot choose but stumble upon. Neither may it be admitted, with due reverence to the divine nature, that prophecy should cease and witches so abound as seems by their frequent executions, which makes me think the strongest fascination is encircled within the ignorance of the judges, malice of the witnesses or stupidity of the poor parties accused.

29. Be not therefore hasty to register all you understand not in the black calendar of hell, as some have done the weapon-salve, passing by the cure of the King's Evil altogether as improbable to sense. Neither rashly condemn all you meet with that contradicts the common received opinion, lest you should remain a fool upon record, as the Pope doth that anathematized the Bishop of Salzburg for maintaining antipodes, and the Consistory that may possibly attain the same honor for decreeing against the probable opinion of the earth's motion, since the branding of one truth imports more disrepute than the broaching of ten errors, these being only lapses in the search of new reason without which there can be no addition to knowledge, than a murdering of it when by others' greater wit and industry it is begotten—not to be accounted less than an unpardonable sin against the spirit of learning. Therefore mingle charity with judgment and temper your zeal with discretion, so may your own fame be preserved without intrenching upon that of others.

LORD CLARENDON

OF LIBERTY

LIBERTY is the charm which mutinous and seditious persons use to pervert and corrupt the affections of weak and wilful people and to lead them into rebellion against their princes and lawful superiors. *En illa, quam saepe optastis, libertas*,¹ said Catiline, when he would draw the poor people into a conspiracy against the commonwealth. And in that transportation men are commonly so weak and wilful that they insensibly submit to conditions of more restraint and compulsion, and in truth to more and heavier penalties for the vindication of their liberty than they were ever liable to in the highest violation of their liberty of which they complain, by how much the articles of war are more severe and hard to be observed than the strictest injunctions under any peaceable government. However, no age hath been without dismal and bloody examples of this fury, when the very sound of liberty (which may well be called a charm) hath hurried those who would sacrifice to it to do and to suffer all the acts of tyranny imaginable, and to make themselves slaves that they may be free. There is no one thing that the mind of man may lawfully desire and take delight in, that is less understood and more fatally mistaken than the word *liberty*, which, though no man is so mad as to say it consists in being absolved from all obligations of law, which would give every man

¹ Behold that liberty which you have often desired.

liberty to destroy him, yet they do in truth think it to be nothing else than not to be subject to those laws which restrain them from doing somewhat they have a mind to do; so that whoever is carried away upon that seditious invitation hath set his heart upon some liberty that he affects, a liberty for revenge, a liberty for rapine, or the like, which, if owned and avowed, would seduce very few, but being concealed, every man gratifies himself with such an image of liberty as he worships, and so concur together to overthrow that government that is inconvenient to them all, though disliked by very few in one and the same respect. And therefore the strength of rebellion consists in the private gloss which every man makes to himself upon the declared argument of it, not upon the reasons published and avowed, how specious and popular soever; and thence it comes to pass that most rebellions expire in a general detestation of the first promoters of them by those who kept them company in the prosecution and discover their ends to be very different from their profession.

True and precious liberty, that is only to be valued, is nothing else but that we may not be compelled to do anything that the law hath left in our choice whether we will do or no, nor hindered from doing anything we have a mind to do and which the law hath given us liberty to do if we have a mind to it; and compulsion and force in either of these cases is an act of violence and injustice against our right and ought to be repelled by the sovereign power, and may be resisted so far by ourselves as the law permits. The law is the standard and the guardian of our liberty; it circumscribes and defends it. But to imagine liberty without a law, is to imagine every man with his sword in his hand to destroy him who is weaker than himself; and

that would be no pleasant prospect to those who cry out most for liberty. Those men, of how great name and authority soever, who first introduced that opinion that nature produced us in a state of war, and that order and government was the effect of experience and contract, by which man surrendered the right he had by nature to avoid that violence which every man might exercise upon another, have been the authors of much mischief in the world by infusing into the hearts of mankind a wrong opinion of the institution of government, and that they may lawfully vindicate themselves from the ill bargains that their ancestors made for that liberty which nature gave them, and they ought only to have released their own interest and what concerned themselves, but that it is most unreasonable and unjust that their posterity should be bound by their ill-made and unskilful contracts. And from this, resentment and murmur, war and rebellion have arisen, which commonly leave men under much worse condition than their forefathers had subjected them to. Nor is it strange that philosophers, who could imagine no other way for the world to be made but by a lucky convention and conjunction of atoms, nor could satisfy their own curiosity in any rational conjecture of the structure of man or from what omnipotency he could be formed and created—I say it is no wonder that men so much in the dark as to matter of fact should conceive by the light of their reason that government did arise in that method and by those argumentations which they could best comprehend capable to produce such a conformity. But that men who are acquainted with the scriptures and profess to believe them, who thereby know the whole history of the creation and have therein the most lively representation of all the excesses and defects of nature, who see the order and

discipline and subjection prescribed to mankind from his creation by him who created him, and that that discipline and subjection was complied with till the world was grown very numerous,—that we, after so clear information of what was really and in truth done and commanded, should resort to the fancy and supposition of heathen philosophers for the invention of government, is very unreasonable, and hath exposed the peace and quiet of kingdoms, the preservation whereof is the obligation of conscience and religion, to the wild imaginations of men upon the ungrounded conceptions of the primitive foundation of subjection and obedience and to their license to enervate both by their bold definitions and distinctions.

Because very much of the benefit of Christianity consisted in the liberty it gave mankind from that thralldom which it suffered under the law, and in the manumission and deliverance from those observations and ceremonies, the Apostles took not more care in the institution of any part of it than that men might not be intoxicated with the pleasant taste of that liberty or imagine that it extended to a lawlessness in their actions, well foreseeing and being jealous lest their opinion of liberty might degenerate into licentiousness. And therefore they circumscribed it with all possible caution, that they might have the whole benefit to themselves in abstaining from what was grievous and burdensome to them, not the presumption to disturb other men. “But take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling-block to them that are weak,” saith St. Paul (I Cor. viii, 9). Do not dissemble and give men cause to believe, by accompanying them in what they do, that thou dost intend

as they do and hast the same thoughts with them. "Use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh," is an injunction of the same apostle (Gal. v, 13). How good a title soever you have to liberty, be not exalted by it to anger, and provoke a man who (though by want of understanding) doth not think himself as free as thou art. No proportion of liberty will permit thee to be uncharitable, much less to apply it to satisfy thy ambition or any other unlawful affection. Of all kind of affectation of liberty to which the soul of man lets itself loose, there is none ought to be more carefully watched and more strictly examined than that which is so passionately pretended to and furiously embraced—liberty of conscience. Other liberties which nature inclines and disposes us unto, how unwarrantable soever, may with more excuse, if not with more innocence, be indulged to, than that liberty which seems to take its rise from conscience, which in truth, if it be legitimate, is the dictate of God himself; and therefore men ought to tremble in imputing anything to result from Him that leads them to the direct breach of any of his commandments, indeed that doth not restrain them from it. It is a very severe limitation by St. James, "So speak ye, and so do, as they that shall be judged by the law of liberty" (James ii, 12). That liberty that will not be judged by the law is an unlawful liberty; and men will find, if they are diligent in seeking, that the law of Christ, which is the judge of christian liberty, doth oblige all his followers to submit to the laws of their lawful sovereigns which are not directly and to their knowledge contradictory to his own. Conscience is so pure a fountain that no polluted water can be drawn from thence; and there-

fore St. Peter pronounces a judgment upon those who, upon their being free, "use their liberty for a cloak of maliciousness," cover their wicked designs under the liberty of conscience, and so make God accessory to the iniquity he abhors.

OF INDUSTRY

INDUSTRY is the cordial that nature hath provided to cure all its own infirmities and diseases, and to supply all its defects; the weapon to preserve and defend us against all the strokes and assaults of fortune. It is that only that conducts us through any noble enterprise to a noble end. What we obtain without it is by chance, what we obtain with it is by virtue. It is very great pity that so powerful an instrument should be put into the hands of wicked men, who thereby gain such infinite advantages. Yet it cannot be denied but that it is a virtue which ill men make use of to very ill purposes. It was the first foundation of Jeroboam's greatness: "And Solomon, seeing the young man that he was industrious, he made him ruler over all the charge of the house of Joseph" (I Kings xi, 28), by which he got credit and authority to deprive his son of the greatest part of his dominions. There is no art or science that is too difficult for industry to attain to. It is the gift of tongues, and makes a man understood in all countries and by all nations. It is the philosopher's stone that turns all metals and even stones into gold, and suffers no want to break into its dwellings. It is the Northwest passage, that brings the merchant's ships as soon to him as he can desire. In a word, it conquers all enemies and makes fortune itself pay contribution. If this omnipotent engine were applied to all virtuous and worthy purposes, it would root

out all vice from the world, for the industry of honest men is much more powerful than the industry of the wicked, which prevails not so much by its own activity as by the remissness and supine laziness of their unwary enemies. The beauty and the brightness of it appear most powerfully to our observation by the view of the contempt and deformity of that which is most opposite to it, idleness, which enfeebles and enervates the strength of the soundest constitutions, shrinks and stupefies the faculties of the most vigorous mind, and gives all the destroying diseases to body and mind without the contribution from any other vice. Idleness is the sin and the punishment of beggars, and should be detested by all noble persons as a disease pestilential to their fortune and their honor.

I know not how it comes to pass, but the world pays dear for the folly of it, that this transcendent qualification of industry is looked upon only as an assistant fit for vulgar spirits to which nature hath not been bountiful in the distribution of her store; as the refuge for dull and heavy men, who have neither their conceptions or apprehensions within any distance nor can arrive at any ordinary design without much labor and toil and many unnecessary revolvings, which men of sharp and pregnant parts stand in no need of, whose rich fancy presents to them in a moment the view of all contingencies and all that occurs to formal and elaborate men after all their sweat; that they view and survey and judge and execute whilst the others are tormenting themselves with imaginations of difficulty till all opportunities are lost; that it is an affront to the liberality of nature and the excellent qualities she hath bestowed upon them, to take pains to find what they have about them and to doubt that which is most evident to them, because men who have more

dim sights cannot discern so far as they; and by this haughty childishness they quickly deprive themselves of the plentiful supplies which nature hath given them, for want of nourishment and recruits. If diligent and industrious men raise themselves, with very ordinary assistance from nature, to a great and deserved height of reputation and honor by their solid acquired wisdom and confessed judgment, what noble flights would such men make with equal industry who are likewise liberally endowed with the advantages of nature? And without that assistance, experience makes it manifest unto us that those early buddings, how vigorous soever they appear, if they are neglected and uncultivated by serious labor, they wither and fade away without producing anything that is notable. Tully's rule to his Orator is as true in all conditions of life, *Quantum detraxit ex studio, tantum amisit ex gloria*.¹

OF WAR

As THE plague in the body drives all persons away but such who live by it, searchers and those who are busy to bury the corpse, who are as ready to strangle those who do not die soon enough as to bury them; and they who recover are very long tired with the malignity and remain longer deserted by their neighbors and friends out of fear of infection, so war in a state makes all men abandon it but those who are to live by the blood of it and who have the pillaging of the living as well as of the dead. And if it recover, and the war be extinguished, there remains such a weakness and paleness, so many ghastly marks of the distemper, that men remain long frightened from

¹ In the measure that he neglected his study, he suffered in his fame.

their old familiarity, from the confidence they formerly had of their own security and of the justice of that state, the war leaving still an ill odor behind it and much infection in the nature and manners of those who are delighted with it. Of all the punishments and judgments that the provoked anger of the divine providence can pour out upon a nation full of transgressions, there is none so terrible and destroying as that of war. David knew he did wisely when he preferred and chose the plague before either of the other judgments that he was to undergo for numbering the people, though it cost him no less than seventy thousand subjects—so vast a number that three months' progress of the most victorious and triumphant enemy could hardly have consumed, and the one had been as much the hand of the Lord as the other and could as easily have been restrained, or bound by his power. The arrow of pestilence was shot out of his own bow, and did all its execution without making the pride or malice of man instrumental in it; the insolence whereof is a great aggravation of any judgment that is laid upon us, and health is restored in the same moment the contagion ceaseth; whereas in war, the confidence and the courage which a victorious army contracts by notable successes, and the dejection of spirit and the consternation which a subdued party undergoes by frequent defeats, is not at an end when the war is determined, but hath its effects very long after, and the tenderness of nature and the integrity of manners which are driven away or powerfully discountenanced by the corruption of war, are not quickly recovered; but instead thereof a roughness, jealousy, and distrust introduced that makes conversation unpleasant and uneasy, and the weeds which grow up in the shortest war can hardly be pulled up and extirpated without a long and unsuspected

peace. When God pleases to send this heavy calamity upon us, we cannot avoid it; but why we should be solicitous to embark ourselves in this leaky vessel, why our own anger and ambition and emulation should engage us in unreasonable and unjust wars, nay, why without any of these provocations we should be disposed to run to war, and *periclitari periculi causa*,¹ will require better reason to justify us than most that are concerned in it are furnished with. *Jugulantur homines ne nihil agatur*,² was the complaint and amazement of a philosopher who knew of none of those restraints which Christianity hath placed upon mankind. That men should kill one another for want of somewhat else to do (which is the case of all volunteers in war) seems to be so horrible to humanity that there needs no divinity to control it. It was a divine contemplation of the same philosopher, that when providence had so well provided for and secured the peace between nations by putting the sea between, that it might not be in their power to be ill neighbors, mankind should be so mad as to devise shipping, to affect death so much *sine spe sepulturæ*,³ and when they are safe on land to commit themselves to the waves and the fierce winds, *quorum felicitas est ad bella perferri*,⁴ and that those winds which God hath created *ad custodiendam coeli terrarumque temperiem*,⁵ and to cherish the fruits and the trees of the earth, should be made use of contrary to his intentions, *ut legiones equitemque gestarent*, and bring people (whom he had placed at that distance) together to imbrue their hands in each other's blood. Indeed it must be a very savage appetite that engages

¹ To incur danger for its own sake.

² Men slay each other for want of something else to do.

³ Without hope of burial.

⁴ Whose happiness it is to be rushed into wars.

⁵ To maintain the temperature of heaven and earth.

men to take so much pains and run so many and great hazards only to be cruel to those whom they are able to oppress.

They who allow no war at all to be lawful have consulted both nature and religion much better than they who think it may be entered into to comply with the ambition, covetousness, or revenge of the greatest princes and monarchs upon earth, as if God had only inhibited single murders and left mankind to be massacred according to the humor and appetite of unjust and unreasonable men, of what degree or quality soever. They who think it most unlawful know that force may be repelled with force, and that no man makes war who doth only defend what is his own from an attempt of violence. He who kills another that he may not be killed himself by him who attempts it, is not guilty of murder, by the law of God or man. And truly, they who are the cause and authors of any war that can justly and safely be avoided, have great reason to fear that they shall be accountable before the supreme judge for all the rapine and devastation, all the ruin and damage, as well as the blood that is the consequence of that war. War is a license to kill and slay all those who inhabit that land, which is therefore called the enemy's because he who makes the war hath a mind to possess it. And must there not many of the laws of God as well as of man be cancelled and abolished before a man can honestly execute or take such a license? What have the poor inhabitants of the land done that they must be destroyed for cultivating their own land in the country where they were born? And can any king believe that the names of those are left out of the records of God's creation and that the injuries done to them shall not be considered? War is a depopulation, defaces all that art and industry

hath produced, destroys all plantations, burns churches and palaces, and mingles them in the same ashes with the cottages of the peasant and the laborer. It distinguishes not of age or sex or dignity, but exposes all things and persons, sacred and profane, to the same contempt and confusion, and reduces all that blessed order and harmony, which hath been the product of peace and religion, into the chaos it was first in, as if it would contend with the Almighty in uncreating what he so wonderfully created and since polished. And is it not a most detestable thing to open a gap to let this wild boar enter into the garden of Christians, and to make this havoc and devastation in countries planted and watered by the equal redeemer of mankind and whose ears are open to the complaints of the meanest person who is oppressed? It is no answer to say that this universal suffering, and even the desolation that attends it, are the inevitable consequences and events of war, how warrantably soever entered into, but rather an argument that no war can be warrantably entered into that may produce such intolerable mischiefs—at least if the ground be not notoriously just and necessary and like to introduce as much benefit to the world as damage and inconvenience to a part of it, and as much care taken as is possible to suppress that rage and license which is the wanton cause of half the destruction.

It may be, upon a strict survey and disquisition into the elements and injunctions of Christian religion, no war will be found justifiable, but as it is the process that the law of nature allows and prescribes for justice sake, to compel those to abstain from doing wrong or to repair the wrong they have done who can by no other way be induced to do either: as when one sovereign prince doth an injury to another or suffers his subjects to do it

without control or punishment, in either of which cases the injured prince, in his own right or the rights of his subjects, is to demand justice from the other and to endeavor to obtain it by all the peaceable means that can be used, and then if there be an absolute refusal to give satisfaction, or such a delay as in the inconvenience amounts to a refusal, there is no remedy left but the last process, which is force; since nothing can be in itself more odious or more against the nature and institution of sovereign power than to do wrong and to refuse to administer justice; and therefore the mischiefs which attend and which cannot but fall upon the persons and fortunes of those who are least guilty of the injury and injustice, because the damage can very hardly reach the prince but in his subjects, will be by the Supreme Judge cast upon his account who is the original cause and author of the first transgression. And if it be very difficult to find any other just cause to warrant so savage a proceeding as all war produces, what can we think of the most of that war which for some hundred of years has infested the Christian world so much to the dishonor of Christianity, and in which the lives of more men have been lost than might have served to have driven infidelity out of the world and to have peopled all those parts which yet remain without inhabitants? Can we believe that all those lives are forgotten and that no account shall be rendered of them? If the saving the life of any single person who is in danger to perish hath much of merit in it, though it be a duty incumbent to humanity, with what detestation and horror must we look upon those who upon deliberation are solicitous to bring millions of men together to no other purpose than to kill and destroy? And they who survive are conducted as soon as may be to another butchery, to another opportunity to kill more men whom they know not, and with whom

they are not so much as angry. The grammarians have too much reason to derive *bellum, a belluis*.¹ All war hath much of the beast in it—*immane quiddam et bel-luarum simile*.² Very much of the man must be put off that there may be enough of the beast. Princes must be obeyed, and because they may have just cause of war, their subjects must obey and serve them in it without taking upon them to examine whether it be just or no. *Servi tua est conditio, ratio ad te nihil*,³ they have no liberty to doubt when their duty is clear to obey, but where there is none of that obligation it is wonderful and an unnatural appetite that disposes men to be soldiers that they may know how to live, as if the understanding the advantage how to kill most men together were a commendable science to raise their fortune; and what reputation soever it may have in politics, it can have none in religion to say that the art and conduct of a soldier is not infused by nature, but by study, experience and observation, and therefore that men are to learn it in order to serve their own prince and country, which may be assaulted and invaded by a skilful enemy and hardly defended by ignorant and unskilful officers; when in truth the man who conscientiously weighs this common argument will find that it is made by appetite to excuse, and not by reason to support, an ill custom, since the guilt contracted by shedding the blood of one single innocent man is too dear a price to pay for all the skill that is to be learned in that devouring profession, and that all the science that is necessary for a just defense may be attained without contracting a guilt which is like to make the

¹ War from a word meaning wild beast.

² Something monstrous and partaking of the beast.

³ Your condition is that of a slave, you have nothing to do with reasons.

defense the more difficult. And we have instances enough of the most brave and effectual defenses made upon the advantage of innocence against the boldest, skilful and injurious aggressor, whose guilt often makes his understanding too weak to go through an unjust attempt against a resolute though less experienced defender.

It must be strange to anyone who considers that Christian religion, that is founded upon love and charity and humility, should not only not extinguish this unruly appetite to war, but make the prosecution of it the more fierce and cruel, there having scarce been so much rage and inhumanity practiced in any war as in that between Christians. The ancient Romans, who for some ages arrived at the greatest perfection in the observation of the obligations of honor, justice, and humanity of all men who had no light from religion, instituted a particular triumph for those their generals who returned with victory without the slaughter of men. It were to be wished that the modern Christian Romans were endued with the same blessed spirit, and that they believed that the voice of blood is loud and importunate; they would not then think it their office and duty so far to kindle this firebrand, war, and to nourish all occasions to inflame it, as to obstruct and divert all overtures of extinguishing it, and to curse and excommunicate all those who shall consent or submit to such overtures when they are wearied, tired, and even consumed with weltering in each other's blood and have scarce blood enough left to give them strength to enjoy the blessings of peace. What can be more unmerciful, more unworthy of the title of Christians, than such an aversion from stopping those issues of blood and from binding up those wounds which have been bleeding so long? And yet we have seen those inhuman bulls let

loose by two popes, who would be thought to have the sole power committed to them by Christ to inform the world of his will and pleasure: the one against the peace with Germany, and the other against that with the Low Countries, by both which these his Vicars General absolve all men from observing it though they are bound by their oaths never to swerve from it. We may piously believe that all the princes of the world who have wantonly, or without just and manifest provocation, obliged their subjects to serve them in a war by which millions of men have been exposed to slaughter, fire, and famine, will sooner find remission of all the other sins they have committed than for that obstinate outrage against the life of man and the murders which have been committed by their authority.

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GLOSSARY

- acquests, acquisitions**
admire, wonder at
advowson, right of presentation
 to a vacant benefice
affect, (vb), desire, have an in-
 clination or liking for
affection, emotion, desire
allay, alloy
amiss, (n.), error
anthropophagi, man-eaters
antics, clowns
antipathies, contrarities in the
 properties of matter
antiperistasis, heightening by
 contrast
appointment, dictation
apposed, questioned
apprehend, contemplate with fear
aspects (astrological), relative
 situation of the planets
assize, court of justice
Atropos, that one of the Fates
 that cuts the thread of man's
 life
attend, wait
aversation, aversion
balloon, ball
basilisco, a kind of cannon
blacks, mourning
blanch, avoid
blanks, blank verse
block, hat
bottom, ball of yarn or worsted
bounds, (vb.), binds, compels
bourse, trading exchange
bravery, display, ostentation
bushes, signs hung outside of
 wine-shops
caitiff, mean-spirited
calentures, fevers
canicular days, dog-days, time
 of early manhood
cantons, corners of land
carnified, turned into flesh
censure, judgment
centoes, patched garments
chorography, description of re-
 gions and countries
chuff, churl, dull fellow
Cinque Ports, five harbors
civilian, student of civil law
climate, region
clout (vb.), patch
close (adj.), secret
closeness, secrecy
collection, inference
cockering, coddling
colloguing, flattering
color, appearance
comeliness, propriety
commerce, intercourse
commutative (justice), exchange
 of things profitable for an
 equivalent

- compage, structure
 compass (vb.) walk around
 compellation, address
 complementary, accessory, un-
 essential
 complexioned, disposed by tem-
 perament
 conceit (n.), imagination
 conceit (vb.), imagine
 concocted, digested
 concourse, concurrence, coöper-
 ation
 concurrence, coincidence
 concurrency, competition, rivalry
 conference, conversation
 conscience, consciousness
 considerable, worthy of con-
 sideration
 consist, stand firmly
 consistencies, permanent forms
 constellated unto, born under a
 constellation that fits to
 contexted, woven together
 conversion, turning
 convict, convicted
 cony, rabbit
 copy, abundance
 coranto, a dance in a lively
 measure
 corps, body
 corrivation, running of several
 streams into one
 cosset, pet
 crambe, tiresome repetition
 curious, out of the way, too
 subtle
 curiously, with great care
 curtolt, horse with docked tail
 dastards (vb.), intimidates
 declined, avoided
 decretory, decreed
 deprehend, take by surprise
 difference, distinction
 discoursing, discursive, rambling
 discover, disclose
 disgregated, disintegrated
 disinterest, uninterested
 dispirits, distils
 distributive (justice), distribu-
 tion of rewards and punish-
 ments
 diuturnity, long-lastingness
 dizzard, blockhead
 doctrine, teaching
 domestic, household companion
 donatives, gifts
 doradoes, gold-fish
 dormitive, sleeping-draught
 doubt, fear
 effront, embolden
 elench, refutation
 elutation, struggling forth
 embase, make base or inferior
 entelechia, realization, accom-
 plishment
 ephemerides (astrological), tables
 showing daily state of the
 heavens, daily records
 epicycle (old astronomical term),
 a small circle whose centre
 describes a larger one
 epidemical, common to many
 people
 equable, equitable
 ergotisms, conclusions logically
 deduced
 estridge, ostrich
 ethnic, heathen, pagan

- exaltation**, pumping out
excitement, incentive
exolution, rapturous languor
expanded, spread out
extasis, mystic trance
fame, rumor, reputation
fantastical, fanciful
favor, countenance
fine, terms of rental for land
folious, leaf-like
fond, foolish
fougade, a mine for blowing up a wall
foxed, fuddled, drunk
frigid cold-blooded
furmenty, brewed
galliardize, sprightliness
globe, throng
glome, clue of yarn or worsted
graff, grafting
graduations, gradations
gustation, tasting
heaviness, sorrow
helix, screw, spiral line
horoscopal, relating to the disposition of the stars at the hour of one's birth
hospital, house, home
humor, peculiarity
humorous, result of some special humor or peculiarity
impregnant, impregnated
improperations, reproaches
impropriation, appropriation to private use
inabling, strength-giving
inanely, uselessly
included, shut-in, locked up
incurvate, make crooked
indifferency, impartiality
indifferent, impartial
indisposition, disorder
indurate, hardened
infusion, pouring in, inspiration
ingenuous, plain, simple
injuriously, insultingly
institutes, principles, teachings
institution, establishment
intempestive, unseasonable, untimely
intrenching, encroaching
invicem, in turn
inward, intimate
jade, over-drive
jangling, quarreling
jubilee, a period of fifty years
jument, mule
leese, lose
ligation, binding
literati, scholars
loose (n.), outlet, decision
Lucina, goddess who presides at childbirth
luting, smearing a glass retort with clay to prevent its cracking
main (n.), important or chief point
maintain, support, uphold
maistry, art, skill
make (n.), mate
mal-content, dissatisfaction
mangled, slashed
mansion, resting-place
mart, fair
mate (vb.), deaden, overpower
mean, low
mediocrity, moderation

- medley (n.), *melée*
 medley (adj.), mixed
 melancholy, mental derangement
 mind, pay attention to
 Mizraim, Hebrew name for Egypt
 moderate (vb.), control
 mot, motto
 motion, project
 mought, might
 move, propose
 mystery, trade, calling
 naturals, natural or inborn qualities
 neat, pure
 nicety, delicacy, fastidiousness
 niceness, delicacy, fastidiousness
 noctambuloes, night-walkers
 nominals, doctrine of names
 object (n.), opposition
 offices, duties
 opinion, reputation
 opportunately, opportunely
 opportune, convenient
 ossuaries, places where the bones of the dead are deposited
 paddock, toad
 pagged, weary (?)
 pain, penalty, fine
 painful, painstaking
 pandocheum, general reception room
 pantalones, buffoons
 pantler, one in charge of the pantry
 parable (adj.), accessible
 paranympths, bridesmaids
 parcels, fragments, details
 party, detail (?)
 passion, compassion
 patient, sufferer
 perish, destroy
 perspicuous, conspicuous
 phytognomy, discerning nature of plants from outward forms
 pia mater, innermost membrane investing the brain
 picadevant, short pointed beard
 piccadell, a large stiff collar
 pismire, ant
 plausible, acceptable
 poller, plunderer
 polyanthean, drawn from a commonplace book
 pompous, magnificent
 pose (vb.), question
 poser, examiner, one who poses or puts the questions
 posie, motto on a ring
 positions, propositions, suppositions
 precario, at random
 predicament, state, situation
 pre-existimation, higher esteem
 pre-occupate, forestall
 present, ready
 presidents, leaders
 pretend, lay claim
 prevent, anticipate, forestall
 proceeder, one who makes progress
 propension, inclination
 prospectives, perspective glasses (like the stereoscope)
 proper, own
 providence, foresight
 proyning, pruning

- quodlibetically, determinable on either side
 quotidian, daily
 recarnified, turned again into flesh
 rectify, make straight or erect
 reduce, bring back
 remiss, lax
 respects, considerations
 restrained, limited
 retaining to, depending on
 rodomontado, rant
 rubs, inequalities in the ground, collisions
 sad, sober
 sarza, sarsaparilla
 scramble, scramble, struggle for place
 scape, freak, evasion
 scelestique, wicked
 scenical, outward
 sentence, meaning, idea, opinion, sentiment, pointed saying
 sectaries, followers
 seculum, century
 secundine, after-birth
 shamefastness, shyness, modesty
 shickel, unstable
 shoeing-horn, something to whet the appetite
 shoreless, unlimited
 simple, collect simples or herbs
 sited, situated
 sophistication, falsification
 sorites, syllogisms with one premise omitted
 sorteth, results in
 sortilegies, devination by drawing lots
 specious, showy, beautiful
 spintrian, obscene
 squeazy, scrupulous, careful
 squibbed, assailed, tormented
 stated, settled
 statism, politics, affairs of state
 statist, politician
 stelled, furnished with stalls or benches
 stigmatical, infamous
 stond, hindrance
 studied, strongly desired
 sufferance, patience
 sufficiency, capacity, ability
 summum bonum, greatest good
 supererogate, go beyond one's duty
 supputation, computation
 suspensory, hesitating, undecided
 temper, proper mixture, constitution
 tenents, tenets, doctrines
 term, limit, end
 tetrical, harsh
 topography, description of particular places
 touch, reference
 traduction, propagation
 training, drawing
 transcendences, extravagances
 transcendency, superiority
 translated, transferred
 trivantly, triflingly
 tutelary, guardian
 ubi (n.), habitation
 ubiquitary, present in all places
 unequal, unfair

unequally, unfairly

use, interest on money

vains, vanities

vanned, fanned

venditation, ostentation, display

vespilloes, corpse-bearers

voluble, inconstant, changeable

votes, wishes

vulgar, common, ordinary

warrant, recommend

wit, mind, understanding

wretchlessness, recklessness

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